

Bond Drive Gets Into High Gear Under New Plan

Close to five hundred enlisted men and sixty officers soldiering in these defenses purchased War Bonds and Stamps or made application for Class "A" Pay Reservations for War Bonds during the month of May, according to reports received from Personnel and Post Offices. The Class "A" Pay Reservation plan makes it easy to set aside \$3.75 or multiples of that sum toward the purchase of War Bonds.

HUGE SUM PURCHASED

Allowing a certain number who have purchased Bonds and Stamps outside the limits of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, it is safe to assume the amount of money donated by Artillerymen at Forts Baker, Barry, Scott, Funston, Cronkhite, Miley and associated camps for the month of May amounted to \$4,500. If allowed to mature (ten years) this sum will earn approximately \$1,500.

Some organizations have stressed the purchase of Bonds and Stamps to the extent where special talks have been given by Battery Commanders and other officers familiar

HONOR BATTERY

"Kay At Mendell" is deserving of special meritorious mention for their outstanding purchase of War Bonds under the Class "A" Reservation status. Every enlisted man and officer in this battery has donated a portion of his salary, as well as his effort, to help pulverize the Axis.

One officer in this battery has allocated a sufficient amount of money from his monthly salary to bring him a \$500 (maturity value) bond every 12 months. Plaudits men!

with the Reservation Plan. Besides giving Uncle Sam a boost, this money is a sound investment and earns large dividends.

At Fort Cronkhite approximately half the men have signed for Bonds under the new plan. Pfc. James T. McLaughlin has himself all lined up for a \$100 Bond every five months. Staff Sgt. Henry R. Zalewski, Master Sgt. Jennings J. Norris, and Staff Sgt. Edward J. Beaton are to receive one \$50 Bond every pay day.

CASC has been doing some fast stepping as well. Pfc. Francis G. Bannister, QM Section, purchased six \$25 Bonds outright—and this while he was still a private. Staff Sgt. Barger, Sgt. Wassmann, Cpl. Critchley, Technical Sgt. Hull, Tech. 4th Grade Koch, and Pfc. W. J. Szafarczyk are purchasing one \$25 Bond per month.

At the North Bay Medical Center, \$1,500 in cash sales is claimed for May with an added note, "This is only the beginning!" The med boys are certain they will almost double this mark in June with the new Class "A" allotment plan.

WATCH IT!

Despite many warnings, the War Department discovered that a number of soldiers still write to civilian strangers. This practice must discontinue immediately. Enemy agents discover plenty by corresponding with duped soldiers. If you're a dupe, you're a dope.

SANITARY CORPS OFFICERS NEEDED

Enlisted men are afforded the opportunity of becoming 1st Lieutenants in the Sanitary Corps, Army of the United States. Non-medical graduates well qualified in medical bacteriology, medical biological chemistry, sanitary engineering, entomology, food and nutrition, or in the procurement and inspection of medical supplies, are eligible to make application.

Minimum education required is a Bachelor's degree with a science major from an approved college or university. The minimum practical experience required is four years of civilian work in a responsible position in the particular field for which the applicant is qualified, obtained while in the employ of state, county, or city health department, a hospital approved by the American Medical Association, an approved college or university or of the United States Public Health Service.

Men who possess the requirements mentioned above may apply for commission in the Sanitary Corps by submitting a letter to the Surgeon General, United States Army, Washington, D. C. Such letters must contain an official transcript showing in detail college training and suitable civilian experience. This letter will be sent to the Surgeon General by the applicant's Commanding Officer with appropriate remarks by him as to the applicant's fitness for officer material and efficiency rating as an enlisted man.

Danger of Fire Ever Present

The fire hazard is always grave especially in encampment areas. It is not necessary to mention certain vulnerable spots or to elaborate on the effects of shifting winds in certain directions at certain times of the day. It is sufficient to say that there is danger of fire everywhere, and anywhere.

While driving down the peninsula or through the hills, it is unwise to smoke. It is insane to throw lighted cigarettes or other inflammable items out of car windows. An oily rag settling in a dry brush is just as apt to cause a serious conflagration as a cigarette alighting on dry leaves.

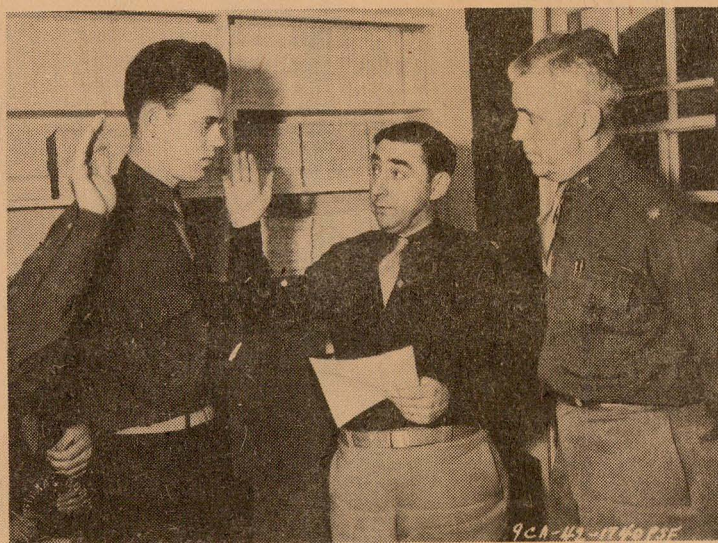
On hikes or while strolling through grassy and wooded areas BE SURE you do not become careless with matches or lighted tobacco. If a whisp of smoke appears anywhere near you, do not hesitate to investigate. Be interested in what goes on about you at all times. You may prevent a fire and the irreplaceable loss of valued timber.

If a small blaze has started that cannot be easily extinguished, DO NOT wait around to see which way it is going. Call for help immediately or rush to the closest phone and call the fire fighters. If on the post, call the Guard House. A sudden gust of wind can spread the flames in any direction to great proportions.

IT'S A BET

Lloyds of London is taking all bets that the United Nations will win the war this year. They are offering odds of one to three on this victory. Anything can happen in seven months—even victory.

TAKES THE OATH



(Signal Corps Photo) Renouncing his former objections as a non-combatant, Pfc. David W. De Frees takes the oath administered to all who become U. S. fighting men. Major Abraham Bernstein administers the oath while Lt. Colonel J. H. Whitely looks on.

'B On the Ridge' Selects

Seldom do truck drivers or construction men become anything more than truck drivers or dug-out diggers in the Army. There is one, however, now stationed at a very high point in these defenses, who has placed his construction skill to excellent use in the building of his battery.

Pfc. Florine L. Smigelski, "typical" soldier of "B on the Ridge," is an Alpena, Michigan, product, who drove trucks and attended to construction jobs for several years before being inducted into the service. To Smigelski, Army life is a snap. The long alert hours, the gun drills, guard duties, construction work—even KP do not phase him in the least. He puts it this way.

"When I got in the service, I weighed 139 pounds, was high strung and nervous, and had little appetite. Guess that was from driving trucks too much. I now weigh 174 pounds."

Smigelski is five feet nine inches tall and does not appear to have an ounce of excess fat. Gaining 33 pounds in 15 months is not unusual in the Army, but not to gain some around the girth is extraordinary.

This soldier has no pet peeves. He confesses his pet likes are the extra winks he receives on those rare unalerted mornings and the sun beating down on the hill top. He has ambition too. Besides applying great carpentry skill on the excellent mess hall and office, he is qualified to assume several important positions on the guns.

ON THE STAFF

Recent additions to the Golden Gate Guardian staff are Staff Sergeant E. J. Marchi and Pfc. Harold Chucker. Both these men have had metropolitan newspaper experience, and though they have regular full time War assignments, help out with interesting news and feature stories.

Sgt. Marchi was City Editor of a Southern California county publication with a large daily circulation. He has done considerable police reporting and has the newsman's slant for the unusual and the sprite.

Pfc. Chucker was reporting for the Minneapolis Star when called into service. As big editorial gun for the Galloping Gophers, his reports and those of his men are tops.

On any publication these soldiers would be aces.

Soldier; It's Smigelski

SAWING SUCCESS



(Signal Corps Photo) Star soldier saws sycamore successfully. Anyhow, this is Pfc. Smigelski spiffing up a piece of lumber for one of the many housings on Wolf Ridge. He was selected as "Typical" soldier up in these clouds.

When Smigelski came into the service it was discovered he needed a size 8 shoe. Florine was handed size 9 clod-hoppers. He claims the only things that fitted him were the blankets and ties.

"Just had to fill into the 'tailor-made' outfits," he said. (Well, didn't we all.)

Great Savings On Gratis Mail Deal

Statistics at the Fort Scott Post Office reveal that men in these defenses saved \$2354.13 since the "FREE" postage bill went into effect last month.

Again comes the warning that too many men still send excess "baggage" in their "FREE" envelopes. Only letter mail is permissible to go over the gratis route.

This is the latest "FREE" boner pulled:

General Delivery	3c—Free
Pvt. J. C. Doe	3c—Free
Fort Wn. Scott, Calif.	—
	6c

AIRMAIL

A sound investment for the money saved on the gratis deal, are War Bonds and Stamps.

John C. Gaspard,
Army Postal Clerk

After One Year As 'Objector,' Soldier Joins

By Staff Sgt. Marchi

Over a year ago, when David W. DeFrees, 24, of the Medical Detachment at Fort Baker, California station hospital was inducted into the United States Army, at Los Angeles, he registered as a conscientious objector, and as such was a "limited service" soldier.

Last Week, at his own request, Pfc. De Frees had his "objector" status voided and became a regular—subject to duty in any capacity—the same as other soldiers. After the oath was administered him by Major Abraham Bernstein, in the presence of Lieut. Colonel J. H. Whiteley, harbor defense surgeon, De Frees said: "It is a wonderful feeling to become a 'regular soldier,' the same as the other boys."

Beliefs Change

"At the time I entered the Army I was convinced I was doing the right thing, in accordance with the beliefs I held at that time," he continued. "My country was attacked by the Japanese and my opinions have changed. In order to be honest with myself and everyone else I had to have my conscientious objector rating nullified." The young soldier, who towers 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 190 pounds, admitted that he had been considering the possibility of changing his objector status for many months.

Movie and Friends

"I told my detachment commander about it some time ago," Pfc. De Frees said. "He did not want to advise me but gave me two tickets to the movie 'Sergeant York' and I admit, seeing the picture helped me to make up my mind."

"The fellows at Fort Baker have been swell to me and I have fostered many fine friendships. That too helped me to decide. I can see that they and other soldiers in our army do not necessarily want to kill for the sake of killing. Our country is in peril and it is my duty as well as theirs to defend it against all enemies, which I intend to do to the best of my ability." De Frees was inducted at Local Board No. 259, 1225 West Manchester, Los Angeles. He is a tile setter by trade.

BIT O' BLARNEY

The story goes around that the Irish have one of their brethren as the leader of the fighting Russian forces. Their boast claims him to be "Tim O' Shenko."

BABE.

ATHLETES NOTE . . .

Those that have had experience in major league baseball; college or professional football; boxing, especially Golden Glove or National A.A.U. championships; and notable basketball or tennis tournaments are asked by the War Department to fill out special forms. These forms are now in your Battery Office.

Fill them out NOW and return to the Public Relations Office, Fort Scott.

The War Department is setting up a comprehensive program on sports activity and your assistance may be valuable.

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PRIVATE BUTCH



Drawn by—Private Joseph A. Urick

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

By Louis G. Gasperick, QM, Ft. Baker

When the echo of guns, has died away
And once again, we can proudly say
The "Land of the Free, the Home of the Brave,"
I'll be seeing you.

When no longer, the sirens screech
Warns of a landing on our beach
And peace and quiet, will again be ours
I'll be seeing you.

When sleepless nights, are forever gone
And dauntless courage, downs Axis brawn
And life will again, begin anew
I'll be seeing you.

When freedom and joy, the heritage of man
Again encircle, the earth's great span
And the stars and stripes, fly over Japan
I'll be seeing you.

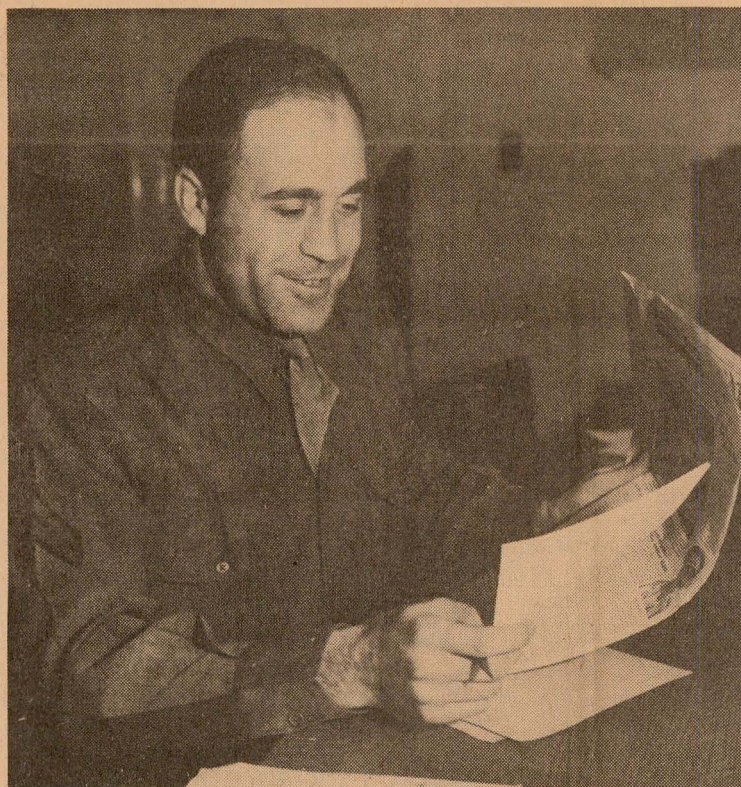
When oceans of the world, no longer flow red
And are rid of their driftwood, the floating dead
And gulls fly serenely o'er their bed
I'll be seeing you.

When fishermen leave their wharves, with ease
To ply their trade, when e'er they please
Not with anxiety, or trembling of knees
I'll be seeing you.

When the fields of battle are wilted with perfume,
Of alfalfa, and clover, and flowers in bloom
And lovers stroll 'neath a full moon
I'll be seeing you.

When the roar of motors, way on high
No longer strike fear, in the human eye
Nor panic people, or make children cry—
I'll be seeing you.

When the fetters of small nations, are untied
Their "Quisling" leaders, by Justice tried
And their people in peace, again reside

Golden Gate Guardian Completes
One Year of Camp Journalism

Editor "Chuck" Teitel compares the old with the new. What he's grinning for we don't know. Editors are not supposed to be happy. They are supposed to be fiery, tough and painfully trying to catch the next deadline. Don't tell us he's on time for a change!

In one year close to 50,000 copies of the GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN, in printed and mimeograph form, have been distributed to soldiers in these defenses. From a modest beginning of two sheets of mimeograph paper to the present four tabloid newspaper printed sheets, (eight pages planned for the near future) the GGG has risen from a circulation of 500 per issue to a figure running well in the thousands.

This newspaper is circulated throughout the United States by soldiers who include the camp news in their letters home. The Golden Gate Guardian has also reached American Fighting Bases in British Guiana, Alaska, Iceland, and other far reaching places. Metropolitan and small town newspapers; the Associated and United Press have made use of articles that appeared in GGG columns. Editorials appearing in this post publication have been reprinted in other camp newspapers and national publications as well.

Three months ago, a vote of confidence was received from the men serving in these defenses and the Golden Gate Guardian was established as the official publication of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. At present the GGG is printed by the Enterprise Press of South San Francisco through the "offset" printing process. Logan Franklin, who heads this civilian firm, has co-operated with the staff in making this publication one of the most attractive of its kind.

Captain Miller Ryan, Officer-in-Charge, has championed the Golden Gate Guardian. He has taken an active interest in the newspaper since its inception and has supervised its military and journalistic policies.

Captain Ryan graduated from the Utah State University where he participated as a hobby, in sports, radio script writing, and drama. Prior to his present tour of active duty, Captain Ryan wrote a number of articles for national publications.

The editor of the publication, Corporal Charles Teitel, "crashed" the columns of the Golden Gate Guardian when it first made its appearance. He has devoted much of his energies to the GGG ever since. "Chuck" Teitel did a little free lance writing for Chicago newspapers and edited a few local publications in the Windy City including the World's Fair Interviewer, a 1934 product, during which time he interviewed such personages as Gertrude Stein, Albert Einstein, Toscanini, D. W. Griffith, Cab Calloway, Borah Minnovitch, Walter Winchell, Sally Rand and Dizzy Dean. His most interesting assignment, he claims, was following famed S. F. Chronicle artist, Howard Brodie, around interviewing "Top Kicks" in the H.D.S.F.

Before entering the service, Sergeant Ted Mikos drew cartoons for several school and neighborhood newspapers with success—that is when he was not too busy with his sign painting work and window sketching for neighborhood merchants in Chicago. "Mike," as he is known to his readers, became quite adept with the stylus on mimeograph work and received acclaim from other camp newspaper editors. Critics and readers alike place "Mike's" cartooning in the same category as work done by top notchers in daily newspapers and prominent magazines. "Private Puns" is one of the GGG landmarks, and the favorite of many readers.

The GGG would not be much of a newspaper without the able support of the Reporting Reporters and guest contributors. We have all profited a great deal by the words from our Chaplains, Captain Homer H. Elliott, Captain Theodore J. Hatton, and Lieutenant Paul F. Haren, who contribute regularly to Chaplain Chats. Articles written by Staff Sgt. E. J. Marchi, Drum Major Hawkins, Cpl. Doug Wilson, Pvt. Oliver Arras, Pfc. Harold Chucker, Cpl. (Continued on page three)

I'll be seeing you.

When the Sabbath will be, the day of the Lord
When all the world, is in accord
And forever is vanquished, that "Yellow Horde"
I'll be seeing you.

When finally rid, of rape and sin
And starving children, are no longer thin
Then reconstruction will begin
I'll be seeing you.

When homeward bound, our boys will be
From Foreign Lands across the sea
Their eyes aglow with Victory
I'll be seeing you.

When my heart with joy, overflows its brim
I'll kneel in reverence, thanking Him
Thanking the Lord, in Heaven above
For bringing me back to the one's I love
Then, I'll be seeing you.

CHAPLAIN
CHATS

with
CHAPLAINS
of the HARBOR DEFENSES of SAN FRANCISCO



HOW TO BE HARD-BOILED

By Chaplain Paul F. Haren

Do you want to be "tough," soldier? The blustering, bullying braggarts who talk in their brainless way of sanctity being sissyfied, seem to think that all religious souls are eccentric. They demonstrate their "toughness" by being foul mouthed, foul souled, and foul minded. They try to impress you that filth will make you manly. To be one of them, you must use language no lexicon carries. To be strong you must be conquered by whiskey, women and wantonness. To be a soldier you must spend your salary between the bar-room and brothel. They insist vice and vileness develop virility, and moral muck develops masculinity.

Such braggarts are consistently trying to outdo one another to show they are not becoming sissyfied. They practice at their conversation so that they can accentuate their sentences with more and more filthy expressions. They are determined to make an impression.

Are you one of these soldiers?

There is another philosophy of "toughness." Its school claims that drunkenness, debauchery, are signs of weakness rather than strength, of want of courage and character, rather than of manhood; of smallness of heart and mind, rather than pigness or bravery. They claim that a man who uses profanity, merely to make an impression is a hypocrite and a coward; for they are afraid to use the language of a gentleman, out of fear of being judged religious. They are afraid of the bullying braggarts of the other school.

Ask yourself honestly, just what is manly about filth? Does one reach maturity only when one can wallow as do the inhabitants of the sty? Indulgence in filth does not bring citations, chevrons, or a commission. Headquarters is anxious to reward anything that is manly. Face the facts. Clothes do not make the man, nor the uniform the soldier. There must be something inside. Inside the clothes, inside the skin. Deep down in the heart and soul there must be cleanliness, control, and character. There must be the bed rock of HONESTY. That is the manly virtue. Honesty that forces one to be true to himself, true to his fellow men, true to his country. First of all, it forces him to be true to his God.

Which school of thought do you prefer? Ask yourself—"Am I a coward? Am I afraid to cling to my convictions? Am I bluffing? And ask yourself again, Am I honest? Am I a man? Which school of toughness do you prefer?"

Fickle 'Private'
Deserts Friends

By Sgt. Joseph Giuliani

Somebodies over the hill from Battery "D" of the Galloping Gophers, and despite the fact he's been located, the battery officers, other than being hurt, won't press charges against him.

The "deserter" is Pvt. Blitz Krieg, a nondescript pup of doubtful heritage and with little sense of appreciation. He was ill-fed and ill-mannered when the "D" men found him. They took him in, fed him and taught him some manners.

But another outfit, with newer equipment, moved in and Pvt. Krieg "transferred" without bothering to go through the usual channels with his papers. He's been seen by members of "D" Battery, but no signs of recognition were exchanged. He's still officially AWOL, but hasn't been forgotten by his former friends.

SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Commando Program
Envisioned Soon

Official sources reveal an extensive physical training course, similar to the famed **Commando** activities, is close at hand for the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. This program of intensive athletics is to include long rest periods, relief from guard and fatigue details and even lengthy passes for those participating.

The **Commando Course** will be participated in by several hundred soldiers during a specified period. Eventually each man will be subjected to this special training. Stringent medical inspection will be given periodically to detect individual weaknesses that may otherwise go unnoticed.

Commensurate with this course, a heavy schedule of athletics is planned in the relief area, which will include all the favorite sports and highly competitive mass athletics such as push-ball, tug-of-war, and obstacle course racing.

Just when the planned physical training courses are to begin has not yet been disclosed, but it will be soon.

BASKETBALL

Fort Scott made a clean sweep on May 26 when CASC defeated "D at Kirby" in a fast and furious game, 54 to 52 and went right on to defeat a visiting Navy quintet by a score of 64 to 43. Clair, MacMillian and Smith were high men for Scott, but it was Stevens from "D" that ranked highest by scoring 23 points. Adams was high man for the Navy with 16 counts through the hoop.

"D at Kirby" are frequent visitors on the hardwood floor and their popularity increases with each visit. These ebony boys are sharpshooters as is evidenced by Stevens and Kelly who hit the Scott boys for 84 points in three games. Spencer and McGowan of the same Btry. are no slouches either having sunk 50 points. They were beaten their first trip decisively, but since then the colored boys have been winning more than losing.

TABLE TENNIS

Next Monday P.G.&E. brings to the Fort Scott gym a 10-man team. When this utility company last appeared, it was the HDSF that was "cooking with gas" and delivered the lightning jolts to cop the play by a score of 7-1. Smith, Pearce, King, Canterbury, Clair, Brectol and Maziac did right well for the HDSF. More men are urged to sign up with Walt Foy in the Scott gym for competition play. He will also help you improve your game.

Thus far there have been two matches and the HDSF took both. Parkside Tennis Club lost 6-3.

BOWLING

The alleys throughout the HDSF are having a real workout these days. "I at Barry" does some fancy rolling and Sarg Green is itching to get back to Scott and vanquish Headquarters for inflicting some damage in their first meet. Scott MP's met Acme Brewery downtown and after dunking the foam lads by a number of pins, the soldiers were treated to a beer bust. Enlargement of the alleys at Scott are contemplated soon. All alleys in the HDSF will eventually be included in the face lifting and expansion program.

Get in on the bowling deal set up by the Special Service Officer. High scoring man each month in Class A receives a \$6.00 pair of bowling shoes. Best in Class B gets a carton of cigarettes. Class A are bowlers with 150 average and over; Class B under that mark. Popcorn, peanuts, candy and potato-chips soon to be available at the alleys.

Cinema Salvos

The Hollywood theater, Broadway, New York, held the World Premier of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," a Warner Bros. product, May 29 to a packed house. Prices for the movie: Loge seats, \$25,000 War Bond; Orchestra seats, anywhere from \$25,000 to \$1,000 War Bond; Balcony seats, \$500 to \$25 War Bond. Wonder if it was Cagney or Uncle Sam that had the pulling power for this show.

Celluloid must still be plentiful because Hollywood has 211 new squakies to throw out to the public in short order. "Immortal Sergeant" is a movie planned for the making by 20th-Fox movie moguls—as if sergeants don't live long enough the way it is.)

Comin' to G. I. Palaces: Charlie Chaplain's "Gold Rush." This film epic has some rich humor and is regarded as one of THE films of any decade. "Tortilla Flat" is said to be Steinbeck's finest story. Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield and Frank Morgan star in this one. When you take your sweetie down to see "Moonlight," you are apt to squirm in your seat everytime Jean Gabin, the star of the picture, comes on the screen. The guy makes the women go gaga with his powerful fighting, loving and first class emoting.

Candy and popcorn vending machines will be placed in HDSF shows soon.

SPORT SHOTS

Rifle Range at Scott: 14 shots, 10 cents; range sergeant always in attendance; targets furnished and rifles cleaned by attendants; 22 long rifle; regular nights are Tuesdays and Saturdays — Sunday afternoon; Thursday for officers; may be used at other times if not officially in use; credit to all in the HDSF....

Bicycle rental proposition on the posts not far off.

Fort Baker has a brand new baseball diamond that will see plenty of action soon.

Fort Cronkhite has a special Commando Course almost ready for the boys.

They say Sgt. Canterbury is tops in tennis; Pvt. Pearce in table tennis; Pvt. Clair and Cpl. Stevens ("D") in basketball. Sgt. Hurley cops honors in baseball, and has been selected as manager of the HDSF South Bay nine. Any disputes?

Holiday Package Arrives;
'Merry Christmas' Too

Christmas may come in December for most people, but for Pfc. James E. McGhee of Fort Baker station hospital, it arrived in May. Handed a parcel by the mailman this week, McGhee was nonplussed when he opened it and found a card which read "Merry Christmas from Mother."

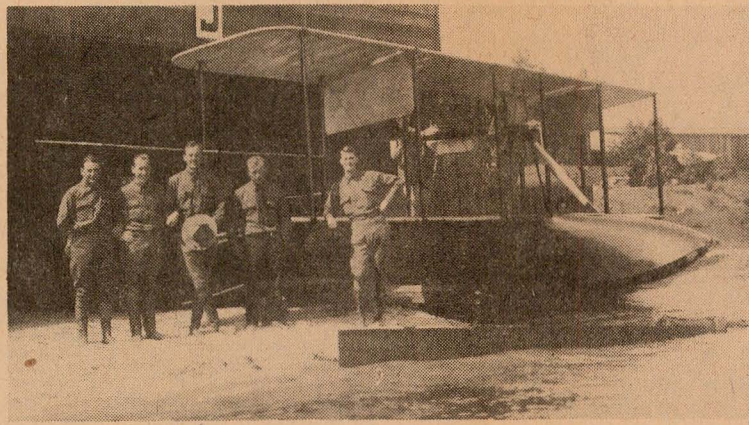
Glancing at the wrapper, he discovered it had been mailed seven months ago, while he was still stationed at Corregidor, island fortress in Manila Bay. Private McGhee was transferred suddenly, and the package was sent before his mother had learned of the change.

From markings on the parcel, it was evident that it had traveled to several stations in the south seas war zone before it arrived here.

ALIENS ELIGIBLE
FOR COMMISSIONS

Aliens of cobelligerent or friendly countries may be appointed officers in the U. S. Army under new regulations. Such persons, with the same qualifications for appointment to commissioned grade as citizens of the United States and between the ages of 18 and 60, may be appointed to a commissioned rank in any grade for which the appointee is eligible and qualified.

ONE OF THE VERY FIRST



The hydro-plane pictured here is the second airplane delivered to the U. S. Army Air Corps (1913). Among the first to pilot this ship was Lt. Lewis Goodier, who is also remembered as the one who flew the first Army plane equipped with a bomb rack, bomb sight and explosive bombs. Goodier, now Lt. Colonel and Post Executive in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, is shown leaning on the ship at the right.

ACE PHOTOGRAPHIC HINTS

Famed color photographer for the **Saturday Evening Post** and **Popular Photographer**, Ivan Dimitri, toured this defenses recently for some unusual subject matter. He imparted some valuable hints for amateur photographers.

For the taking of any picture it is always best to be armed with a camera you are familiar with, even though it be a box camera. Never "shoot" without a definite subject thought or purpose. Whenever photographing a living subject, be sure the face is properly highlighted—this displays character and human interest. Whenever possible photograph your subject with a foreground or background suitable to make a story—unless it is strictly a portrait "shot." Nothing is as dull as a so-called "posed" snap. Yet, it is possible to obtain "action" when the subject is posed by telling the subject which position to take, and from a relaxed position have him assume the required pose and click the shutter. You should then have a prize shot.

Mr. Dimitri also does special photographic poster work for American Airlines, the War Department, the Air Corps and the Navy.

SERVICING THE
SERVICE MAN

We are told, at 334 Mason street is a seerviceman's club sponsored by the National Lutheran Council. The place is the King George hotel, a nine-story class "A" building with the first and second floors devoted entirely to the comfort, recreation and letter writing of men in the Armed Forces.

There is a family room where servicemen may entertain their relatives or friends, a free lunch room, a chapel and chaplain's consultation room. The hotel consists of 150 rooms, all with bath, with special low rates for servicemen and their relatives.

Facilities of the club are available from 2:30 to 10:30 p. m. seven days a week.

TIME MARCHES ON—

A motorist in the Kentucky hills stopped at a filling station for gas and feeling lonely, attempted a conversation by saying,

"General MacArthur is a great fighter, isn't he?"

"Who?" inquired the attendant.

"General MacArthur," repeated the motorist.

"Who's he?" asked the native.

Quickly recovering from his astonishment the motorist cried: "Never mind the gas, buddy. Give me four new tires!"

BERRY.

DISCLOSURE—

She was a pitcher's daughter, and m-m-m-m what she possessed in curves.

BLUE BIRD.

GGG ONE YEAR OLD

(Continued from page two)

George Shimel, Pvt. John Gaspard, Pfc. Hubert Rennie, Pvt. F. A. Kissinger, and Cpl. R. W. Wilson have done much for the interest of the newspaper.

A newcomer, Pvt. Joseph Urlick, has furnished some excellent editorial and humorous cartoons and promises much more. His talents are worthy of special note. Cpl. Lowell Seitzinger as sports editor of the GGG for several issues, added much zest to the columns with his views on sports.

There have been others—Pfc. Roy McGinn, Staff Sgt. Duckowitz, Cpl. "John" Sullivan, Sgt. Horovitz, Cpl. Pearson, Cpl. Clayton Dey—but to mention a few who have done their part for the **Golden Gate Guardian**. To all, present and past, who have contributed something to the GGG, we say—Clean Copy, No Pi, and a pleasant "30."

LET'S PUT IT
THIS WAY

If all the man-hours expended by artillerymen in these defenses since December 7 on camouflage work were to be spent by one soldier, this soldier could walk around the center of the earth (if ground were available) 288 times.

Guess What!—It takes approximately 10 cows to feed the men in these defenses per week. In one year this would mean approximately 520 cows. If these cows were allowed to graze and multiply (a few bulls added), in five years there would be well over 10,000 head of cattle. With a packing house situated close to the camp area, these animals would supply these defenses with sufficient food, soap, gelatins, glue and allied products for about 10 years.

Get your thinking caps on men and see if you can't "doodle" out some fancy figures along this line. This makes interesting reading and it is great fun to work out. The two best "doodles" will be printed in each issue of the **Golden Gate Guardian**.

Lt. Colonel F. M. Usis, Executive Officer, furnished the original "doodle" presented above, which originally appeared on the Colonel's telephone pad.

SUB! SUB!

At Fort MacArthur, Calif., during a recent alert, a sergeant burst forth from his observing station—"Sir, sir! I just saw a sub," cried the Sarg to his BC.

"Calm down, sergeant," said the BC, "How do you know it was a sub and not a whale?"

"How do I know?" blurted out the Sarg, "Why, I saw the stethoscope sticking out of the water."

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS



ONE YEAR of G. I. journalism passes . . . The fruit of our efforts is this four page rag . . . Howls, smirks, wry grins interspersed with a few kind remarks has been our lot since the GGG first took breath . . . IN MIMEOGRAPH form, too many said—"Nothing to it. Not worth the time and effort." . . . IN PRINTED FORM, the same many—"Should have had that story on page 3 instead of 1. When I went to school we always edited the paper in regular newspaper style. Now, if I were running the paper this is what I would do . . ." . . . IT WAS TOUGH to take, but we took it . . . In cases we found the "customer" offered a concrete suggestion . . . so we attempted improvements . . . Some we hope were noticed . . . THINGS TO REMEMBER: Spending hours on mimeograph stencil and stylus work only to find the mimeo machine in need of repairs . . . Preparing four pages of copy for a printer with cuts et al in 48 hours . . . Five minutes before press time, circumstances make it impossible to print the GGG . . . Same day another printer gallantly rolls to the rescue . . . The many fine reports received from the batteries in reference to continuance of the paper . . . Preparing our copy under total blackout December 8 with flashlight . . . The first printed Christmas edition . . . Constant loyalty of reporters, Jenkinson, Wilson, Hawkins, Rennie, Dey, and Shimel . . . they seldom failed to make the deadline . . . THIS IS SIMPLY a reflection of what has been . . . what follows should be more interesting—an eight or twelve page paper . . . finer articles, snappier features, more drawings, funnier funnies, more pictures, more color, more "meat," less "corn" . . . We look forward to more soldier contributors—more Herb Caens, Walter Winchells and Mark Hellingers . . . We look forward to merrier news from here and elsewhere . . . We look forward to the reporting of happenings everywhere with the same freedom of expression enjoyed in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco.

SHAKSBEER—

For daughter 'tis very improper
To be caught in the parlor by popper.
But if she insists, she wants to be kissed,
Is it proper her popper should stop her?

POET PETE.

WORD TO THE WISE—

Time tells on a soldier—especially a good time.

MIKE.

COMMENT

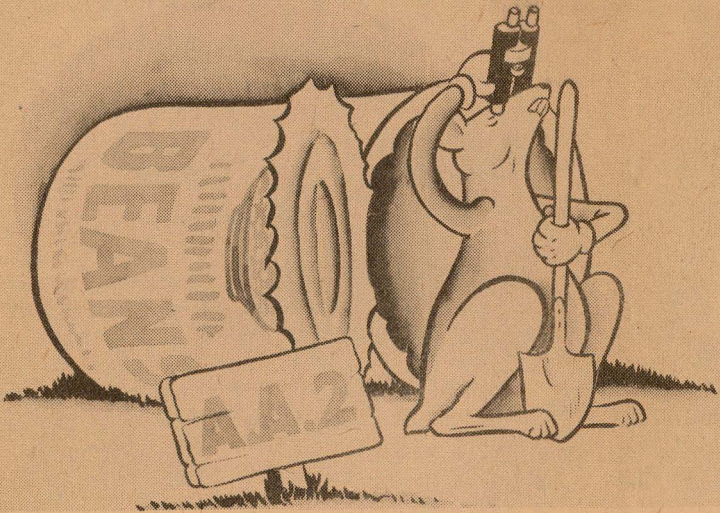
Much has been rewritten and broadcasted by Herb Caen of the S. F. Chronicle and other newspaper scribes, on the article about Lt. Colonel Goodier and the dropping of the first bomb from an airplane that appeared in the **GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN** (May 15th issue).

Others have made similar claims, since the article first appeared in print, and the GGG conducted a little research into the matter to clarify the situation. Colonel Goodier flew the plane that dropped the first live bomb and later piloted the ship that was equipped with the first bomb rack and bomb sight.

There were others who had ideas along the same line previous to Colonel Goodier's test. One, a high ranking officer in the Army, only one year previous to Goodier's test, dropped a "bomb" from a Jenny. The "bomb" in this case being a bag of flour. Another Officer it is claimed, made tests by dropping oranges out of a plane.

REPORTING REPORTERS

GUNNERS' INSIGNIA OF THE HILLS



Not an official insignia from the War Department, this emblem symbolizes the efforts and fighting status of a Battalion on duty in the hills surrounding these defenses. The tin can represents dug-outs, referred to by the men who use them as "tin cans." The mole is a caricature of the men who live in these underground shelters. The skyward glance through binoculars represents the unrelentless vigilance of those who man the AA guns and searchlights. The shovel in the left hand suggests the continuous construction work of this Battalion.

SCOTT QUARTERMASTER

The Quartermaster Corps got in the thick of things and scored at the Eddie Cantor show in the Presidio recently. During the performance, pretty songbird Dinah Shore singled out a rootin' tootin' soldier



in the audience and before all those present gave him one of those Hollywood kisses. Pfc. Fran G. Bannister from this detachment is still blushing and still being kidded—but more—he is envied.

Couple of QM Soldiers.

"C" AT RODEO

Pfc. Herb Poe, painter and designer, was an advertising artist before his induction into the Army. But of all the paintings, designs and other works of art produced by Herb, his proudest is the insignia design shown on this page. Colonel George Fisher furnished the original idea and suggestion.

Secret Ambitions: Cpt. Butler, to become a dairyman; Cpl. Coulson, to visit Hollywood once more; Pfc. Hamric, to meet someone who has heard of Cherry Valley, Arkansas; Pfc. Cortez, to get a lengthy pass on pay day; Pfc. Mangiapane, to manage a vegetable market; Pfc. Dumond, to edit a column on "Advice to the Lovelorn"; Pfc. McLuckie, to visit San Anselmo, San Rafael and Mountain View on one pass; Sgt. Cashion and Pfc. Taylor, to catch a fish weighing more than 8 ounces; Pvt. Jordan, to find a jeweler who sells wedding rings—reasonably; Sgt. McGowan, to meet a gal who isn't a school teacher; Cpl. Jenkins, to meet a gal.

Cpl. Bernard W. Evans.

HEADQUARTERS AT SCOTT

Losing good men all the time. Pfc. Proffitt took off for OCS, Cpl. Sinclair to Hq. 4th Army and Sarg James Quigley stepped up to the altar. The Sergeant is still with us of course, but his dreamy eyed look proves he is a "lost" man. Only kidding Sarg. Lots of luck and a happy future.

Our bowling team is still unbeatable. Phone Cpl. Troen 3672 for a match. Anybody. Our softball team played a seven-inning tie with "C at Scott" and are well limbered up for some real games. Anybody.

Congratulations are in order. Pfc. Stan Berg was promoted to Master Sgt., Sgts. Loomis and Landis and

Cpls. Dapprich and Duckowitz were promoted to Staff Sgts. But—have you seen any Seegars passed out? No! We're still behind you men. Keep up the good work. But don't forget the Seegars. "Dipper" Stein and Pfc. Karpa recently moved in. Welcome back buddy Karpa and to you "Dipper"—happy landings.

Cpl. Lou Moskowicz.

BARBETEERS

Pfc. Wm. Schmidt fell heir to an eight week old cocker spaniel. The recent addition to Btry. "D" misses his mother, but her place is well taken up by many fostered fathers. At night the plotting room orderlv



makes sure the pooch is perfectly fed and content before "taps" is blown. There has been quite a bit said and written about the "Typical Soldier." I suggest a new series on the "Typical Camp Mascot." There is a great deal of human interest on this subject and I know it would prove very popular.

Hope the "bucket of Azminuth" kid mentioned in the last issue was not from this battery.

Pfc. Hubert Rennie.

"B" ON THE RIDGE

Due credit should be bestowed on Sgt. George De Lude and his aides Sgt. Frye, Sgt. Peterson, Cpl. Taylor, Cpl. Crouch, Cpl. Brackney, Cpl. Armstrong and many others who helped erect our mammoth two-story palace.

Sgt. De Lude working without so much as a blue-print accomplished the tedious job in such a short time, it is believed few civilian contractors could have equalled the job under present conditions.

Sgt. De Lude's Army career has been a series of promotions due to his motto—"If a job is to be done, do it well."

Cpl. R. W. Wilson.

Editor's Note: You fellows on the Ridge are doing a great job and we're glad to hear of your doings. Cpl. Wilson writes some fine material.

"B" AT SCOTT

At the first performance of the Eddie Cantor show in the Presidio, somebody took quite a number of pictures. We would like to purchase some of the prints. If the photographer reads this, will he please phone Scott 157. We enjoy each issue of the GGG, only it seems a

long wait till the next issue reaches us.

Pfc. R. Kazmierski.

GALLOPING GOPHERS

Keeping in trim while on position is a problem that's been solved by men of Btry. "F" and 1st Bn. Hq. Btry. Volleyball, boxing, rope climbing and handball games are among the activities during off hours. Sgt. George Brown strung a heavy rope on a tall steel post. Not until Pvt. "Gramps" Majerus went up hand over hand with ease did any of the younger 'Gophers' try the stiff climb.

Chief contenders for Gopher boxing champ are Pvts. Mann and Hedeen, who workout daily. Sgt. Hetherington, Cpls. DeWald and Bohmbach and Pvt. Welvang are builders and chief supporters of the volleyball court.

Pfc. Bud Bunce and Mirk Grbich.

MILEY OBSERVERS

1st Sgt. W. E. McFarland answered the phone one afternoon. The party on the other end of the line said, "This is Art." It was his brother, who he hasn't seen for over two years.

Last week Staff Sgt. Jones did the unusual by passing himself off to a charming voiced caller as "Cpl. Powers." Perhaps this is the new technique, Sarg.

Pfc. Sanchez has two logs on the fire, so to speak. He is studying algebra to increase his mental capacity and skipping rope daily to increase his physical power. Another Tunney in the making.

Cpl. George Shimel.—

CREATOR OF PRIVATE PUNS



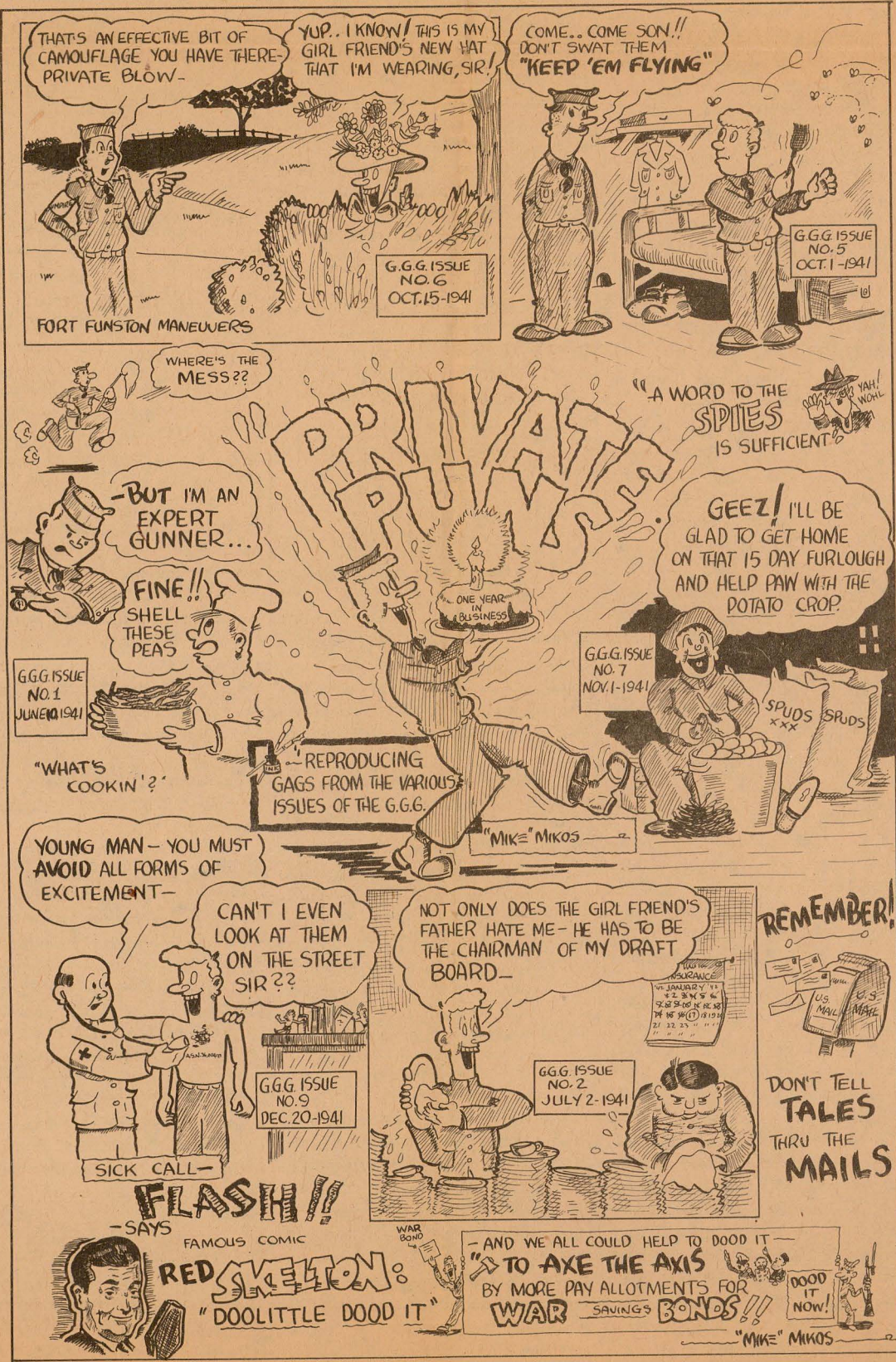
(Signal Corps Photo) Sergeant "Mike" Mikos puts the finishing touches on one of his original sketches for the GGG. His ready wit on and off the drawing board is familiar to quite a number of rolling "jeeps" in these defenses. "Mike" has done much to bring sparkle to these pages.

KAY AT BARRY

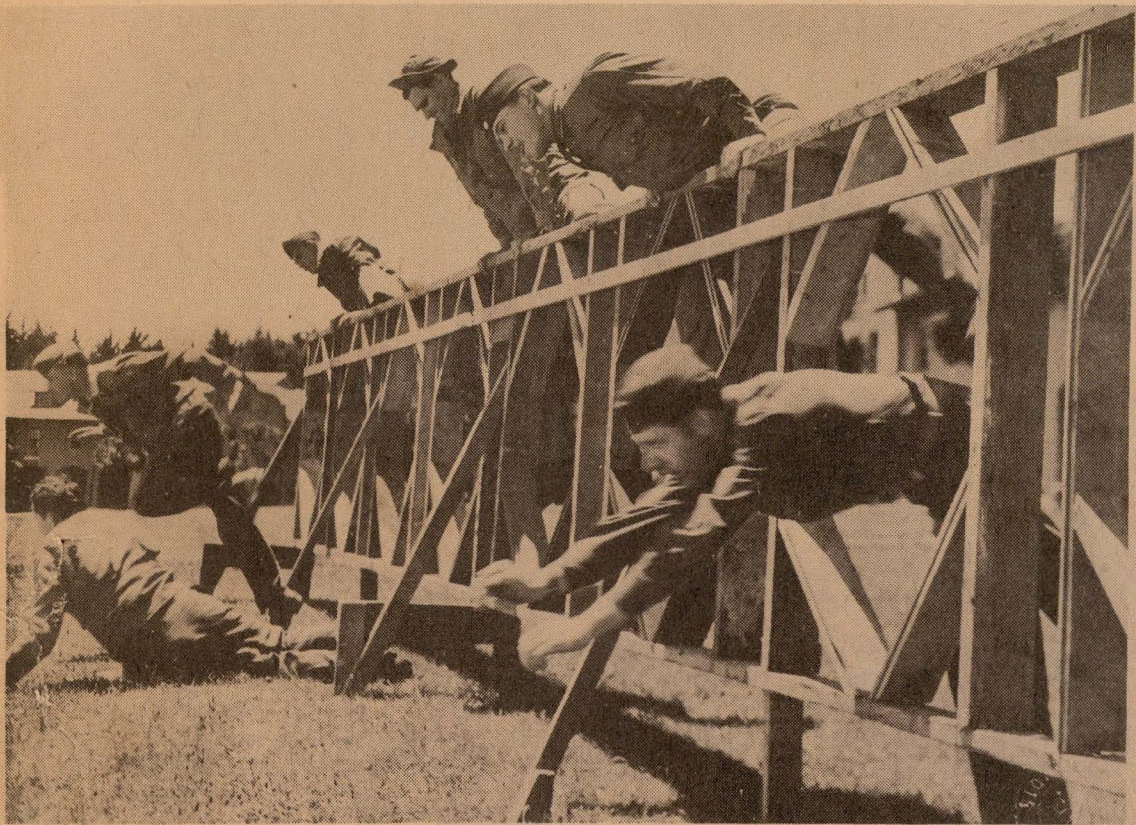
It took us four months to wind up special construction work around the battery. Only one-half day to knock it down. We're modernizing with the latest of everything.

Pfc. Leonard attended a special birthday party in town. We are told he had a swell time. Why not? The party was for him—and so were the presents.

Pvt. F. A. Kissinger.



SURPASSING A 'COMMANDO' OBSTACLE



(Photo by Kemper, Signal Corps)

Through, over and under—these C. A. gunners initiate one of the complicated steps in becoming sturdy, hard hitting artillerymen. There are at least 14 other obstacles in this "Commando" training course, and before the training period is over, these men will appreciate the extra pass privilege that goes with the training. Diving through is Cpl. Robert-

son, Pvt. Norris sticks his tongue out as he gives himself that extra push, Sgt. Jacobson brings his six-foot-two frame to its full height before tumbling over, Pvt. Tuck squirms underneath and Cpl. Wilson dashes away after a fast hurdle. The unknown fellow in the background seems to have stumbled.

UNIVERSITY MAY BE 'ATTENDED' BY FIGHTING MAN

An educational program has been launched in the Army that will give every man serving in the Armed Forces an opportunity to study many subjects, to take College courses and to receive college credits—all through the Correspondence media.

War Department Circular 76, of this year, contains detailed information about the Army Institute, Madison, Wisconsin, and the Army correspondence instruction program of which the Institute is a part. Blanks for admission to these courses may be obtained at the Special Service Office, Fort Scott Gymnasium.

Two plans of study are open. One is directly under the Army Institute in which class papers will be forwarded and graded at the University

Glider Training Open For All Men

Men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-six are eligible for enlistment in glider pilot training, though they are without prior aerial training.

To qualify for enlistment, applicants must be able to pass, or have previously passed either the Army general classification test with a minimum score of 110, or the aviation cadet test with a minimum score of 65, and are required to pass the physical examination for flyers as Class 2 or better. Physical examination and classification test must be given prior to enlistment.

The Ninth Corps Area's quota for enlistment men as glider pilots by June 22 is 200. The training course includes flying light planes. A limited number of selected graduates in each class will be commissioned 2nd Lieutenants. Other graduates will be appointed Staff Sergeants on flying status.

Application for commissions to fill non-flying administrative posts in the Air Corps are no longer accepted by the War Department. The suspension, it was declared, does not effect men who have already made application. The present objective for non-flying officer positions has been reached with the present list of applications on hand. This does not effect the aviation cadet training program.

RED CROSS AID

The American Red Cross sent more than \$3,500,000 worth of drugs, medical supplies and clothing to our co-belligerent, the hard fighting Russians, in a few months. This amount, it is estimated, will be doubled within a short time.

REVELATION—

Getting your picture on \$10,000 bills is one way of obtaining obscurity.

BARRY SOLDIERS COMMENDED FOR HEROIC RESCUES

Two heroes in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco recently received official meritorious recognition for their deeds by Brigadier General E. A. Stockton, Jr., Commanding General. Both of these men are from the same battery, "F" at Baker, and demonstrated valor on the sea.

During the early morning darkness of June 3, 1942, the Navy patrol boat "Bunting" was rammed by a Coast Guard patrol boat. The "Bunting" shipped water rapidly and the lives of the fourteen officers and men aboard were in grave danger. The "California Bear," under the command of Sgt. William Kilcourse, was directed to proceed to the distressed "Bunting."

By lashing the "California Bear" to one side of the sinking vessel and the Coast Guard Patrol boat to the other, an attempt was made to bring the sinking boat to Horseshoe Cove, where it could be safely handled. The "Bunting," however had too large a gap in her hull and sank before Horseshoe Cove could be reached. The "Bunting's" crew of fourteen were safely transferred to the "California Bear."

Sgt. Kilcourse's efficient estimate of the situation, initiative and prompt handling of messages by radio from his next higher echelon, earned him the gratifying words of the Commanding General. "Your action in the handling of the boat and crew is officially commended."

January 12th last, Pvt. John A. McClurg was washed off the deck of the distribution box boat, "Lincoln." Although he had a life belt on, he was at the mercy of the breaking waves and it was feared he would be lashed against the rocks off Point Bonita where the waves

MIKE.

(Continued on page three)

Athletics Play Major Role In New Conditioning Course

Swing by rope over a water moat, squeeze through a boarded fence, hop through a maze of boxes, scale a ten-foot wall then soldier, you are started on the rugged obstacle training course set up in the "rest area" of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. Whether one becomes a Commando invader or remains a fort gunner, this training is designed to put every man in top physical condition.

Track and Bayonet Drill

Batteries "E" and "D" of Cronkhite and Scott were the first to enter the "rest area" and participate in the conditioning program. Besides undergoing the rigors of designed handicaps, these soldiers are given daily exercises in bayonet and deployment drill, first on level terrain and then on broken ground. Push-ups, situps, 100 yard dashes, high-jumps, and similar competitive sports are engaged in extensively.

The six foot push ball, which takes 45 minutes to blow up, also gets in for quite a bit of action, as do the tug-of-war games. Daily passes accompany this special training.

This body building program gives non-commissioned officers the opportunity of assuming command of groups of men under action. Non-coms are also being taught to assume command of batteries and even conduct battalion parades. Those with aptitude will be suggested for Officer's Candidate School, if they have not already made application.

Collection Sheet May Be Discarded

Plans are under way to eliminate a great deal of "paper work" in the field by inducing the soldier to purchase most of his personal commodities and services in cash. The new system, it is believed, will enhance the dignity and efficiency of the soldier.

Elimination of credit will do away with the Collection Sheets, or do away with many of the items included on them. Credit will be limited at the Post Exchange, barber shop, cobbler shop, pool table, bowling alley and tailor shop.

Details of the plan and where it will first be tried as an experiment has not been disclosed.

Soldier Talent Used In World Wide Program

General Motors is sponsoring a new type of radio program for Army men. This program originates from Army posts all over the country and soldiers are entertained by soldiers. This is the first nationwide program that fully utilizes the talents of military men in its broadcast and gives the soldier an opportunity to entertain the folks back home.

Fort Belvoir, Virginia, originated the first broadcast June 9. The program put on by these men was carried coast-to-coast in the U. S., through Canada and short-waved to servicemen overseas. Measures will soon be taken in the H. D. S. F. to get talent all lined up for a similar broadcast.

ATHLETE'S FOOT CURE

In a recent article appearing in several national magazines, a quick, dependable cure for Athlete's Foot has been discovered. Your doctor or druggist has but to melt a little phenol and measure three cubic centimeters of it into a mortar. Three grams of camphor are added and the mass rubbed up until a liquid is formed.

Two or three applications of this liquid a day for one week is said to do the trick. This concoction does not irritate surrounding skin or corrode or discolor clothing.

PARACHUTE TROOPS

"It Don't Mean A Thing, If you Don't Pull That Ring."

Millett

The first day on the obstacle course, the soldier is cautioned to go through the 15 barriers slowly. When he has acquainted himself with the course, he is encouraged to speed up until he can complete the course in close to one minute.

Though the course is little over one week old, several soldiers have maneuvered through the course in less than 60 seconds. Lt. Charles Harband, Special Services Officer and supervisor of the program, predicts many will race over these obstacles in less than 45 seconds.

Cronkhite Course
Fort Cronkhite boasts of a 500 yard obstacle course, also with 15 obstacles, that will soon be ready for the men in that area. This will be a four-lane course and sufficient space will be allowed between barriers to give the men a chance to take long runs before clearing a wall or diving at a dangling rope. Sgt. Waite and Pvt. Chappel are building this course under the supervision of Captain Steves. Capt. Steves is expected to leave shortly for Fort Meade where he will gain a great deal more information about obstacle "Commando" training courses, jujitsu, scientific wrestling and other body building sports that will interest every man in these defenses.

Eventually all military personnel in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco will live in the "rest area" and go through the special training courses. At present the length of obstacle training is one week. All are urged to participate in some phase of athletics daily.

BOON TO G. I. TEMPER
Due to experiments conducted by the QM Corps, a chow hound juggling his dishes from the mess to the disposal receptacle will not be harassed by the danger of collision and broken glassware. A new heat-proof glass that will both a concrete floor like a golf ball has been developed. Unbreakable plates and bowls will soon be available to all batteries.

BUY WAR STAMPS AND

of Wisconsin. The other is through direct contact with any one of the 80 colleges and universities, where a number of accredited courses may be taken; this is also sponsored by the Army Institute.

(Continued on page two)

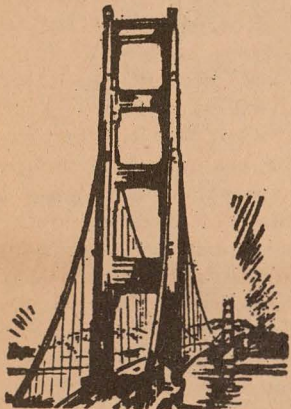
THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

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CPL. LOUIS MOSKOWITZ
and guest contributors



News matter published in the Golden Gate Guardian is available for general release.

Our President Says:

For the new Army newspaper, the YANK, President Roosevelt wrote these words—"It is inconceivable to them (our enemies) that a soldier should be allowed to express his own thoughts, his ideas and opinions. It is inconceivable to them that any soldier, or civilian for that matter, should have thoughts other than those dictated by their leaders."

Wisdom

"It is far better to do something for somebody than to do somebody for something."

Major Jack R. Lehmkuhl, Executive Officer, Harbor Defenses of San Francisco.

American Heritage

By Pvt. Mordecai Zemach

And so, on a June day, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Forty-two, when understanding, equality and fraternity should have been shared by all men, a wicked and infidel foe stealthily sailed the great Pacific to cast its curse upon us.

How content would have been the intruder had he successfully pursued his "Pearl Harbor" mission, and been able to tap the nucleus of power of our invaluable Pacific isle! How great would have been his exultation had he gained access to our Pacific resources, and left swabbed in blood our peace loving brothers—defenders of our Nation! How smug would they have been had these ambassadors of ill will been able to play havoc with our fleet, gain a stronghold on the island, and hence endanger the flow of our strategic lifeline! Yes, to the shores of Midway Island came the Sons of Nippon, but only defeat and disaster did they know.

To pierce the soul of a god-fearing people with steel blades, meant only for death and destruction, is undoubtedly too great a task for even the fanatical subjects of Hirohito. False is the thought that through the dictatorial pressure of certain uncivilized and barbaric beings will our American heritage, nurtured through freedom, be shrewn aside as the petals of a malnourished flower in an April wind. It is because of our great American heritage; because of our love and fear of the All Mighty that Midway still stands; that the Stars and Stripes still hover gloriously over our mid Pacific stronghold.

Midway Island, the Aleutian Islands and our many other Pacific possessions will undoubtedly be attacked again, but what greater human force is there to overcome the evils of the modern Pharo than an American soldier imbued with American ideals and the will to fight for that which is rightfully his. Let us, in the continental United States, both service men and civilians alike, not fail to remember that each of us individually is blessed with a share of that heritage, and by it and with it will eventually make the emancipation of all people a reality.

Let us remember Pearl Harbor. Let us remember Midway Island. Let us remember Dutch Harbor. Let us remember our truly great and glorious American heritage.

Dear Dad:

Believe me, Dad, it sure is tough knowing what to buy a fellow like you. Father's Day comes but once a year, yet, I have to fumble around in my mind for the right thing. I sure hate like the devil to send you socks again. I did that on your birthday, and on last Father's Day. Of course I could send you a shirt or two, but then I know they won't be the right color and you will have no tie to go with them. Now, there is an idea—a tie! Conservative gray or blue, or would you rather have something sparkling like a lavender poka-dot. See, Dad, I have a problem.

Cigars? Bet you would go for something like that. Yep, they are kind of high, even at the PX and I sure as the devil don't want to goof off by sending a cheap brand.

Dad, if you were a girl I would send you flowers. Even if I sent flowers twenty times a year, it would still be ideal. Girls always like flowers. But there sure is a limit to the number of socks and hankies I can send his Dad. Of course if I were home I would probably get a new putting iron or even an inner-tube for the bus (I have a car). Sure a problem knowing what to get you Pop, and no kidding. We can get together next Father's Day. Many happy returns of the day.

Your soldiering son,
GEORGE

Under separate cover, two pair of sport socks. Hope you like

KIRBY ARTILLERYMAN FIRES AWAY



(Photo by Kemper, Signal Corps)
Attired in unstylish fatigues while engaged in the grim business of firing death dealing projectiles, Pfc. Odie Langdon thinks of pegged pants and fried chicken and some fancy stepping in Oakland. But he also thinks of those scheming Japs and how he'd like to throw a few missiles in their lap.

'D' AT KIRBY IS PROUD OF 'TYPICAL' SOLDIER ODIE

Take it from a fellow that knows his business; the main trick in large coastal firing is "Keeping mighty cool." So says Pfc. Odie D. Langdon, recently selected by his Battery Commander and 1st Sergeant as a "Typical" American soldier. Odie expertly handles the breech and pulls the lanyard as part of the sharp-shooting crew of "D" at Kirby.

Not only is Odie an efficient crew member, he is also a haberdashery expert having clerked in a men's shop before being inducted into the service. According to Odie, one of the greatest tragedies in the Armed Forces is their lack of imagination in fashioning slacks, and he says—"The G. I. slacks don't compare with the neatly pegged, colorful trousers I used to sell—even if they are tougher." Odie is a firm believer, however, that the Army is on the track to good style with the new official neckwear issue.

Pfc. Langdon was inducted into the service 14 months ago in Austin, Texas. He received preliminary training at Camp Davis, North Carolina and has been in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco for many months during which time he has received extensive instruction on the machine gun, automatic rifle and coastal cannon.

Odie is 22 year old, weighs 180 pounds and stands erect to almost six feet. He goes overboard for Sunday fried chicken and ice cream, which are his favorite foods. Pork

chops also rate high and he vows the Army "hash-slinger" knows how to prepare these dishes with finesse. Odie does not hesitate to put us straight on certain important Army matters.

"Since coming to these parts, I and my buddies have been treated just grand. Our officers are all regular fellows and the noncoms have been well chosen. Though sometimes I miss my people back home, I say the Army is a good place to serve—especially right now.

"Let 'em come! We're ready to rip the Nips and the Heinies right off the map."

Odie tells of the time when men in his battery were on an extended gas alarm drill. One day a pretty, white striped mammal (genus mephitis) made its way into the plotting room and took up permanent quarters in a small crevice adjacent to the plotting board. It emitted its scent (a skunky trick) and for two full weeks the beleaguered soldiers had to work with gas masks on. Some now refer to the plotting room as the "Gas Chamber."

Dancing is Odie's favorite pastime and he recalls that the Southern belles are fancy steppers, but the Oakland and San Francisco dusky charmers ably churn with the rhythm too. His favorite sport is football. He admits his great ambition is to train for and become a Harbor Defense Commando.

INSTITUTE COURSE

(Continued from page one)

More than 65 courses may be taken through the Army Institute. Included are English; social studies; mathematics; science; business and electrical, mechanical, civil and architectural engineering. For each course taken, the student will pay an enrollment fee of \$2.

For those soldiers who wish to enroll in approved correspondence courses for academic credit in one of the cooperating colleges or universities, the Government will pay half the tuition fees, but not to exceed \$20 for any one course.

A student must have at least four months active service before he is eligible for enrollment in any of the courses. All study work must be done during off-duty hours.

A victory safety razor with a plastic handle, zinc cap and plastic guard will be sold at the PX in a few months it is estimated—perhaps sooner.

All musical instruments have been halted from production except violins, cellos and a few guitars. Piano manufacturers are to turn out gliders.



CLOCKS AND SOLDIERS

By Chaplain John T. Curd

THERE ARE DIFFERENT KIND OF CLOCKS. (1) There are costly and cheap clocks. Some men are costly and some cheap. It depends upon the value he places upon himself. If you think you are nothing, you are not much. Value yourself high and you will become of greater value. (2) There are one-day and eight-day clocks. You see, some clocks require more winding than others. (3) Some cocks strike and some do not. Some clocks strike too much. Men should only strike for good. Never strike evil. (4) Some clocks alarm, and some do not. Never alarm your friends and "pals" and the community by boasting of the wrong you have done. But alarm against approaching evil.

FOUR WAYS IN WHICH ALL CLOCKS ARE ALIKE. (1) Every clock has an open face. Upon the face you read the inner workings. Every soldier has an open face; upon that face you read the soul. Your face is the mirror for the life you live. (2) Every clock has two hands. These are busy hands. Your hands should be as good as a clock by keeping them busy, and doing good all the time. (3) Every clock needs to be regulated at times. If not regulated, they become worthless. If soldiers are not regulated, they become a liability rather than an asset. Respect and obey those who know how to regulate you. (4) Every clock must be kept clean. If not, it will soon wear out. Every soldier should keep himself clean—clean in body and clean in soul.

ANOTHER 'TOP KICK' ADDED TO GOPHER BTRY.

By Sgt. J. Giuliani

Most tables of organization call for just one 1st Sergeant, and most men will agree that's more than enough. Stop to consider the plight of Btry D of the Galloping Gophers with two top kicks—one of each gender.

This came about when the battery made Mary Malone, proprietor of a small beanery near its position, honorary 1st Sgt. as a reward for her many favors for the men of the organization.

The presentation was made by Capt. Lewis G. Bolt, BC, in the presence of the battery. Following the presentation, the men passed in review for their new top kick.

Uniformed Gals Will Take Over

Many Artillerymen have wondered what their status will be when the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps starts to get into the swing of things. One thing is absolutely certain—they won't try to make Commandos out of the gals right off the bat.

The femmes are expected to take over in offices, laboratories, telephone switchboards and perhaps be engaged in certain mechanical duties. In their spare time many will learn to fire the rifle and acquaint themselves with the rudiments of artillery firing.

General recruiting of the Corps will begin by the early part of August. It is expected 150,000 uniformed women, ready for War business, will "invade" the Army.

WHO'S THIS GUY

This incident did not occur in the editorial offices of the Golden Gate Guardian. Somewhere at another military post, a neophyte editor was given a scrap of verse for the camp paper. When he glanced over the verse, he said, "Not bad, but who is this guy James Whitcomb Riley—he is he from the Signal Corps?"

BUY WAR STAMPS TODAY
LICK THE OTHER SIDE

SPORT SHOTS

PING PONG

P. G. & E., utilities company team, avenged the overwhelming defeat fostered on them on their first visit, by taking Scott by the score of 6-3, Monday, June 8th.

Pvt. Sullivan was Scott's star of the evening, winning his singles match and then teaming with Cpl. Wiswosser to win Scott's only doubles. Pfc. Maziac remains undefeated in three tough matches. The third and deciding match, due soon, promises to be a whirlwind affair.

All within these defenses are urged to organize table tennis teams within the posts. Interpost tournaments are planned.

BASKETBALL

The fast stepping Stallion Athletic Club basketball five invaded the HDSF recently, only to be defeated twice. CASC clipped the boys by a score of 45-43 and "D" at Funston really took over and swamped the visitors 35-7. Clair was high man for CASC and Miller lead for "D".

CASC, not invincible as many believe, suffered defeat from "D" Barbeteers—54-51. A round robin to decide the champs of the H.D.S.F. is under way. "D" Barbeteers, "E" at Cronkhite, CASC, "D" at Funston and "D" at Kirby entered. Other battery teams have time to sign up. Watch for details on this tournament. It promises lively action.

BASEBALL

The new diamond at Fort Barry is seeing plenty of action, but no results have been reported from that area. Every other post is in the swing of things, and information about what each team is doing, high batting averages and similar dope should flow to our sports department. Could use a good North Bay baseball reporter. Perhaps another Damon Runayn, Archie Ward or Charley Carmichel is hiding up in the hills.

VAULTS, DRIVES, JABS

Many visitors passing through the "rest area" have tried their hand at the obstacle course. It is not uncommon to see a high ranking officer swing over the moat or vault over the fence obstacle.

Badminton is a comparatively new game to the HDSF, but is catching on. Faster than tennis—and then some. Volleyball and tennis are also being extensively engaged in. Facts and figures are being sought. Word got out that a boxing ring is contemplated for the Scott Gym and others will perhaps be erected on other posts. Lou Jallo, it is said, will be official boxing instructor for the M.P.'s.

Walt Foy did a swell job as gym instructor at Scott and we hope he finds as much enjoyment at his new employment. Lots of ace swinging Walt!

New Housing Project Gives 'Gophers' View

Members of Gopher "G" Btry wouldn't trade their new barracks for any swanky hotel, and point to their "Bay View Apartments" with southern exposure as the reason.

The new barracks, complete with two-story bunks, laundry facilities and coke machines, are located atop a hill, giving the men an excellent view of the Bay Area. Walks have been built between the barracks and were given names corresponding to home town streets.

Much of the credit for the housing project goes to 1st Sgt. McClellan Powell, who supervised the job.

Pvt. Robert A. Lee

HUMOR (Southern Style)—

"Eyes right," bellowed the Negro sergeant.

"How do you know yo' is?" came a voice from the ranks.

W.H.

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

Weight No Problem To M. P. Bystander

At the Scott Gym an attractive girl was giving her soldier boy friend a trimming in badminton; a set of ping-pong doubles was well under way with other players crowded around; the basketball hoops were getting a beating; the punching bag was being expertly pounded; some rhythmic "jeep" was at the piano banging out some boogy-woogy; but the main attraction was in a corner of the gym where four huskies stripped to their waist were struggling with weight presses.

The weight was up to 190 lbs. and these brawny men found it quite a problem to raise this dead-weight over their head as required in weight-lifting. Charley MacDougal from the M. P. Detachment was watching with interest.

"Kind of heavy, isn't it fellows?" asked Charley.

"Almost two hundred pounds," one of the athletes said, "Why don't you try it?"

Charley, about 5 feet 5 inches and weighing 145 pounds, angled up to the press bar. Without rolling up his sleeves or taking the cigarette from his mouth, he raised the 190 lb. bar straight over his head four times in succession. He then nonchalantly eased the weight to the floor. Goggle-eyed, but with admiration, the strongmen immediately called him "CHAMP."

PAY UP—OR ELSE

Officers are advised by the Director of Insurance of the Veterans Administration that they must indicate on their pay vouchers the amount to be deducted for National Service Life Insurance. Many have failed to enter this amount on previous vouchers.

The War Department makes a deduction only when so authorized by the officer. It is noted that unless authorization is made on the voucher for the proper deductions, the insurance will lapse and unnecessary delay will be caused through correspondence and medical examination.

Penalties for Wrong Use of Army Insignia

Regulation Army insignia and buttons may be sold only by authorized dealers to individuals who have been established by the War Department as being entitled to wear such insignia. The wearing of War Department medals and decorations by individuals not entitled to them is punishable by a fine not greater than \$250, six months' imprisonment, or both.

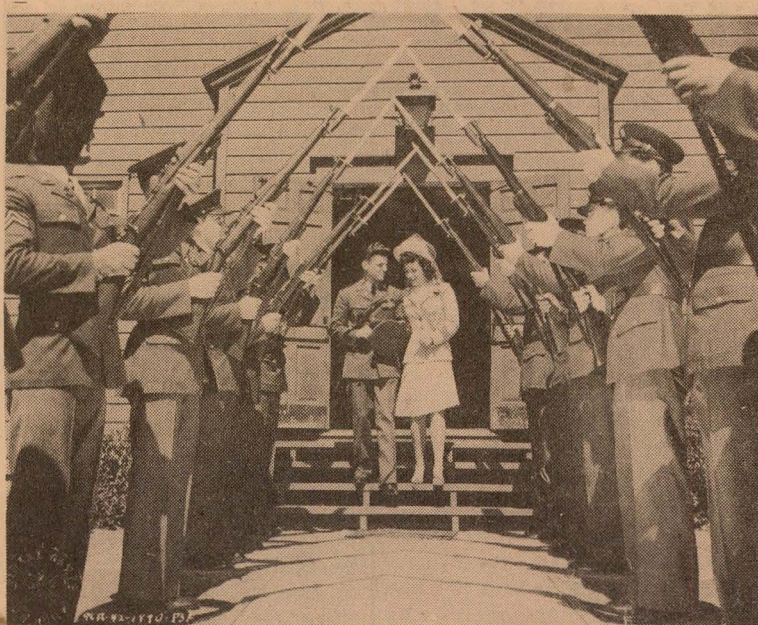
Unauthorized individuals, while they may not buy them, may possess such insignia and decorations when they are not used to defraud or misrepresent the person's status. Unauthorized dealers of Army insignia, buttons or decorations will be prosecuted.

SOLDIER HEROES

(Continued from page one) were strongest. With expert handling of the yawl and with utter disregard for his own safety, Pvt. Norman K. Hansen swung the frail craft into the breakers to rescue his buddy from the sea.

General Stockton praised not only the skillful manner in which Pvt. Hansen guided the yawl in the rescue, but gave ardent praise to his undaunted efforts at rescue work under very great peril to himself. "You are hereby officially commended for your meritorious act," were the words used by General Stockton.

Barry Newlyweds Saluted



(Signal Corps Photo)

When pretty Florence Petroschus came all the way to Fort Barry from Chicago, she came for one expressive purpose—to marry Pfc. Edmund Glowacki of Battery "I" in a scheduled ceremony in San Francisco. Came the emergency and all wedding plans were cancelled. 'Twas sad until Captain Charles Browne, Edmund's BC, came to the rescue. Not only did Captain Browne arrange for the wedding at the Fort Barry Chapel with Chaplain Haren to tie the knot, but he also arranged 14 picked buddies of the bridegroom to act as guard of honor extending shiney bayonets. Who gave the bride away? Captain Browne. The ceremony ended and so did the emergency period, yet Mr. and Mrs. Glowacki say if they had to do it all over again (they don't intend to) Capt. Browne can handle the details—he did a grand job.

Cinema Sallies

Once in awhile Hollywood outdoes itself and throws into the waiting public's hair a film opus of entertainment PLUS good story and favorable acting. That once in awhile is long in coming. Not since "REAP THE WILD WIND" and "MOON-TIDE" has anything near excellence been shown in G. I. film castles.

"Bombers," the short subject with Carl Sandburg as monologist, is one of the finest, most forceful screenings using the War theme ever shown. A sensational short subject to look forward to is "New Soldiers Are Tough." In this, modern soldiers throughout the world are shown in action. There is one gruesome sight—the execution of two Chinese. This scene however is recognized from another short subject of four years ago.

Best Forthcoming Bets: "They All Kissed the Bride" . . . Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas cut up with Allen Jenkins adding his bit . . . all revues praise this as rich in comedy. Humphrey Bogart comes to life again in "The Big Shot" . . . Irene Manning, new cinema eyefull, plays opposite Bogart in this thriller. "Escape From Crime," though a class B picture, boasts of sizzling drama from the copy room of a newspaper desk to the electric chair. "Take a Letter Darling" is another of those screwball pics Rosalind Russell is so famous for. Fred MacMurray assists in the antics. If you go for that sort of stuff, this pic is right up your alley.

LIKES HER WORK

A San Francisco waitress volunteered her space-time services to the S. F. Red Cross branch. Her first job was to fill a 20 gallon coffee urn. Soon, with a few aids, she was preparing 130 gallons of coffee a day. The coffee and 2,000 sandwiches were distributed daily to State Guardsmen, airplane spotters and other almost "forgotten" men, who do a good job. Is it any wonder that the S. F. lunch counter lady pleaded for a First Aid class job?

MEN FROM OHIO

Those who come from Dayton, Ohio, or the Miami Valley, Ohio, are requested to get in touch with the Public Relations Office, Scott 3687. Information is requested by a daily newspaper in Ohio to feature servicemen from this area in special articles. Photographs are also requested. If enough men contact this office, it may be possible to have a group picture taken.

Red Cross Makes Use Of Army 'Jeep' Craze

Jeep-type vehicles have taken the world by storm. The latest organization to fall victim to this midget idea in practical transportation is the American Red Cross. Recently, Kirk Macomber presented the Pasadena Chapter of the Red Cross with the world's smallest ambulance unit, designed along the "Jeep" line.

Planned for use as a First Aid field unit for rescue work, the ambulance is an enclosed box-bed mounted in place alongside a high powered motor scooter. An attendant seated behind the driver may observe the patient through plastic windows in the canvas hood.

VOTERS

Military personnel desiring to vote in the forthcoming elections in their home States should write to the Secretary of State in their home States, requesting information relative to their right to vote under the laws of such States. In writing, be sure to give—

- Full name.
- Army serial number.
- Permanent home address.
- Military address.

Such communication should be addressed to—

Secretary of State of (Name of home State)
Capital City of State
Home State

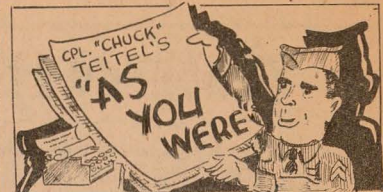
Those who address communications as indicated above will receive by mail the laws relative to voting rights in their home States, and how they may vote by absentee ballot where the State laws provide for such procedure.

PHOTO CONTEST CANCELED

Due to military reasons, the USO Photographic Contest for men in the Armed Service has been cancelled until further notice. The taking of photographs on military reservations or in the vicinity of civilian enterprises engaged in War Work is punishable by severe penalties. Soldiers are particularly warned against the taking of photographs in unwarranted areas.

HE 'BURNED ONE'

In Camp Barkeley, Texas, Pfc. Stan Motush and his buddies were playing Blackjack on Motush's bunk. When the dealer came to the end of the deck and started to reshuffle, Motush, recalling the rules of Hoyle, yelled "Burn One!" On turning around, Motush discovered, he was taken literally—his bunk was on fire.



GERTRUDE NEISEN, torch songstress, said—"Give a soldier a blonde entertainer with a nice smile and a throaty voice—his spirits will soar. Feed him a steady diet of calisthenics by some tough "top kick"—and nothing happens!" . . . One "Top Kick" at Fort Baker remarked—"Who wants a soldier's spirits to soar? It's the cussed spirit and grit he has with him that counts. A slinky blonde may make his heart beat faster, but it takes a guy like me to make him fight harder."

WAR BOND SALESMEN: Master Sgt. Epstein, RSO at Scott, conducted a raffle for two War Bonds in Headquarters building . . . drawing to be held June 30th . . . non-profitable . . . Also non profitable is the stunt of a young publicity agent in Chicago who is gathering signatures of famous people including that of Timoshenko and MacArthur. . . . he will auction these off for War Bonds . . . Baker Hospital sets up a special War Bond table every pay day with excellent results . . .

WAR FACTS: Cuffs from 21 pairs of trousers make one complete Army uniform . . . rubber in one washing machine would make three gas masks . . . zinc and copper in one auto would make 2,400 .30 caliber cartridge cases . . . Light Army tanks use up one gallon of gas per mile . . .

Worcester sauce, according to Naval Officers, brightens tarnished G. I. buttons . . . COL. WALTER C. SWEENEY, JR., S. F. hero of Midway impressed his interviewer . . . the story ended with these words—"His hat still fits his head" . . .

HUSH, HUSH: Soon you may partake of 3.2 brew in G. I. log taverns in the HDSF . . . Most of the plans laid out on Navy drafting boards today are for invasion barges . . . Chinese say—"There are no limits to Nimitz" . . . Japs say "Nimitz was our nemesis" . . .

TURNING HANDS backward on a clock or watch will not effect the workings, a recent news item reveals . . . Perhaps this will ease many minds, who were dubious about the 30 minute backup in schedules . . . DO NOT WASTE your talents writing civilian strangers . . . Remember, it is always the dope that is duped . . . The GGG can use your well written news material instead.

Former Funston Pvt. Writes Buddies as Lt.

Many who read this publication will be interested to know Lieutenant Robert Lenon, former "Funston by the Sea" Artilleryman, wrote a letter to the Golden Gate Guardian inquiring about his former buddies. Many remember him as Pvt. Lenon and before his departure to O.C.S., as Cpl. Lenon.

Lt. Lenon sends his best wishes to Pearce, McBride, Walker, Lager, Delones, Eason, Stoutenburg, Precour, Deffenbaugh, Eibert, "Silent Sam" Gannucci, Rosar, DT and DE Wilsons, Andy the Barber—not to mention Boris, Weisman, Bachmeier, Golden voiced Milos, Curley Milka, Denney and John Boyd. "All the others too," Lt. Lenon goes on to say, "Who made soldiering in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco a pleasure."

Lt. Lenon has a hobby of collecting regimental insignias. He is willing to trade or purchase in order to increase his collection. If any are interested, his address is—

U. S. Army
Recruiting Center
Fort Bliss, Texas.

Nice to hear from you Lieut.

Pfc. Eugene Olson, Sheppard does not object to giving his love letters to read. He has him written messages on a stenotype machine.

REPORTING REPORTERS

HEADQUARTERS AT SCOTT

Everytime the Charge of Quarters brings a package of goodies to one of the boys, all break out with, "Happy Birthday To You." Naturally, the package falls victim to all but the recipient. We trust the song cheers him up. Hope copies of this paper reach you folks back home. We want to thank each and every one of you for your contributions. Special recognition should go to



Pfc. Stread's wife down in L. A. Her last cake was delicious, and she baked it with her "itty bitty" hands. (Wonder who helped her lift it out of the oven.) We won our first ball game with 1st Bn. at Scott by 16-4. Pfc. Bill Shea pitched a great game. In our next tilt a few days later, the tables were reversed and 1st Bn. beat us 14-4. Another game is scheduled and the day of reckoning is at hand. Our boys are in shape and ready for action. Contact Sgt. Quigley or Sgt. Horner (Scott-3672). And who's been diddlin' poor Dicky lately?

Cpl. Lou Moskowitz

GALLOPING GOPHERS

It's summer, but the Gopher Hockey Team has prepared a full schedule of games, with play to start in the near future. Manager of the team is Capt. A. F. Hustings, C. O. of Hqt's Battery and Pfc. Joe Guertin of the same battery is coach. Most of the men volunteering for the squad played together at training camps or on teams at home. Present plans are to buy uniforms for the team members and to play scheduled games with shipyard teams, with perhaps a few tilts with college teams thrown in. Men now on the team are Bibeau and Lavasseur of Brigade Hq Btry, Potts, Carlton and Joe and Paul Guertin of Hq Btry, Dahlstrom of "F" Btry, J. Nelson, Korri and Schoetzlien of "G," Hajieck of "H" and Roesler of "C."

Cpl. Harold Chucker

HEADQUARTERS 1st BN-SCOTT

Those who assisted in the erection of the Scott Obstacle Course from this battery are Cpl. Howard R. Williams and Pvt. Charles K. Chapman. Excellent job too. We are proud to announce that Sgt. Hurley and Cpl. Gustafson were accepted for Officers Candidate School, Fort Benning, Georgia. Good luck, men! The soft ball game coming up between this battery and Headquarters at Scott will be a deciding match. They don't know it yet, but we are going to take 'em.

Pfc. Hentges

MILEY OBSERVES

We take pleasure in announcing the departure of Sgt. Rosentrater and Staff Sgt. Jones for Officer's Candidate School at Fort Benning, Georgia. If you wanta know what "mac-sky," "chev," "heater," "bonaroo" or to "case or heist a joint" means, Staff Sgt. Swift is the guy to "wiff" the info from. He knows more "con" and can spin more stir tales than Hobart and Robinson combined. Swift was a prison guard at Quentin for five years. Cpl. Bukovchik, pugilistic type, has been strutting around since he and your humble reporter had a four round boxing argument. He brags that after four rounds, he did not so much as sweat. What about those

body blows? Don't they count? Lt. to Pvt.—"Haven't you shaved this morning?" Pvt.—"Nope." Lt.—"No, what! (waiting for the "Sir.") Pvt.—"No blades." Cpl. George Shimel

BAND NOTES

Proving musicians are versatile, the band softball team managed by Art Conrad beat invincible Hq Btry 14 to 3. AND this was our first game, too. Wait'll we really warm up! Mystery of the Week: "Clem" Kober went fishing and brought back one sizeable catch in a paper bag. Upon opening the bag, besides his original catch, he found six tiny minnows. Most applause for any solo dance number was accorded Walt Oster at the Scott Friday dance, when he rendered his own composition on the sax. Though the tune reminded you of summer breezes, a soft moon and your best girl, the name was "It's Winter Again." Orchids, Walt. We're all ears for your next. The Band played for the USO show, "On the Loose." Upon completion of the show, we were told this was the best band that played the show yet. That takes in a great deal of territory and makes us feel pretty good.

Drum Major Hawkins

"D" BARBETEERS

Work has just been completed on the new concrete tool shed. Pfc. Meyers, Pvt. Remmer and Pvt. Sosnowski are to be congratulated on a good job well done. Attention all fishermen! For the lowdown on fish and how to keep the bigger ones from getting away, watch for our next news item direct from the champ angler in the Battery, a certain Sergeant. Pfc. Hubert Rennie

QM MOTOR POOL

Word has been going around that girl typists and general assistants would be employed at the Pool soon.



No use clamoring for jobs now fellas. It will take a priority rating to work here now. "Keep 'Em Rolling." It's been quite some time since we heard anything about the transportation force in the HDSF. For several months the drivers have shown a wonderful record in safety and operation. Many of the present gang received special motor training at Fort Warren, Wyoming and handle a Jeep or Prime Mover with the same dependable ease. The boys heard a while back that the Army was getting a herd of mules to assist in transportation and quite a number applied for the coveted job of mule skinner. Don't worry, Stempien, the Captain will save a four up team just for you.

Mouse

"E" AT CRONKHITE

We were entertained recently by Mr. Bill Burton, pianist and piano accordionist. He also directed us into some community singing during which we sounded off with gusto. Included in the program was an amateur contest. Pvt. Gordon Entler, machine gunner, won first prize. Two pair of hand knitted socks, a muffler and sweater were mighty welcome as the prize—those machine gun pits can get mighty cold at night. To our knowledge Btry "E" is the first to introduce a Prep School for

prospective Officer candidates. Conducted by Capt. Garff, BC, men who would like to appear before a Board of Officers, are schooled in military tactics and given a complete review in mathematics. There are twenty-eight men attending classes, and they have high hopes of qualifying. We are sure they will be accepted. Cpl. Frank Zink

"C" CANNONEERS

Ala' Santiago! Esta es la Barbacoa—and so the Pacific Club's new barbecue pit is completed. Staff Sgt. Henneberg promises frequent barbecue festivals. After last week's tidbit, Bob, we'll take seconds. Pvt. James W. O'Hare, observer, received a letter that read—"Dear Jimmy: All soldiers are fickle! Do you not agree? Forlorn, Mary—GA 3116." What would you do? Pvt. O'Hare did it. He called GA 3116. A businesslike voice answered—"Trojan Powder Co. Sales Office, May I help you?" Jim's face still has a "Who did it?" look. We extend well wishes to Cpl. Robert B. Hay who left to attend Coast Artillery Officer's Candidate School. Here's a challenge to softball teams in the HDSF. "C" Btry is out to win the title, "Soft Ball Champs of the HDSF," and sincerely wonder if there is anyone to stop us. Call Scott 161J for your next game.

BAKER MEDICS

Raymond B. Sheldoan, former corporal in the medical detachment at Fort Baker station hospital, completed his training in a parachute troop

SNAPPY REPARTEE—

A newly enlisted soldier the other day stepped into the office of his battery commander. Standing there before the captain's desk, he snapped smartly to attention, saluted and stood silent. The captain, hoping to refresh the man's memory on military courtesy, asked; "What do you say?" "This phrase must have been part of the vernacular to the rookie. "Not much," he answered. "Whadd'ja say?"

Camp Walters

unit and will soon be assigned permanently according to word received by friends. "Every time I make a jump, it is just like the first one," Shadoan says. "It is a big thrill every time." He has more than five aerial leaps to his credit and has undergone rigorous training in infantry tactics and other warfare specialties since his departure from Fort Baker, for the training center at Fort Benning, Georgia. Shadoan took a reduction to the grade of private to enter the parachute battalion, but has had numerous assignments as acting corporal and should be due for a rating before long. In conjunction with the Y.M.C.A. and Chaplain H. H. Elliott, a motion picture service for patients at Fort Baker, Calif., Station Hospital has been arranged by Major H. M. Fishbon, detachment commander. Shows are held three times weekly, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons at 1:30 o'clock in the detachment day room. In addition to late pictures, some of the older films are presented and have been immensely enjoyed by the patients. Staff Sgt. E. J. Marchi



A THOUGHT—

We've been hearing about another Hit-Parade these days—consisting of Jap battle-ships in the Pacific. Mike

IMAGINE—

Consider the poor battery clerk. The only bright spot in his life is the seat of his pants. Saul

FAILURE—

Then there is the guy who went into the shoe-string business and took a lacing. Oscar T.

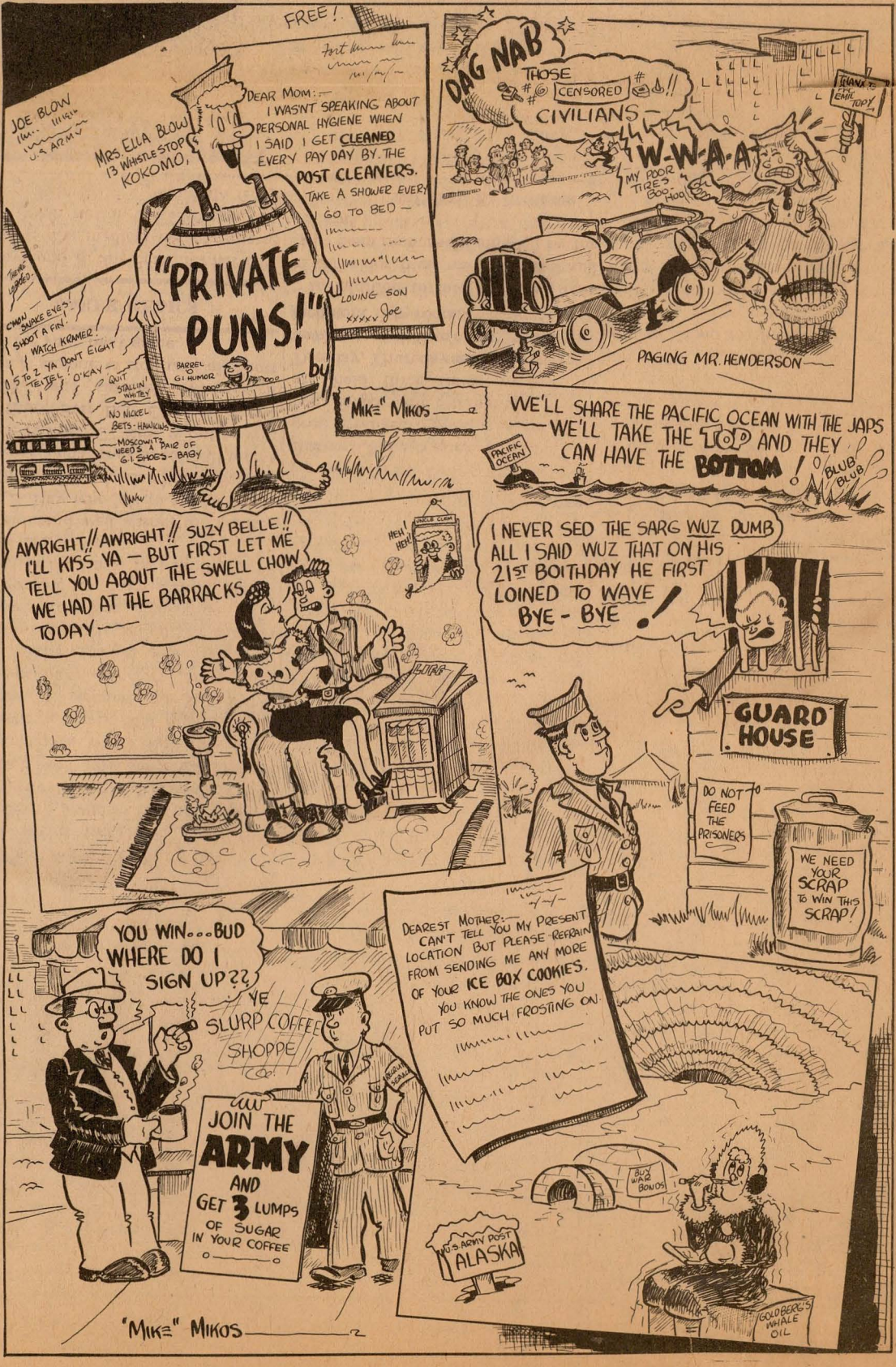
FAVORABLE HEADLINE— HERR GOEBELS' WIDOW TELLS HITLER ON HIS DEATH BED THAT HIROHITO WAS ASSASSINATED AT MUSSOLINI'S FUNERAL. Mike

ANALYSIS—

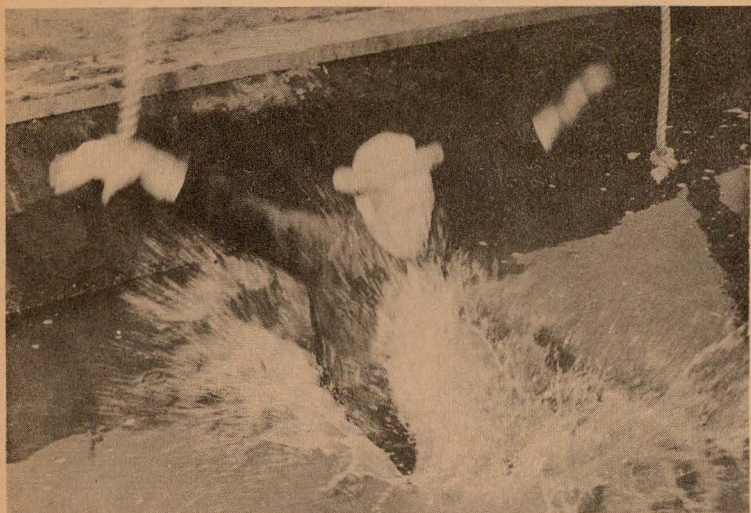
Some girls are like cigarettes; they come in packs, get lit, hang on to your lips, make you puff, go out unexpectedly, leave a bad taste in your mouth—and still they satisfy. Romeo

FATHER WRITES—

"I may as well not try to get tires—they all seem to give me the air." Rudy B. Old Mother Hubbard Went to the cup board To get a couple of bones. When she got there The cup board was bare —and so they couldn't have a crap game. Julius W.



"WE WILL PULVERIZE THE AXIS"



Cpl. Bill Brosnahan, "E" Cannoneers, missed the 'wope' in his first try over the conditioning course. "Thought it was duck soup," said Cpl. Bill, "But doggone, ain't duck soup at all—it's aqua." If this keeps up the management will have to put through that requisition for water wings.

Trip 'Em, Kick 'Em, Gouge 'Em, Kill 'Em; Queensbury Rules Are Lost In This Fight

The number of men that have participated in the special conditioning program in these defenses is wartime enigma. However, it is no military secret as to what these men have been getting out of it. These Artillerymen are not just taught to leap over mounds, climb a hemp rope or drag themselves over high walls in typical Commando style.

What to do when the enemy comes close is the main objective.

Punching an enemy in the snout may be o. k. for Hollywood, and in some instances effective as one, Cpl. Joe Barrows, has proved. The American mind based on fair play has never condoned kicking an opponent

in the groin, stepping on another's toes, jabbing a finger through a belligerent wind-pipe or hitting him with anything but a clenched fist. The time has come however, to forget the Queensbury rules and get down to business.

ALL FRONTS . . .

The Chinese took it. The British took it. The Russians took it. The Yanks took it. That was weeks ago and is history in the world at war. Today the Chinese, the British, the Russians and the Yanks are dishing it out—but plenty. Reverses aren't recovered in a moment. It takes time to construct a PBY-24 and to learn to dish out dirt from the nose of a .50 mm. repeater—but the die is cut and Axis fighters are dying.

Every man in these defenses will learn how to slap a Jap and make him croak. He will practice the art of a drop-kick that will drop any Axis on his axis. Each will know how to grapple with an armed man and make him wince at the end of his own weapon. Jiu-jitsu will be passed art compared to good old alley fighting.

Japs are tough seasoned fighters, Nazis are tough fighters. Italians are sometimes belligerent. The Yanks are fighting mad, but they're going to be more than that—they are going to be warriors of the first order with no holds barred.



GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

Vol. II

Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Friday, July 10, 1942

No. 3



Serious Business

At high port with bare bayonet, Pvt. Mathwig lunges at the throat of Cpl. Acuna. With one swift movement, Cpl. Acuna steps aside and grasps the rifle placing Mathwig off balance. Less than one second after this fast action picture was taken, Pvt. Mathwig was on the ground minus a rifle and bayonet. Four seconds later, the process was reversed and Cpl. Acuna was once more at the mercy of the bayonet. This training is strictly serious business to put Hirohito and Co. out of business. Part of the rugged training of "G" At Barry, introduced by 1st Sgt. Turner, who learned these tricks of the trade from an English sergeant in World War 1, this program will eventually affect every man in these defenses.

—Photo by Tuttle, Signal Corp.

Baker Med. Sgt. Saves A Life

First aid treatment which possibly saved the life of Robert J. Mann, 20-year-old Oakland naval recruit, was given by a soldier of Fort Baker station hospital on a recent railroad trip from San Francisco to Salt Lake City.

The medico, Sergeant Wesley O. Owen, was returning from an assignment and was asleep in his berth when he heard someone moaning with pain. He looked out to see Mann struggling along the aisle, his left leg seriously lacerated. Sergeant Owen applied a tourniquet until a doctor aboard the train could be located to given aid.

Mann, according to Associated Press reports appearing in bay region newspapers, said he had a dream. He kicked out a window of the train coach and his leg was mangled in the broken glass before he awakened. He was taken from the train at Sacramento and removed to Mather Field Hospital.

Missus Redlined Until November

Although the bill signed by the President June 24 put the missus on the federal payroll, it will be retroactive to June 1 and the eagle scream.

Allowances for dependents of Army men in the four lowest grades will be retroactive to June 1 and will be payable to the following classes of dependency:

Class A: Wives, including divorced wives receiving alimony (oh, brother!), and children.

Class B: Parents, brothers, sisters, grandparents or grandchildren.

Dependents may be paid the authorized allowances either on application of the soldier concerned, their own application, or the application of other interested parties; however, payments to "B" dependents continue only at the option of the soldier.

A jeep is a number 14 roller skate equipped with motor, mud guards, windshield and place to seat two heels instead of one.

TAPS FOR JAWBONE

"JAWBONE" is going west.

As we go to press, word has been received that Jawbone, the perennial friend of the mid-month dogface, is not expected to live much longer.

Suffering from complications of what the civvies call inflation and installment buying, Jawbone is undergoing a major operation at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Further surgery is scheduled at all other Army commands, beginning August 1, at home as well as overseas, during which Jawbone will receive deep incisions (50 per cent).

It is not expected that he will recover.

Farewell, old friend.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

MAILMAN'S RING

A post card was addressed—"14"—Fort Winfield Scott, Calif.

The card was delivered the same day to the proper party—Sgt. "Fortin" of Headquarters Battery.

Telegram Stock Due for Spill

Singing telegrams are out of vogue in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco since Pfc. Kenny Berkson of the Band made a special personalized recording especially for his "Mom."

Aided by the guitar strumming of Pfc. Norm Forbes and the talented clarinetting of Pvt. George Lary, Kenny gave out with the new popular ditty, "Dear Mom." The number was recorded on a disc by the Band's new recording-receiving-radio-phonograph machine. When the record was played back, it sounded like the professional tonsil work combination of Kenny Baker and Al Jolson. On the other side Pfc. Berkson "canned" a personalized message to his mom. This wasn't played back.

Before his enlistment into the service, Kenny starred as saxophonist and warbler with several big name bands.

LICK THE OTHER SIDE

BUY WAR STAMPS TODAY

Style 'T' Chevrons On HDSF Sleeves

Long nurtured specialist ratings are no more. New shiny technician chevrons have taken their place. Instead of 1st, 2nd and 3rd class specialists we now have Technician 4th graders, known in the vernacular as "Model T" Sergeants. Fourth class specialists were graced with a two-striped chevron designating them as "Model T" Corporals.

Several hundred in these defenses received the new decorations and with it a raise in salary. Only those that received their specialist ratings before June 1 were entitled to the new type of noncommissioned rating. Technician 3rd grade or "Model T" Staff Sgts. are in the offing.

Though many lost their 5th and 6th class specialist ratings, there was a gain in pay all the way around.

From the sounding of reveille to taps there are 41 regulation calls, but less than a score of these are in daily use at military reservations.

THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

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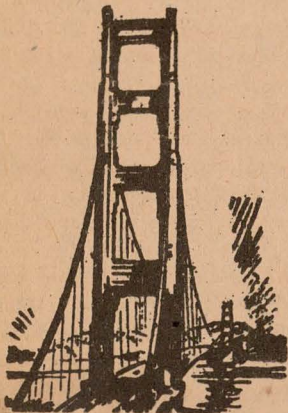
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News matter published in the Golden Gate Guardian is available for general release.

AN OPEN LETTER TO HERR SCHICKLE-GRUBER AND HIS GRUESOME TWOSOME:

The other day, we celebrated a holiday. Not the kind of holiday you gentlemen are familiar with—not a day sanctimoniously hallowing some previous larceny, rape or murder. We don't have that kind of holiday here in America.

We were celebrating the 166th year of our Independence. We were commemorating that "self-evident truth" by which we, as a nation, have lived and for which we, as individuals have fought and are now fighting again: that all men—and all nations—are born free—and shall remain free—and that no power on earth or in hell, with all of your sound and your fury, shall change that cardinal concept of our way of life.

But "celebrating" isn't the right word. We weren't celebrating. We weren't in our Sunday best on this Fourth of July. You, gentlemen, changed that. We were dressed—millions of us—all over this country and abroad—like the boys you see on the front page of this newspaper.

And we weren't fighting in our Sunday school manner, either. That's something else you changed, Adolph. You introduced dirty, despicable, alley fighting tactics in this war—and we learn quick, Americans.

We're training—and fighting—like those boys in the picture. Hard! Serious! Mad!

We hate war—and you, gentlemen, have forced us into one.

We loathe cruelty—vicious, wanton, needless cruelty—even in war; but that's the way you fight.

So, gentlemen, if you won't misunderstand a good American phrase:

Brother, you started it . . . we'll finish it!

—A. R.

WHO NEEDS WHAT?

Much has been tossed in the air about this thing called "morale." "Who has it and who ain't?" many well meaning civies ask. In these defenses, where thousands are burrowed under ground, where others eat and sleep in cramped quarters of a machine gun nest, where quite a number stand vigilance for long periods without relief there is every opportunity to test this thing called "morale."

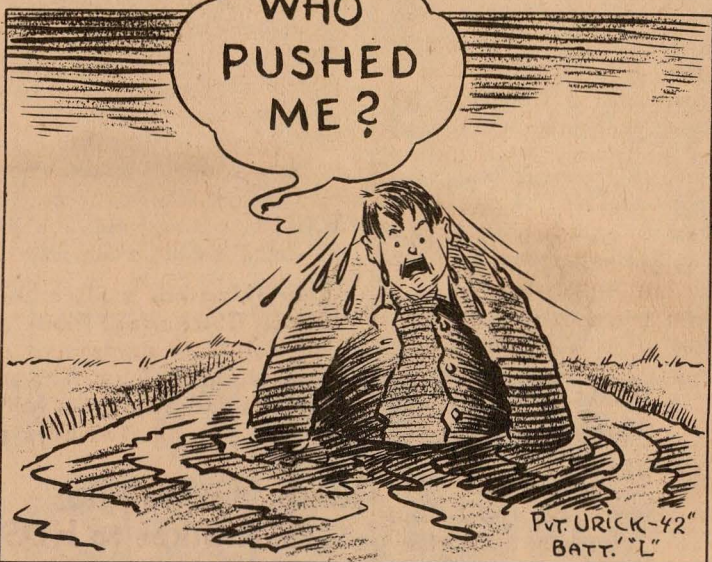
Who has it and who ain't! "Morale?" questions Pfc. Johnny of 'D' at Kirby, "What's that? I don't know nothin' about it. All I know is that there is a job to do, and some rotten guys to splatter all over the map. Sometimes I may get cold at night and sometimes those Red Cross cookies are not my favorite and sometimes I have too many graveyard shifts to pull, but get this, mister—my dander is up and I'll pitch until we give the Axis buzzards that final boot in the Ruhr!"

In the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco there is no "morale." The average fellow thinks Esprit de Corps is a new brand of 3.2 brew. They have no time to delve into this thing called "psychology of the Army Soul." All these guardians of the Golden Gate are scraped clean of frills—what they hanker for is action!

One moment, lady, don't feel sorry for that buzzard just because he's a soldier. Why, only yesterday he went through the Commando Training course in 52 seconds flat and the way he ripped those bayonet dummies apart afterwards means only one thing—hell for Hitler and Co.

Send your sugared sympathies to Tojo, Hitler and Musso—those guys need the morale boost.

PRIVATE BUTCH



Forty-Five Men Leave the Ranks For Officers Candidate Schools

Graduated in this preceeding month of June, 1942, in the year of our Lord, cum laude, but without benefit of commencement exercises, 45 brand new alumni passed through the gates of Old Mater HDSF—a rabbit foot in their packs and gold bars before their eyes—on their respective ways to one of the 17 Officer Candidate Schools.

To the Chemical Warfare School, trekked 1st Sgt. Robert V. Cota, of the Funston Ay-Ayers. A PM (pre-military) love of redolent stink bombs dictated his choice, while Pfc. Herbert G. Stewart, a "B" man at Cronkhite, took his life-long collection of pencils to the Adjutant General's School.

DOUGHBOYS

Fourteen chose the rugged curriculum of the Infantry Officers School: 1st Sgt. Leonard R. Rice, Hq. at Cronkhite; Cpl. Robert G. Nichols, Pfc. Jay F. Razor, Pfc. Lydle C. Hilton, all of "B" on the Ridge; Cpl. Michael G. Stockinger, Hq. at Funston; Pfc. Dennis J. Stack, Hq. at Baker; Pfc. Harry J. Cassin, "I" at Barry; Pvt. Edward W. Staible, Hq. at Baker; Pvt. Roger R. Roth, "N" of the Lights; Pvt. Charles K. Hordz-wich, "F" at Baker; St. Sgt. Daniel W. Jones and Sgt. Robert E. Rosenstrator, Miley Observers; Sgt. Joseph H. Hurley, Cpl. David K. Gustafson, both of Hq. 1st bn. Scott.

COAST ARTILLERY

To the Coast Artillery Officers School went: Tech. Sgt. Jack W. Shaw, Sgt. George A. Groth, and

Pvt. James G. Bell, all of Hq. at Scott; Cpl. Dale D. Dewitt (any relations?), "A" at Baker; Pfc. Floyd E. Doty, Hq. Mandell; Pfc. Thomas R. Dennison, Miley Observers; Pvt. Oglas O. Clayton, "O" at Rodeo; Tech 5/gr. Jack W. Protho, "N" of the Lights; Pvt. Eugene J. Carey, Hq. at Cronkhite; 1st Sgt. Frank E. Waldo, Hqs. 1st bn. Scott; Sgt. Boyd C. Snyder, "B" at Cronkhite; Cpl. Paul J. Kane, Hq. 1st bn. Cronkhite; Cpl. Robert C. Lenz, "O" at Miley.

Five selected the Anti Aircraft Officers School; Pvt. Roy M. Thomas, "D" Barbeteers; Pvt. John B. Lavell and Pvt. Ralph L. Klenik, Hq. at Scott; Sgt. Winston R. Jones, "H" at Barry; and Pfc. Charles E. Carter, "M" at Barry.

PILL ROLLERS

The Medical Administrative Corps Officers School opened their clinical doors to: St. Sgt. George H. Pope, St. Sgt. Lorin E. Peck, Sgt. Richard W. Dempsey, Sgt. Don H. Gregory, Pvt. Robert T. Lilly and St. Sgt. Erwin J. Atchison, all of Med-HDSF.

QM

The Quartermaster Corps Officers School tallied in: Cpl. James F. Dowd, Jr., Hq. HDSF; Cpl. John D. Zimmerlin, Hq. at Funston; Cpl. William B. Dennis, Hq. at Baker.

ENG

With or without an azimuth, Sgt. James V. Jolliffe, "O" at Miley, and Pfc. Aldo H. Davito, of "E" Cannoneers, headed for the Engineers Officers Candidate School.

New Time System Adopted By Army

Last Wednesday the Army adopted the 24-hour clock time system as the official method of designating time for Army messages, dispatches, reports and orders. Under this system, time is expressed in a group of four digits, running from 0000 to 2400, representing the 24 hours from midnight to midnight.

The first two figures represent the hours past midnight and the last two figures the minutes past the hour. Where the hour can be expressed by a single digit, it is preceded by zero, for example, 0625 for 6:25 a. m. Twelve noon is 1200 and 2:00 p. m., 1400.

Two figures may be prefixed to the time to designate the day of the current month, as example, 091945, indicates the 9th day of the current month, 7:45 p. m. Greenwich Civil Time will be used in the heading and text of all messages and orders from the War Department.

Glider Pick-Up System Proves Great Success

In a recent test at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, a new method of getting glider planes aloft was successfully demonstrated and may be adopted for all training purposes. Instead of having a glider attached to a plane before it takes off, the plane picks up the glider while traveling at a speed of over 100 miles per hour.

Using this pick-up system, training gliders can be picked up from a stationary position on the ground by a plane in flight and towed until sufficient altitude is gained and released by the glider pilot. In this way gliders can be picked up at the rate of one every three minutes by a single plane.

BORN SERGEANTS

A few weeks back a Reception Center got a pair of new enlistees—one used to train chimpanzees and the other was a lion tamer.



FOOLING WITH MORAL STANDARDS

By Capt. Homer H. Elliott

Many men in military service seem to think that they can play with fire and not be burned. Away from home and loved ones, makes this all the more attractive and easy to try. But one can't fool with moral standards without paying the price.

An engineering student once said, "There is something about engineering that you can't fool with." He was right. There are laws of nature that the engineer must obey and he obeys them all the more carefully because he is an engineer.

Our moral standards have been established as a result of what the human race has learned by costly mistakes. The rules of morality are traffic signs to guard us from disastrous errors and to guide us toward a sound and happy family life. Morality is not something which robs us of pleasures. It safeguards our best pleasures and enables us to enjoy them without spoiling the lives of others. You have to be careful in handling electricity. Some who have abused sex find their sexual emotions, like blown out fuses, burned out.

Serious consequences, although they have healed and been forgotten are nevertheless wounds and scars. Who wants marriage to be affected by the wounds and scars of previous disloyalty? Carelessness here is like slovenly discipline in an army, or hasty measurements in engineering, or incorrect preparations of medicines.

We are in a death struggle to preserve the ideals of our national way of life. We must protect the security of the home as resolutely as we face the dangers abroad. In such a crisis, the preservation of the spiritual values of our homes is imperative. We dare not, in any way relax our standards to invite spiritual defeat.

God's will for the future will be brought to pass only as people follow his ways. Homes and churches must give their strength to the men at the front in this struggle. Defeat of our ideals at home can be as disastrous as defeat at the front.

Letterman Pfc. Gets Life Award

"B Battery Bivouac Soledad," a water color painting, won \$50 for Pfc. Torcum Bedayan of the Quartermaster, Letterman General Hospital. The editors of LIFE magazine



PFC. TORCUM BEDAYAN
"Life" Art Award Winner

awarded Pfc. Bedayan this amount in their recent art competition conducted for men of the U. S. armed forces. Pfc. Bedayan is from San Francisco and attended the California School of Arts just before entering the Army.

This painting with 10 others, created by nine soldiers and one sailor, will tour the country in the finest art galleries and exhibits. A total of \$1000 was awarded for these 11 pieces of art.

First prize of \$300 was accorded to Private Robert C. Burns, Fort Belvoir, Virginia for his work, "Troop Movements." A former Walt Disney laboratory man, Sgt. Robert Majors was awarded \$200 as second prize with "Practice Landing," an opaque water color.

First Aid Class Graduates Many As Instructors

Over thirty Artillerymen in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco satisfactorily completed the 45 hour extensive First Aid Instructors course, conducted in these defense at the First Aid School under the expert tutorage of Mr. Courtland Pierce, Jr., member of the National Red Cross First Aid and Water Safety Staff. There were no failures in the class.

In an impressive graduate ceremony, Wednesday, July 8th, these men were presented with first aid awards and certificates by Brigadier General E. A. Stockton, Jr., Commanding General.

- Sgt. Emil A. Fortin.
- Cpl. Edward L. Hauser.
- Cpl. Vitautas B. Norush.
- Sgt. James W. Newsom.
- Cpl. Paul Ledbetter.
- Cpl. Vernon H. Newman.
- Cpl. Francis A. Jansen.
- Cpl. Donald A. Lamphere.
- Cpl. Robert M. Robertson.
- St. Sgt. Arthur M. Swift.
- Cpl. Raymond S. Kazmierski.
- Pfc. Karl E. Krause.
- Cpl. Arnold J. Billmeier.
- Cpl. Roy M. White.
- Cpl. Bruce M. Enderby.
- Pfc. Clarence G. Polowy.
- Pfc. David W. Zipser.
- Sgt. Forrest D. Carpenter.
- Sgt. Claudie L. Higgins.
- Cpl. Richard F. Harrell.
- Cpl. Charles R. Hunt.
- Cpl. Rolland V. Suydam.
- Cpl. Richard Probert.
- Cpl. John L. Volk.
- Cpl. Jay L. Beard.
- Cpl. Elbert H. Jones.
- Pvt. Wayne E. Lee.
- Cpl. Robert E. Coulson.
- Cpl. Weldon E. Schearer.

These G.I. First Aid Instructors will conduct similar First Aid courses in their organizations. Each man in these defenses will be expected to be properly schooled in at least the standard course of First Aid and many to complete the advanced course.

WHO STARTED THIS?

Four buddies of "Kay" at Barry take martial vows this week—Pfc. Marshall P. Kilcain, Cpl. John Lewandowski, Pvt. Brown and Pvt. John W. Leonis. We don't know who started this three-day pass idea—but whoever did gave G. I. romance that extra boost.

LICK THE OTHER SIDE
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

Soldier Talent Great in HDSF

Attendance at the Fort Scott theatre a few Sundays ago was 227 adults and 11 children. This full house was entertained by a parade of HDSF soldier amateur talent, assisted by a couple of professionals in the field including Pfc. Jerry Alch, star gag-man and master-of-ceremonies, and Pvt. Wally Musch, who has appeared in leading theatres as a dancing star.

Songs, comedy and jive was aplenty. Pvt. Victor Milandas, "L" at Barry, sang "Tangerine;" Pvt. Wendell Hillstrom, Hq.—Scott, keyed off on the accordion; Pvt. Walt Ullner, MP, strummed the guitar; Cpl. Gurley, "B" at Scott, sang "White Cliffs of Dover," and Cpl. Eddie Denney, also of "B," sang "Once In Awhile."

Big hits of the evening were a jam and jive trio from "D" at Kirby and Sgt. Walker, "B" at Scott, who gave out with imitations of Baby Snooks and the trials and tribulations of fitting a girdle on a heavy torso. The show was very well received and future acts are in the offing.

BASKETBALL

New HDSF sensations on the hardwood floor are grizzly "D" Artillerymen from the Funston woods. Twice last month they trounced the very tough CASC five-some to the tunes of 45-27 and 65-51. To give the "D" at Funston boys further reason to believe they have something on the ball, they neatly trimmed "B" of the Galloping Gophers 42-31.

Big guns of this outfit are Sgt. Leach, Pfc. Meyer, Pvt. Negy and Pfc. Bergmann; Pvt. R. L. Miller is one of the most dependable of the bunch; Sgt. Miller and Pvt. Moore do some fast work under the basket while Cpl. Gugel manages the team and substitutes as guard. Sgt. Mulder and Cpl. Byrum do an excellent job of pinch-hitting.

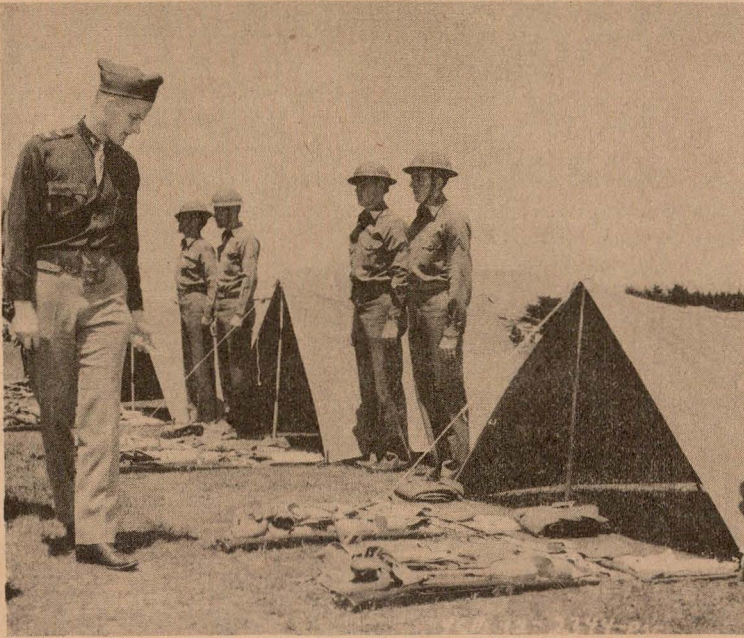
The boys also lay claim to being soft-ball dandies. For dispute call Scott 81 (Sgt. Hendrikson).

MARINES RECRUIT NEGROES

Washington, D. C.—The first battalion of Negroes, numbering around 900, will be enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve during the months of June and July, it was announced by U. S. Marine Corps Headquarters.

The training center will be in the vicinity of New River, North Carolina, where a large Marine Corps post is now located.

FULL FIELD INSPECTION



Everything has a place and everything in place as Major Roger Chickering, Plans and Training Officer, inspects the full field equipment of "E" Cannoneers following a tent pitching revue. The average time for pitching a shelter half and displaying full field equipment is 14 minutes. The boys are in the groove.

Keep 'Em Rolling; G. I. Bikes to HDSF

Shortly the Jeep will be replaced in popularity by the G. I. bicycle. The first batch delivered to the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco finds Officers as well as Enlisted men pedaling to and from the job.

From Master Sgt. Kelly, Sergeant Major of the HDSF, it is learned that this G. I. issue is a sturdy piece of mechanism and is fully as rugged



as the Jeep. It is anticipated that with the gasoline shortage and rubber conservation policy, the bike and perhaps even old dobbin and his shay will be a common sight in these defenses.

On level terrain it is possible to pedal this Jeep-Bike close to 20 miles per hour. The vehicle can ramble over broken ground and through narrow winding roads with surprising ease. It has been hinted that special post traffic laws for bicyclists will be enacted.

Alaska Travel Under Wartime Control Today

Air tight control over all persons seeking to enter or leave the Territory of Alaska after July 10, 1942, and the elimination of all unnecessary travel to Alaska, will result from joint action by the Western Defense Command and Fourth Army and Alaska Defense Command.

The announcement followed the issuance of Public Proclamation No. 4 by the Commanding General of the Alaska Defense Command. The Proclamation provides that, beginning at 12 o'clock midnight, Alaska War Time, July 10, 1942, all civilians who enter the Territory of Alaska, will be required to obtain and have in their possession, a permit therefore, issued by the Commanding General, Western Defense Command and Fourth Army, and that all persons seeking to leave Alaska must have a similiar permit issued by the Commanding General, Alaska Defense Command.

NO TICKEE, NO SHIRTEE!

Several weeks ago George Wong, Turtle Creek's Pa., favorite laundryman, enlisted in the Army. Whisked off to camp before he had a chance to clear his shelves, no one else was able to decipher his laundry markings. Appeals through the Red Cross and USO to his commanding officer finally got him back in Turtle Creek on furlough to distribute laundry!

SCOTT BUS SCHEDULE

LEAVES FORT SCOTT		LEAVES PRESIDIO CAR STATION	
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
6:00	12:45	6:15	12:00 noon
7:00	1:45	7:15	1:00
7:30	2:45	7:45	2:00
8:00	3:45	8:15	3:00
8:45	4:15	9:00	4:00
9:45	4:45	10:00	4:30
10:45	5:15	11:00	5:00
11:45	5:45		5:00
	6:45		6:00
	7:45		7:00
	8:45		8:00
	9:45		9:00
	10:45		10:00
	11:45		11:00
			12:00 mid-nite

AA School Expands For Officer Training

To meet a need for Antiaircraft Officers, the Antiaircraft Artillery School increased the facilities of its Officer Candidate Division on July 1, 1942, it was announced by the War Department.

The expansion of the Antiaircraft Officer Candidate program affords increased opportunities for enlisted men in the service to become officers. As in all Officer Candidate Courses, training at the Antiaircraft School is available to qualified enlisted men of all arms and services of the Army. Any soldier may make application to compete for selection for officer training. The choice of Antiaircraft training or training in other arms or services is subject to the preference and qualifications of the individual applicant.

THE YANK IS HERE

"YANK," the Army newspaper, edited and published by Army men for Army men serving over-seas, has printed four issues to date. Each is a breezy, readable 24-page tabloid newsy with cartoons, informative articles and reports from soldier foreign correspondents.

Some famous writers and artists are members of the staff including managing editor Pvt. Bill Richardson, who was formerly with the S.F. Chronicle; Sgt. Mack Morris, Sgt. David Breger, Pvt. Douglas Brogstedt and Cpl. Harry Brown, who have all contributed articles and cartoons to famous slick publications and metropolitan newspapers.

Their's is a fine job well done.

WAR NOTE

A specially designed wooden bed, will replace the present steel folding cot in all future Army purchases by the Quartermaster Corps, the War Department announces—which may give the bunk fatigue artists that added splinter.

Sgt's Bro, Hero, of Lexington Sea Disaster

By STAFF SGT. MARCHI

A first hand account of how it feels to struggle for existence for an hour and a half in South Pacific ocean waters, and other details of the sinking of the giant aircraft carrier Lexington, were related last week by B. K. Wright, brother of First Sergeant Wright of Fort Baker station hospital on a visit to the bay area.

The first sergeant's brother is a boatswain, second class, in the U.S. Navy and was a machine gunner on the 888-foot Lexington in the now historic battle with the Japanese. After plunging into the water from the Lexington, when men were ordered to abandon ship, he clambered aboard a power boat from a destroyer. This soon became overcrowded and capsized. Lated he was rescued by a destroyer.

Wright is due to receive a medal for heroism as a result of the action. He says, however, that although he will be proud to receive it, he cannot help but reflect upon the unbelievable heroism of many of his buddies, some of whom lost their lives or were frightfully burned in trying to save their pals, and whose sacrifices in numberless incidents will perhaps miss recognition.

Since he was under Navy orders, Wright was not at liberty to disclose many incidents of the attack. Newspaper accounts were quite accurate, he asserted. He was able to add one tip, however. When he had to go over the rail into the water he went into the windward instead of the leeward side. Consequently he had to swim hard against the wind and current, which kept pushing him back toward the blazing ship, and had he not been a strong swimmer this error might have been a grave one.

Sgt. Berlin's Musical Explodes the Fourth

The Army musical show, "This is the Army," opened at the Broadway Theater, New York, on July 4 under the direction of Irving Berlin. With a cast of 250 soldiers of the Second Corps Area, the show will run in New York for four weeks and then will go on a nationwide tour. The entire proceeds will go to Army Emergency Relief.

Mr. Berlin has written an entirely new score for the show with the exception of two of his old numbers, "God Bless America" and "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up In The Morning," which he will sing in the show himself. It is expected that one of the highlights of the show will be the introduction of eight original members of "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," a Berlin show of the World War, in a special number by Dan Healy.

SCOTT WINS FIRST MAJOR TILT

Before a good sized crowd at the ball diamond of the University of California, Berkeley, the Scott baseball nine nosed out a Naval Team from Goat Island, 3-2. Between pitchers John Havlik and Wilford Tenner only five hits were allowed.

Pfc. Hank Pierce, right fielder for the Scott batsmen, has been farmed out to Coast Artillery OCS. This is a vacancy that must be filled. Apply today at the Fort Scott theare office. (Cpl. Becker)

JEEP AHOY!

After demonstrating to members of his company the proper way to float a jeep across a body of water by wrapping it in a tarpaulin, the looney granted passes to three of the men. The evening the passes were up, the lieutenant received a telegram. "Raining hard," the wire read. "Creek up. Either extend passes or send tarpaulin!" They got their extension.

Serve in Silence

'TYPICAL' SOLDIER ZALEWSKI



Not a nautical helmsman, Pfc. Leo Zalewski operates the elevating and depressing wheel of one of the powerful cannon guarding the Golden Gate. An "L" At Barry artilleryman, Leo recently earned the right to wear the coveted 'E' when the battery fired with uncanny accuracy and precision in a recent practice shoot. Leo is from Detroit and was a precision machinist before entering the service 18 months ago. He and every man on the gun crew are capable of efficiently assuming any position on the death dealing machine. Much of the success of this outfit, Leo confesses is due to the intelligence and cooperation of all the men and officers and especially the orders dished out by Dave Malone, their "Top Kick," who served 30 years in the Army.

REPORTING REPORTERS

CRONKHITE NEWS

Sergeant Waite and his associate Tech. Sergeant Tom Chappel (pride of Kentucky's Blue Grass region home of fast women and beautiful horses) report the bone bending, blood sweating Cronkhite Commando course completed and open for immediate business.

More power to the lovely Mrs. Carrie Baade, our service club hostess, whose new innovation "coffee time every night at nine" is growing famous the length and breadth of Cronkhite valley.

SHRAPNEL: Seems Pvt. George Kowski has fallen in love with Sausalito AND Vicki! Pvt. Orlando Garcia miscued the other night when he dated two gals for the Saus. Serv. Club and both Elaine and Dorothy showed up at the same time. They are not speaking to him now! . . . Welcome back home from M. P. duty at the Presidio St. Sgt. Schlereth.

Corp. James and Pvt. Jee O' Brien received invites to a Spanish wedding and came back with glowing tales of tequilla hypood hilarity. Corp. James previously



had never danced a step but coupled with the mental urging of El Tequilla and the physical dragging of Las Muchachas, James turned a neat ankle that would credit Astaire.

That careening meat grinder oft seen hobbling along the highroads of the Cronkhite campus (joshingly termed by some folks as a "car") represents the combined interests of First Sergeant John Hart, Serg. Kenny Devlin, Serg. Martinek and Tech. 4th class Jamiel Ayoub.

CONGRATULATIONS TO: John L. Hart on his well deserved promotion to First Sergeant of Regimental Headquarter's Battery. Serg. Ernie Kovacs for finding such a lovely wife. Corp. Costelli on making the grade for Coast Artillery officer's training school. Corp. Joe Wieser, Harbor Defense's finest bugler, on his return from Baker hospital.

BARBETEERS

Being one of the first to go through the tough Commando program, we claim to have some excellent examples of modern Army toughies. None so much as broke a neck.

First Sgt. Wright tried his hand at casting the other day and disapproved the old story "the biggest one always gets away." The first fish he landed was an 8 pound sea bass. Angling for something bigger, Sarg. cast out again. This time he pulled in an 18½ pounder. Sarg still was not satisfied. Says he prefers angling for Japs.

Hubert Rennie

HEADQUARTERS AT SCOTT

Cpl. George Troen, Sgt. Harry Richards and Pvt. Ferd Rombaugh are to be congratulated—not for promotions but for heroism. They all step up to the altar this month. (Ed note: Report has it the reporter, L. M., is bolstering up his courage too.)

If you are wondering why the big smiles on Cpl. "Chuck" Teitel and Cpl. Fred Muhleman's faces the past few days, the answer is quite simple. Their wives just arrived from Chicago.

Cpl. Jimmy Dowd left for Officer's Training School, QM. Another

chap we miss is Pfc. Street who is now with the 4th Army Headquarters.

Typical standins for Abbott and Costello would be Pfc. "Fat" Kramer and Pfc. Sam Molner. They keep us in hysterics with their crazy antics, and sure can dishout the ribbing to the poor guy who gets between them. My humblest apologies to Staff Sgt. Dapprich and Master Sgt. Berg for statement made in issue No. 17. How was your reporter to know you guys did pass out cigars? It was I who heard about cigars, anticipated cigars, wanted cigars never got cigars. See what I mean?

Cpl. Lou Moskowicz

RECORD STEPPER



The Commando Conditioning course at Fort Scott is believed to be one of the roughest, and the average time for racing through the 15 obstacles is about 70 seconds. Pvt. "Sandro" Sandoval, "G" at Barry, hops, skips and jumps the hazards in 47 seconds, which in anybody's back yard is still record stepping.

For the first time in the history of El Paso, Texas, an alderman attended a recent meeting of the city council in uniform. Responding to the applause he said: "If you have another meeting planned for Friday, count me out. I'm on K. P.!"

Members of the military band at a Reception Center were at least partly right when they predicted musical talent from one recent recruit from Ogalala, South Dakota. An Indian, his name is Private Guy Good Voice Flutee, Junior. He plays the harmonica!

V . . . — MAIL

Now it's V—for a letter to your favorite doughboy overseas . . . Following months of study and preparation by the War, Navy and Postal Departments, a new and expeditious mail service, known as V-Mail, has been inaugurated to and from certain points outside the continental limits of the United States where U. S. forces are stationed.

Written on special stationery and photographed on small rolls of 16mm microfilm, the photoed letters are developed and photostatic copies forwarded via airmail to the addressees, thus eliminating bulk mail shipments and saving valuable cargo space.

"C" CANNONEERS

Acclaim! To the HDSF BAND for their Sunday night dancing music. That second and new orchestra they formed makes the musical variety complete.

Well! Our Supply Sergeant received a new nickname during the Funston dance intermission. Louise christened him—"Pretty Boy."



Of all things! Private Jacob Eugene Theobald discovered there is a limit to the laundry list when his canteen was returned marked—"Waterbottle rejected."

Pfc. Henry O. Arras

MILEY OBSERVERS

A pick and shovel can look like nasty instruments when there is a large bomb proof shelter to build. The city maintenance department of S. F. realized this and came to our rescue with a bull-dozzer. Privts. Glessner and Matulich handled the job expertly.

Pfc. Schwetzler, enroute to town one nite, was told by the streetcar conductor—"You will have to take another car soldier. This one goes to the carhouse." "Guard House!" cried the Jeep, "I'm going to town, not coming back."

Serve in Silence



DRAFTYNITION
Hic-cough: A message from some departed spirits.
R. H.

AN ODOROUS ODE
When Adolph Hitler removes his boots, he certainly must smell DEFEET (de-feat).
IRA ST.

YAS SUH . . .
An American Negro soldier and a German met face to face on the battle field. It was one or the other. The Negro reverted to his trusty razor. He swished out at the throat of his foe, the German, with a mighty heave. The German sneered, "Missed me." But the Negro answered with a toothy grin, "Nasty Nazi Man, Yo' all just try shakin' yo head."
JIM B.

HAVE YOU HEARD . . .
—about the magician whose girl friend left him because his hand was quicker than her eye.
ALEC SMART

POME . . .
He slipped his arm around her waist— She didn't seem to care. But when his arm dropped to his side, She whispered, "As you were."
SHAKSBEER

YOU SAID IT . . .
The only Japanese we'll ever care to negotiate with eventually will be JAP-ON KNEES.
MIKE

FRANK FACT . . .
"What do youse think of me voice, Humphrey?"
"Vell at home I'm hevink a ma-

chine that is mekink with the seme noise, only it sucks up doit too."
MILLETT

SAGE ADVISE . . .
Speaking straight from the shoulder is okay—but its a lot better to have the talk come from a little higher up.
AESOP

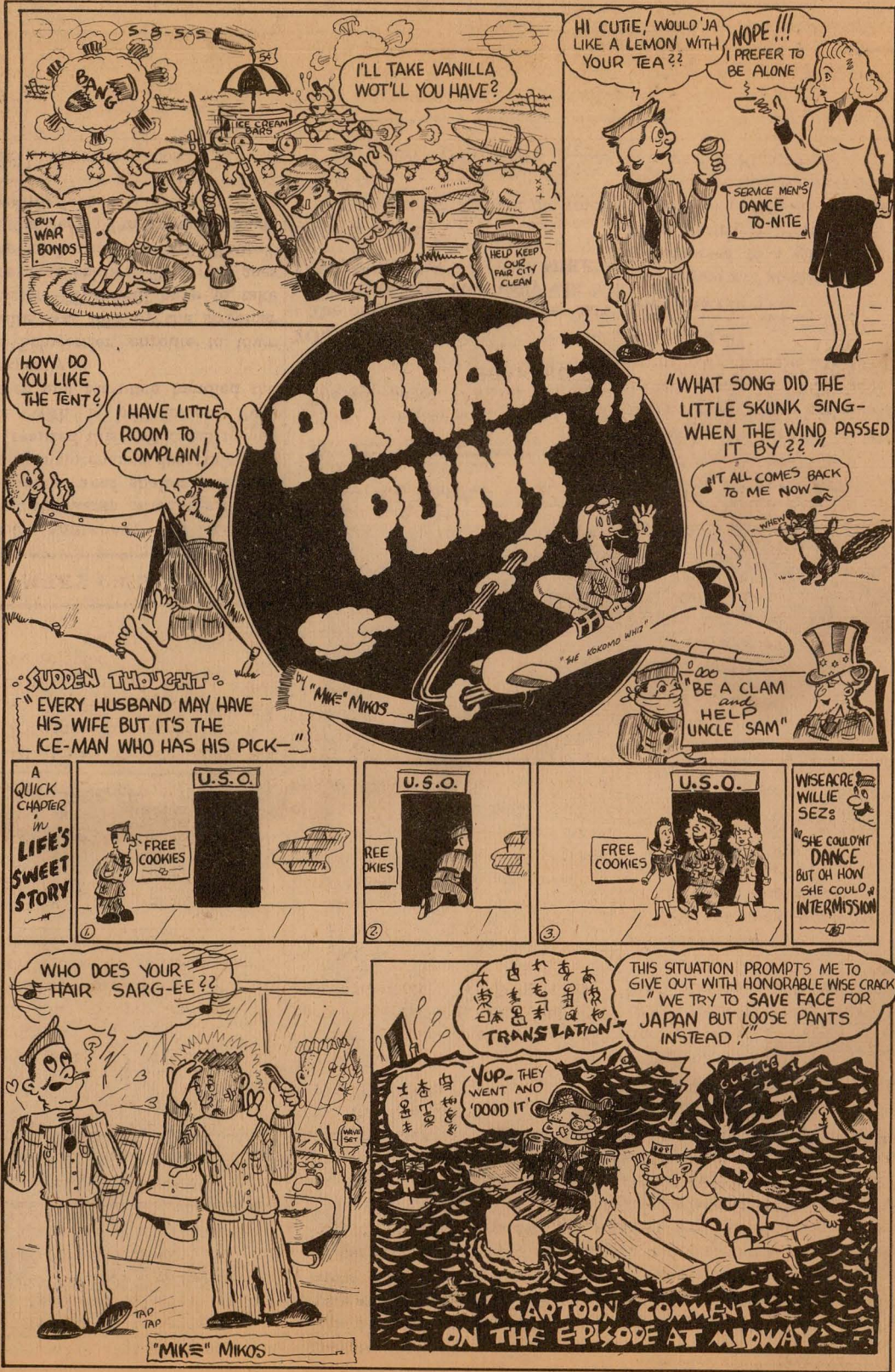
THEY SAY . . .
—Herr Goerring the Nazi fat boy is so roolly polly around the waist line, his orderly makes it a practice to use a compass, when helping him put on his uniforms.
W. W.

REVELATION—
"How did you know that new rookie was a bookkeeper, before he came into the Army."
"Well, every time he stands at ease he puts his rifle behind his ear."
AL B.

CONFUSCIOUS SAY . . .
"Soldier who pitch tent on side of hill—not on level."
M. T.

MRS. YEHUDI—
Going the rounds in Army circles is the yarn about the soldier who stepped up to his commanding officer and requested leave to go home and help his wife move into new quarters. The captain said he was very sorry, but he had just received a letter from the soldier's wife stating that she didn't need him at home for the moving. The soldier saluted and stepped toward the door. "Captain, he said, "there are two fellows in this company that handle the truth very loosely. You see, I'm not married!"

SOFTBALL
Headquarters at Scott was recently subjected to a going over by a Tank Destroyer Battalion and ran out of Molotov Cocktails without so much as subjecting the other side to a scratch. Final score: 9 to 0.



'NOTHING BUT DEFEAT FOR OUR ENEMIES'

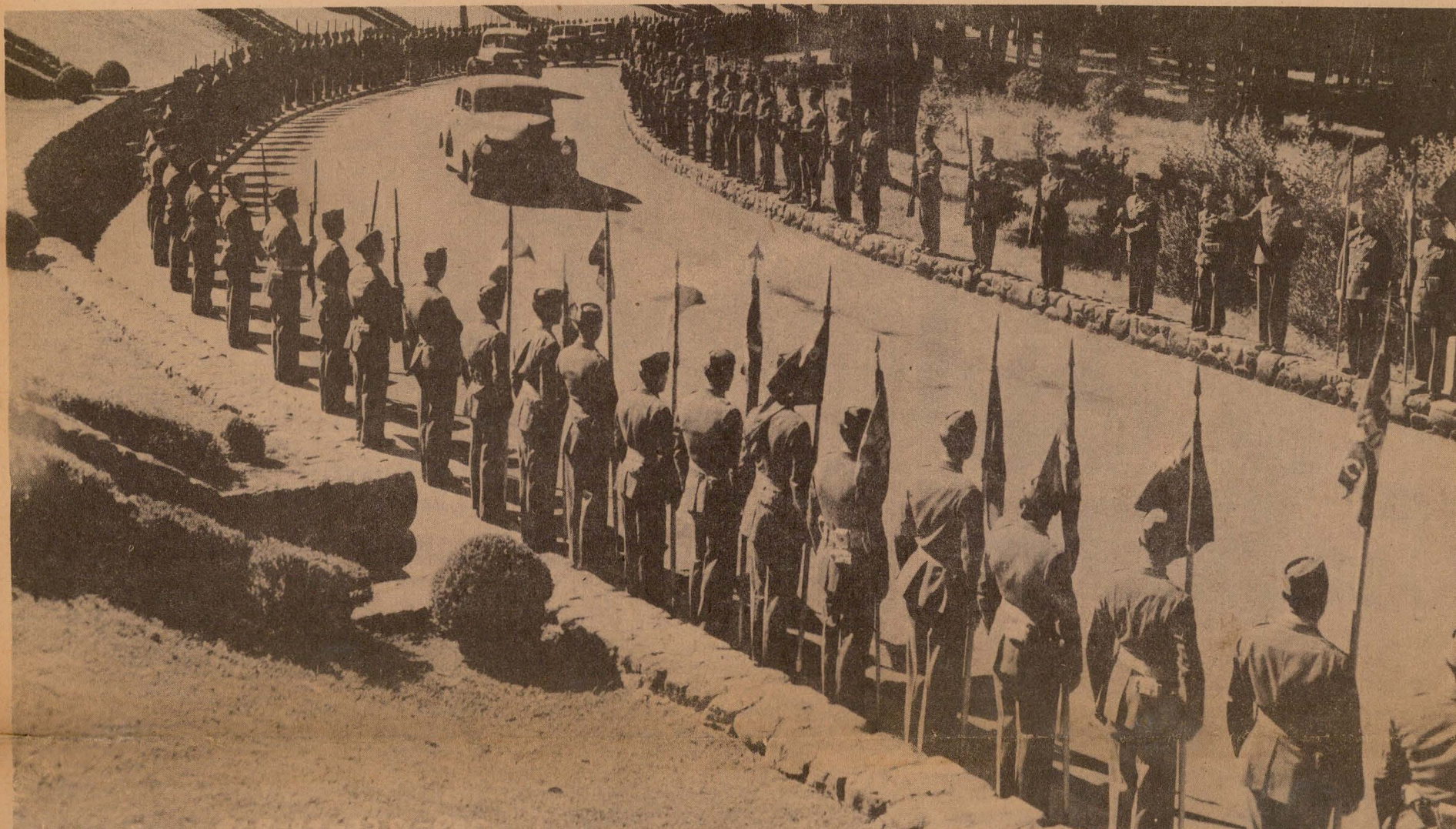
—General Stockton



Vol. II

Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Sat., July 25, 1942

No. 4



—U. S. Signal Corps Photo

General Stockton Leaves Command; Given Tribute

"I sincerely regret leaving this command," were the parting words of Brigadier General E. A. Stockton, Jr., when he left the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco for a new assignment after having served almost two years as its commander.

"The high calibre of this organization was demonstrated on December 7th last," said General Stockton, "through the whole hearted support, intelligent cooperation and unstinting efforts of thousands of men in these defenses.

"The Harbor Defenses of San Francisco became the finest of Coast Artillery units through hard work for which I, as the Commanding General, attained the greatest admiration for the officers and enlisted men who served so well.

"When our enemy strikes, if he should, from every nook and corner of these defenses he will be met with offensive fire and steel. There will be nothing but defeat for our enemies whoever they may be."

General Stockton left this command amidst the salutes of hundreds of artillerymen as they paraded before him in a surprise review last Monday. Troops from a Provisional Training Battalion and several batteries in the defenses accompanied by the HDSF Band participated in the colorful ceremony while other artillerymen in the defenses remained at their posts on the ever alert status.

Perhaps the most stirring ceremony ever performed in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, this was a tribute to a man who proved himself soldier and gentleman.



COL. ARTHUR E. ROWLAND
"I knew him when—"

AIDE-DE-CAMP

Accompanying General Stockton to his new assignment went Major Jack R. Lemkuhl, former Executive Officer of the defenses and aide-de-camp to the General for over a year.

Major Lemkuhl was regarded as one of the most talented officers on the west coast. When he reported for active duty in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, November, 1940, Lemkuhl was a 1st Lt. All during his tour of service here as battery instructor, battery commander, adjutant and executive officer he managed to attain the respect of the men who worked with him and under him. His superiors had confidence in his ability. We are sure it will be the same wherever he goes.

The General's Farewell

Colonel Lafrenz, Colonel Rowland Guard Golden Gate As New Defense Commanders

Somewhere in France, 1918, Captain Arthur E. Rowland was in command of a 32 centimeter railroad artillery battery. Not far from Captain Rowland's position was another railroad artillery battalion, near Belfort, exchanging heavy fire with a German artillery force. Captain Rowland went to observe the action.

The other commander was Major Edward A. Stockton, Jr.

This was not their first meeting. In 1912-13, 2nd Lt. A. E. Rowland and 1st Lt. E. A. Stockton, Jr. served together in the Harbor Defenses of Boston at adjacent forts, where they had frequent contacts.

Now, after thirty years, and half way around the world, Colonel Arthur E. Rowland becomes Post Commander of Fort Scott and sub-posts, relieving Brigadier General Edward A. Stockton, Jr.

"During my long acquaintance with General Stockton," the new Post Commander said, "I have come to regard him very highly as a friend and as an efficient officer. I am extremely pleased to have the opportunity of commanding Fort Scott."

Colonel Rowland is a native of Maryland and attended Western Maryland College where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He then studied electrical engineering at Cornell University from which he was commissioned in the Regular Army Coast Artillery Corps in 1912.

BUY WAR STAMPS TODAY
LICK THE OTHER SIDE



COL. WM. F. LAFRENZ
He's Ready for Action

A San Franciscan, Colonel William F. Lafrenz is the new Commanding Officer of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. Born in San Francisco, raised in San Francisco, graduate of the University of California, and first commissioned in these parts, Colonel Lafrenz is ready and able to protect references made to San Francisco fog, its quaintness, its picturesqueness. He is also ably prepared, willing and determined to protect San Francisco and the land beyond from any enemy.

Colonel Lafrenz is perhaps one of the most noted authorities on coastal armaments, powders and projectiles. In his new capacity he will be in command of all tactical performances in this area and will direct the conditioning training of all troops in the defenses.

"Now as never before," Colonel Lafrenz stated just after assuming command, "the nation needs rugged individualism, power and the grit to

(Continued on page three)

SSO SENDS SOS

The Special Service Office has asked us to use the power of the press to locate qualified volunteer math instructors for classes in trig and algebra.

These classes, to be announced soon, will be held in off-duty hours as "bone-up" courses for prospective Officer Candidates.

So come out of hiding, all you disciples of Euclid! Phone Scott 3827 for Corp Becker—and you got it!

THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

VOL. II JULY 25, 1942 ISSUE NO. 4

The Golden Gate Guardian is published by and for the personnel of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco and associated camps.

MILLER RYAN, Capt., CAC, Officer In Charge

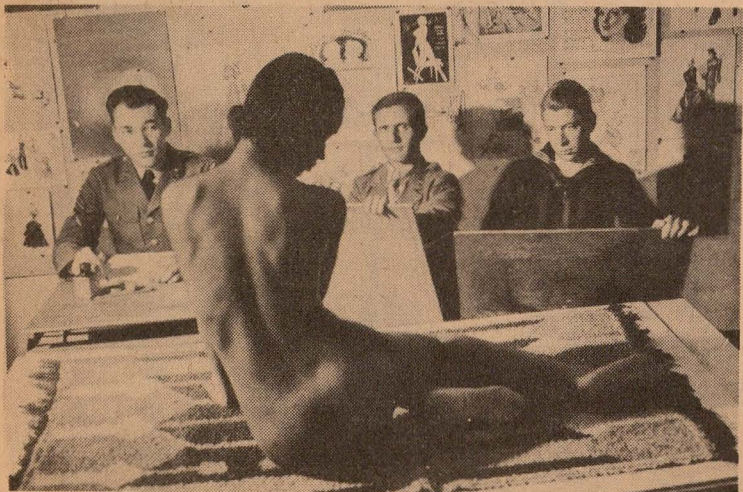


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and guest contributors

News matter published in the Golden Gate Guardian is available for general release.

Resolved: That Art Shall Not Die During These Days of War.



—Photo by S. F. Chronicle

War is hell, yes, but it is a good many other things.

It is a crazy montage, a dizzy kaleidoscope. It is music by DeBussy, lyrics by Saroyan. It is a painting by Dali.

It is bursting bombs and flying shrapnel. The whine of a shell and the roar of a motor. The marrow-chill of an ack-ack and the monkey-chatter of a machine gun.

It is sergeants and KP, and six hour passes and the guardhouse. It is retreat and the PX, and it is jawbone and gigs.

It is drama surpassing all drama because it is the greatest comedy and the greatest tragedy ever conceived. It is a suspension of living, an extension of living. It is tears and laughter and life and death, all rolled together, all rolled in one, all mixed up . . .

And there must be someone to write the story and paint the picture and compose the song, so that we can know and remember and understand.

Take the last war:

He was 28 and a soldier and somewhere in France. His outfit had suffered heavy casualties, and to him it was a deep indignity that his fallen comrades should be remembered only by vital statistics. And so he told their story in a poignant tribute: "Ode in Memory of American Volunteers Fallen for France."

And then it was Spring again and his outfit was moving up again. It is hard to think of death when you're 28 and it's Spring, harder to face it. But he had lived with it so long.

That Spring, Alan Seegar wrote, "I Have a Rendezvous With Death," and that July 4, 1916, in the Battle of Somme, he kept it.

But Alan Seegar wasn't the only one who had taken his genius "over there." There were others, too—poets, writers, artists, musicians—who carried the tools of their art with the tools of war—others, who had brought their pencils and their brushes to remember what they saw, or to forget it.

There was Sgt. Joyce Kilmer, poet, 32, who wrote "Trees." He died in action.

There was Lawrence Tibbett in the Navy.

There was Albert Spaulding, violinist, who cancelled \$35,000 of signed contracts to enlist as a private.

There was David Hochstein, brilliant violinist, who died under fire.

There was Ernest Schelling, conductor and composer, who rose to become a Major and who wrote "Victory Ball," now a classic.

And there were others. Many others. There must have been . . .

Two months ago, Charles Cooper, widely known pianist, founded the Arts Personal Contact Bureau for Men in the Service, located at 450 Grant avenue, in the heart of Chinatown, San Francisco. Visiting hours are from 11 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. each weekday and from 1 p. m. to 6:30 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 10 p. m. each Saturday and Sunday.

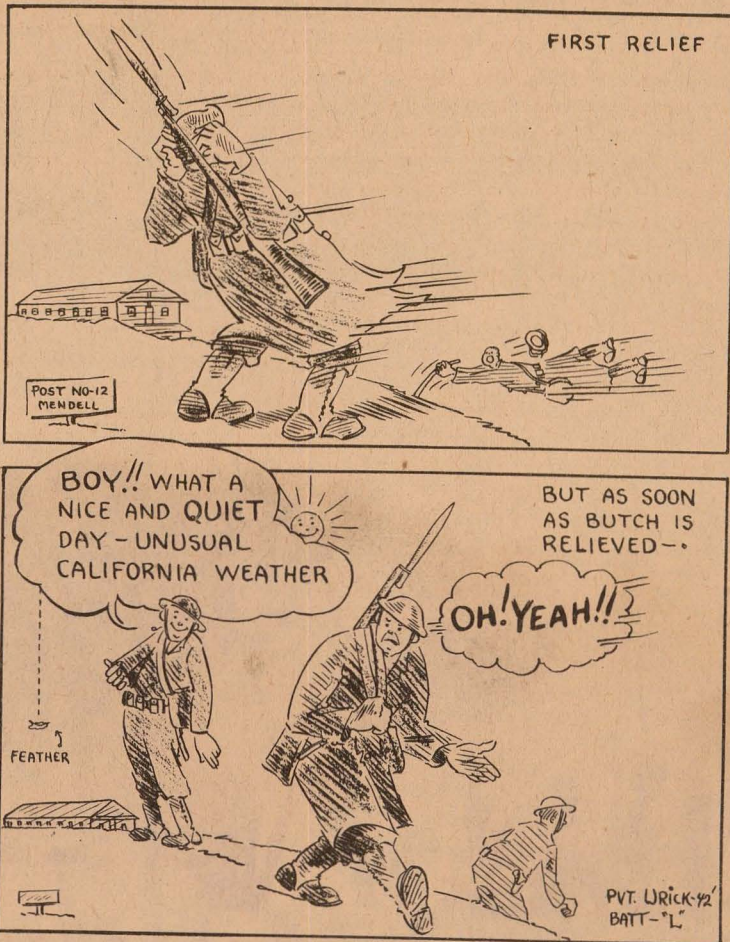
This Red Cross sponsored organization offers stimulus and encouragement to all artists now in the Service, arranges contacts with other artists and provides materials, instruction and hospitality.

Two weeks ago, for instance, Sgt. William O'Connor, 22; Pvt. David Hammer, 26; and Robert Hobler, 26; USN, all artists, sketched from life at the studio of Jean Turner in the Grant avenue building. Fee for the model was paid by the Bureau.

Then there is the young painter and designer who, seriously wounded at Bataan, was released from Letterman after weeks of treatment and then discharged from the Army. The Bureau found him a job in civil life and placed him under the guidance of one of San Francisco's leading artists.

And so it goes. Let just one story be written, only one canvas be painted, just one song composed—the directors of the Bureau are determined that art shall not die during these days of war.

PRIVATE BUTCH



—Drawn by Pvt. Joseph Urick, "L" at Barry

Andy the Barber Leaves His Shop For Last Time

With the haircut, tonic and vibrator massage, Andy the Barber, encouraged homesick recruits, gave advice to raw noncoms and exchanged antidotes with seasoned Army men. As a G. I. tonsorial artist, Andrew Schultz was known throughout the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco by enlisted men and officers alike, as "Andy." Now Andy isn't around anymore.

The sparsely looking elderly gent with the bald head and friendly manner, took care of his last inspection-bound customer a few Saturdays ago, closed his shop at "B" of Scott barracks and called it a day. An evening later, after more than a score of years trimming G. I. skulls, Andy was dead.

Andy saw timid newly inducted farm lads come to his shop for their first Army trim—hesitant, nervous and even fearful. This was their first initiation on the "carving chair" where, rumor had it, a few swishes with the clippers and even your pet dog would take you for a Heinie. When they sat on the barber chair, Andy would first ask them their name, where they were from and would offer a slight discourse on the pleasantries of San Francisco and the healthy salt fog. By the time the rookie was off the chair, he knew his barber as "Andy" and Andy knew his customer as "Butch" or "Slug" or whatever his buddies called him.

Whether the fellow in the chair didn't know his General Guard Orders or was sporting an Eagle, it made no difference to Andy. Each was his customer and received the same polite, gracious attention. Andy was one G. I. barber who believed earnestly in giving each of his clients a haircut to suit his personality.

When a soldier would drop in his chair looking out of sorts with the world and perhaps a bit weary, Andy would give him one of his special Osage Pine rubs (many times without charge) just to see the fellow perk back to life. With the rub would come a few encouraging words.

It is no wonder that Andy is missed. His shears may lose their gleam, his chair may gather dust, his shop may remain dark for many days—but through the defenses, in many alert faces the words of Andy Schultz will remain "The men who sit in my chair are the best soldiers in the world. They are Americans. Americans never fail."

Baker Civie Worker Re-enlists Services

Holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, which he was awarded for valor in World War I, Alexander Trutko, 46, civil service employee at Fort Baker station hospital for the past seven months, left recently for the east to re-enlist in the U. S. Army.

Truko, as a sergeant in the 18th Infantry, distinguished himself at Soissons, France in an important battle. Sent out on an assignment by his commander the sturdily built sergeant, of Finnish extraction, captured a machine gun nest and seven German prisoners.

He received his decoration from no less a person than General Pershing. The award was made in Germany, after the war. He was also given the Croix de Guerre with two palms and the Silver Star.

Originally from Martins Ferry, Ohio, Trutko is returning to the east coast to rejoin his old outfit and will return to the service as a sergeant.

'Iya Duchess, Wot's Cookin'?

All American soldiers assigned to duty in Great Britain in the future will be provided with a specially prepared handbook entitled "A Short Guide to Great Britain...."

From an outline of the British political system to the amenities of a darts game at a British pub, the pamphlet will provide information and advice calculated to ease the transition of the American soldier to customs and conditions that will be new to him. A similar method of instruction has been used by the British government for soldiers sent on military missions to America.

MP's To Organize War Plant Guards

To insure greater protection to more than eleven thousand plants engaged in the manufacture of war material, Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, Commanding General, Services of Supply last week ordered civilian guards at these plants be organized as an auxiliary to the Army's Corps of Military Police.

Each guard unit will be commanded by an officer or non-commissioned officer of the Army of the United States, and will undergo such training as will enable it to supplement the Army in resisting attack on war material, war premises, and war utilities which the force is assigned to guard.



By Chaplain Theodore J. Hatton

GENERAL ORDER

Issued by General George Washington in New York, July 1776
The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impropriety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.

G. Washington

How often we hear the tongues of soldiers pouring forth a lava of profanity and filth to the detriment of their fellow soldiers.

What a comfort to the enemy to know that there are those in the American Army who unwittingly break down the morale of their outfit by their gutter talk!

Only too often the Chaplain hears the clean-cut soldier exclaim:

"Chaplain, I could be quite happy in this Army life, if it weren't for a group of fellows who insist that the entire section must hear their filth."

The American way is fairness and consideration for the other fellow. If you have been offending in speech, now is the time to repair this grave error.

Let it not be said that the tongues of our men who sing "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Bless America" are used more often in profanity and filth.

Isn't the blessing of God that will come when He sees you making a sincere effort as regards your speech worth the trouble? You can make these corrections if only you will it.

I am sure every fair minded soldier will strive to build morale by controlling his speech.

"Be a hero unsung; control your tongue."

Scooped!

Herb Caen, S. F. Chronicle gossipist scribe, blew a fuse in the editorial room of the Golden Gate Guardian with his recent "eyetem"—"Miss Lucille Mills, of the S. F. Girls Jr. Fish and Game Patrol, is being married July 12th to armyman Ferd (it is Ferd, Herb, and not Fred) Rombaugh." We knew Pfc. Rombaugh was getting hitched, as evidenced by story in last issue by reporter Cpl. Moskowitz, but the important lovely co-star in the performance was unknown.

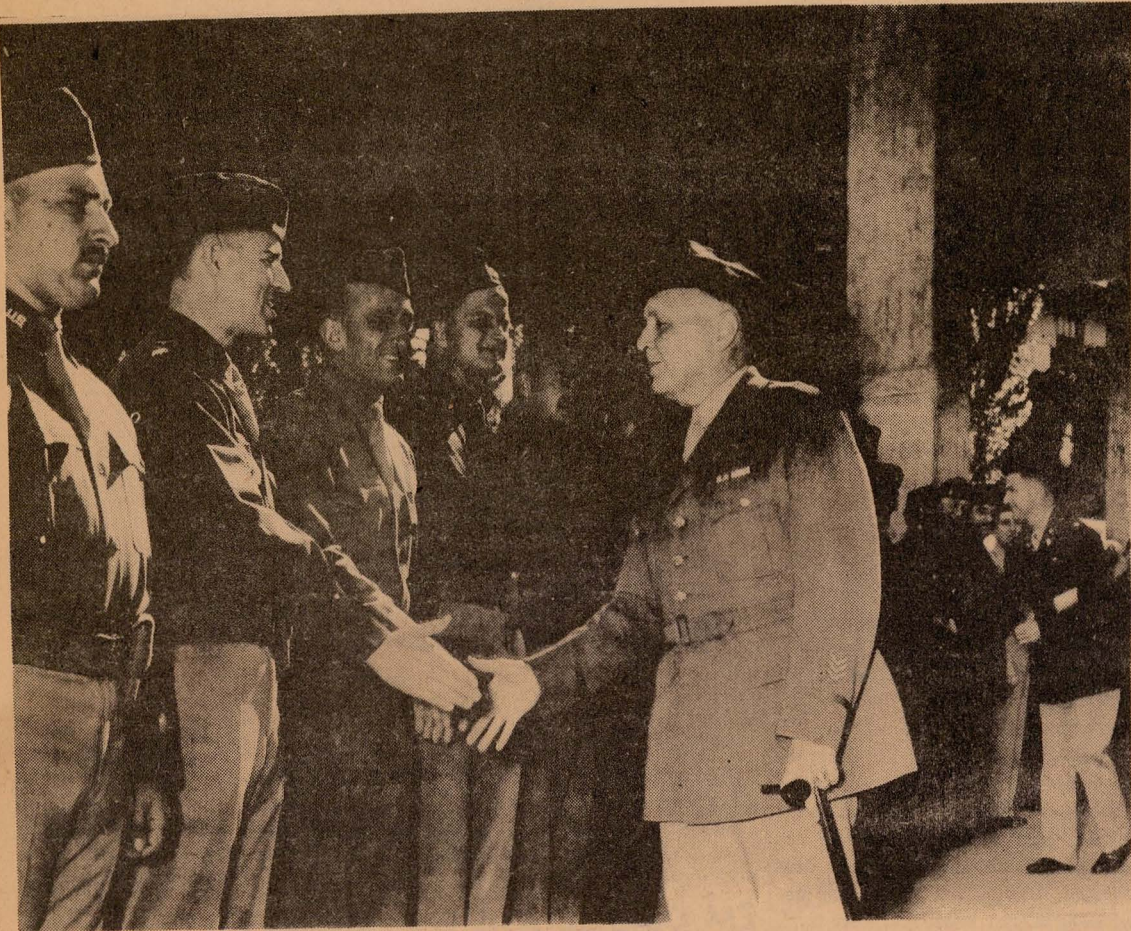
Columnist Caen also remarks—"Learn to shoot and get your man." According to reports received, Ferd is no slouch with the shootin' iron either.

May interest the Chronicle scribe to know Pfc. Rombaugh was married at the Fort Scot Chapel, according to the above schedule, preceded by the marital vows of Sgt. George Troen and followed by the marriage ceremony of 1st Lt. Eskridge. All were on three day honeymoons.

COMMANDO FLASH

Just as the GGG was going to press, Captain Pulley, commanding officer of "B" at Scott, rushed into the editorial offices of the newspaper to inform the sport department that Sgt. Tully Ellis of his battery had just broken the new Commando Course record. New time: 44.4 seconds. Tully is about 5' 5" tall and weighs little more than his height indicates. How he managed to scramble up the ten foot wall in such short order among other things will be investigated. Watch for further details of Sgt. Ellis' record in the next issue of the GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN and for other records broken during the conditioning week period.

'Bye Fellas, Be Seein' Ya



—U. S. Signal Corps Photo

The final handshake, the last smile, as Brigadier General E. A. Stockton, Jr., leaves his command after a long and successful tour of service in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. He is shown bidding his staff of offic-

ers goodbye. We know that wherever the General goes he will find the same hearty cooperation as that accorded him in these defenses. He's a great guy.

COL. Wm. F. LAFRENZ

(Continued from page one)

do or die. We have that power entrenched in the hills and woods from Funston to Crokhite. Whatever our mission, we will not fail."

This statement indicates the veracity with which Colonel Lafrenz pursues his duties. A second Lieutenant in August of 1917, he became a Captain in December of the same year. His rise to Colonel and his recent acquiring of this important command was the outcome of hard study, conscientious endeavor and the proven ability to handle bigger jobs.

"Cooperation is the essence of success and I trust every man in these defenses thoroughly understands its importance," thus spoke Wm. F. Lafrenz as he actively engaged his command, in the burden of protecting San Francisco.

More than 8,500 May and June graduates of advanced Reserve Officer Training Corps units in colleges and universities throughout the country have been commissioned in the Officers' Reserve Corps and called to active duty, the War Department announced.

WARNING

Phenol-camphor should not be used for athlete's foot or any other ailment unless specifically prescribed by the Army doctor and administered under his supervision. In the June 25th issue of the GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN, an article appeared mentioning the above mixture, which in reality is nothing but carbolic acid, as a positive cure for athlete's foot.

This information was derived from a few national publications, but only recently discovered as a fallacy. Carbolic acid will kill the fungi causing athlete's foot, but at the same time it will also destroy the tissues and muscles surrounding the area thereby possibly infecting the foot with gangrene.

The HDSF medical department is sounding this warning. The July 20th issue of Time Magazine also reveals the harmful use of this mixture without proper medical advice.

JUDY'S NO LADY



Innocent looking, enchanting "Judy" reclines in a GI bunk as if to say—"Sure I done 'dood' it—so what!" Purring on her personality, she tempted Lt. Veatch, the medic, to pet her. Unlady-like she clawed the doc.

There's an old newspaper saying that "when a dog bites a man, that's not news" but with a variation of this idiom to "lion gouges lieutenant," it should become a permissible item.

Last week 1st Lt. F. M. Veatch, Jr., detachment commander of the Fort Baker medical section, was making a tour of inspection at Fort Barry in his capacity as sanitary officer of the harbor defenses, when he stopped to pet a peaceful appearing 100-pound lioness cub (?) mascot, in one of the batteries.

The cub, highly pleased at the attention she was receiving, became overzealous and closed her claws on the lieutenant's right arm, inflicting a deep and painful wound. Emergency medical treatment was necessary to prevent infection, but the injury is not regarded as serious—no thanks to "Judy."

NONAGENARIAN KNITS AGAIN

Ninety-two years old, and a veteran of four wars, Mrs. Laura S. Litchfield of the Milwaukee Chapter of the American Red Cross, knits once more for the boys in khaki. During World War I, she knitted 300 sweaters and to date in this war, her flying needles have produced 71 sweaters and mufflers. She is not out to break any records either.

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS
LICK THE OTHER SIDE

We're HDSF Champs!

So shout baseballers from "D" of the Funston woods.

"We'll take on and whip anyone at anytime," is their challenge, which includes the Fort Scott nine, Presidio hot-shots, North Bay teamers or any other batters that feel lucky. With one hand tied behind their backs they will take on Hirohito's imperial foul ballers. That's how they feel.

In plain words, these fighters are angling for competition. "Hendy" Henderson, team captain, is quite the boy in the field, and sent the word on to the Special Service Officer. Phone Scott 3827 (Cpl. Becker) for any arguments.

Shooting School For Air Gunners

Within a short time, men who may never have fired a gun become expert aerial gunners with training received at Army Air Force gunnery schools. It is expected, according to the War Department, that the number of graduating gunners will be doubled within the next few months with the opening of additional schools.

On the firing ranges the student begins with small .22 calibre weapons, shooting at moving targets representing planes flying at different altitudes. Trap and skeet shooting is included in the curriculum and introduces the novelty of shooting at clay pigeons from a vehicle moving about 25 miles per hour. Heavier armament firing is then introduced and the student gets a thorough knowledge of .30 and .50 calibre machine gun firing.

When graduated, these soldiers become noncommissioned officers and are assigned to combat flying ships with flying pay status (50 per cent of base pay added). All gunnery students are volunteers and range in age from 18 to 30.

LOOIE

Lt. Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champ of the world, and Commander Gene Tunney will now salute one another. Commissioned a lieutenant in the Coast Guard Reserve, the "Manassa Mauler" has been assigned to duty at the Manhattan Beach Training Station as physical training instructor.

OLD MAN RUBBER ON 'LAST MILE'

Public Enemy No. 1—that Old Man Rubber—is finally under court-martial.

Awarding contracts for the manufacture of a large quantity of synthetic rubber tires, the War Department, in cooperation with the tire companies, will conduct comprehensive tests under the most realistic conditions to test the performance and durability of the synthetic rubber.

For the purposes of the test, the tires will be shipped as rapidly as practicable to troops using vehicles running the greatest mileage and undergoing the most severe service. No synthetic tires, however, will be used on vehicles being shipped from the continental United States.

Army Trains Shutter Bugs for Combat Fotos

To train Army personnel in the military use of the camera, the Army Photographic School is now operating with expanded facilities at the Signal Corps Photographic Center, Astoria, Long Island.

The school, formerly located at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, is devoted to enlisted men of the Signal Corps, half of whom are trained in still picture photography and half in motion picture technique. Those chosen for either course must have had considerable photographic experience in civilian life as news or professional photographers or highly advanced amateurs.

AIR HOSPITALS

Arrangements for aerial transportation from theatres of war of sick and wounded military personnel are being made by a unit of the Army Air Forces to be known as the Air Evacuation Group (Medical). Now being organized, it will function as part of the Air Transport Command, using transport planes, and will provide as complete facilities for treatment in transit as are known to aero-medical research.

Discovers Buddies Through GGG Story

Pfc. Howard F. Woodruff, HDSF motor pool dispatcher, hails from Edenville with a population of almost 500 inhabitants. Howy always longed to see a home-town face in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, but somehow gave up hope after a year at Fort Scott.

Then it came. In the last issue of the Golden Gate Guardian was a story about artillerymen graduating as First Aid Instructors. One of the names was Cpl. Weldon Schearer of "D" of the Funston Hills. Not only was Weldon an Edenvillian, but he was one of Howy's class-mates and best friends. Cpl. Schearer, who has served in these defenses almost eighteen month, brought to light another Edenville hometown—Pvt. Gordon Finch also of these defenses.

At the HDSF Motor Pool is Pfc. Benjamin Kanrowski. Ben lays claim to being the only non-staff soldier of the GGG to have witnessed the birth of the first printed edition and to have gained a thorough knowledge of two printing processes by being present at several deliveries. If the occasion ever arrives for emergency methods, the GGG staff will not hesitate to employ Benjamin Kanrowski as its mid-wife.

Pfc. William Shaudis, also dispatcher of the motor pool, is credited with having the most liked disposition of any man in the Army. Every voice that whiffs over his receiver gets the same careful consideration. To Shaudis, it's always—SIR! He puts it this way—"Makes the yard-bird feel important. Can't go wrong on bars or other metal wear." Got something there, Shaudis.

YARDBIRDS

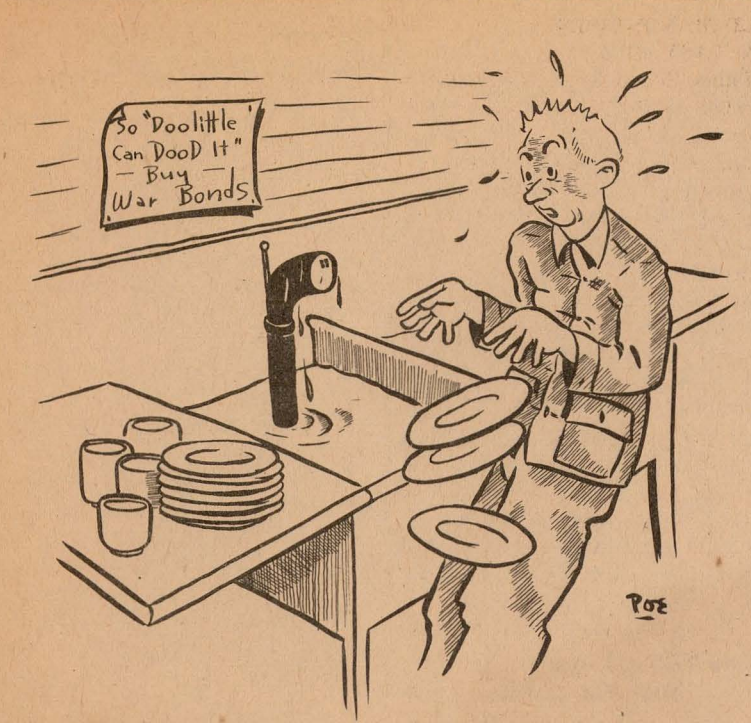
Privates in the Signal Corps where they are in training at the Photographic School, are cinemactors Jeffrey Lynn and William Holden.

HOW IT'S DONE



—U. S. Signal Corps Photo

Wrestling a weapon from a fighting man takes nerve and agility. 1st Sgt. Jack Turner, "G" at Barry, tells how it's done. For balance place the left foot forward as the threat of attack looms. Watching the face and eyes of the attacker, his moves can be anticipated. Step forward with right foot when the lunge is made placing right leg alongside opponent's forward leg, and twisting body aside to avoid blade. In the same movement grab upper part of rifle sling with right hand and left hand near stacking swivel drawing attacker toward you. Since the attacker is off balance, a simple twist of the arms and wrist using the advantage of pressure and leverage, the rifle comes away easily with the attacker thrown to the ground. If he holds onto the rifle, it is almost a certainty his shoulder will be dislocated or broken. "Easy," says Turner. "Try it sometime."



LET'S PUT NOTHING PAST THOSE SNEAKY, LITTLE JAPS

Drawn by Pfc. H. H. Poe, "C" at Rodeo

Commissions Open In MP Corps

Opportunities to become commissioned officers with the Corps of Military Police are now open to warrant officers and noncommissioned officers, according to a recent announcement by the Ninth Corps Area Headquarters at Fort Douglas, Utah.

To qualify for appointment, the applicant must have an excellent record, at least eight years continuous service, four of which he has been a non-commissioned officer.

Applications, with the recommendation of the commander concerned, will be forwarded to the office of the Provost Marshal General. The grade to be attained in each case will be determined by the War Department.

ONE FOR GIPPER

Bernie Leahy, famed halfback at Notre Dame under Knute Rockne years ago, joined the Army and is stationed at the Camp Grant Recruit Reception Center, Ill. To win this for "The Gipper" is his goal.

FIFTY-ONE YEARS AGO TODAY

Smokeless powder was introduced by the War Department at Sandy Hook, New Jersey.

'Forgotten Men,' Heroes of Java

From the jungles of Java a fortnight ago came Colonel Eugene L. Eubank, of the Air Corps, with eyewitness praise of the "forgotten men" of the Air Forces. The bombardier and gunner.

One of the last men to leave the island, Colonel Eubank and his squadrons fought until the last moment hammering incessantly at the Japs, leaving only when, in his own words, "there was nothing more we could do."

"No matter how good your pilot is," he declared last week in Washington, "the success of the mission depends entirely on the bombardier and gunner. If they are not on the job, alert and ready, all the preparation may be wasted."

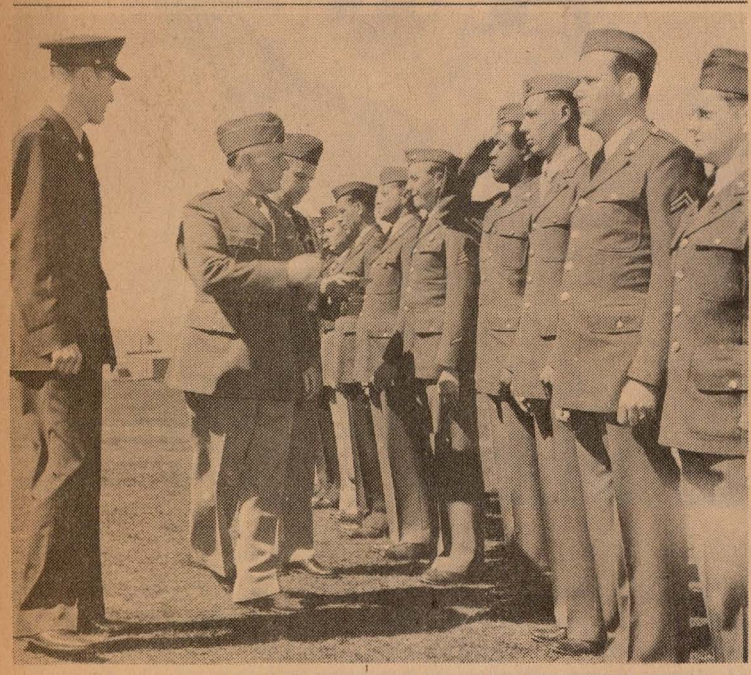
"Time and time again, I have seen enemy pursuit ships attempt interception and time and time again, I have seen the gunners' accurate fire force the enemy planes to retire."

The bombardier and gunner," concluded the Colonel, "can never be given too much credit."

A friend in need is a friend—to keep away from.

Blue Bird

FIRST AID INSTRUCTORS ALL



One of Brigadier General E. A. Stockton's final official acts before leaving this command, was to present twenty-nine men and six officers with merit badges designating them as First Aid Instructors. These men underwent the complete 45 hour Red Cross first aid and water safety course without a single failure. Major Jack R. Lehmkuhl, aid-de-camp to General Stockton, assists in handing out the certificates and awards while Francis Taylor, American Red Cross Bay Area field director, looks on. Sgt. Claudie Higgins, "D" at Kirby, gives the salute.



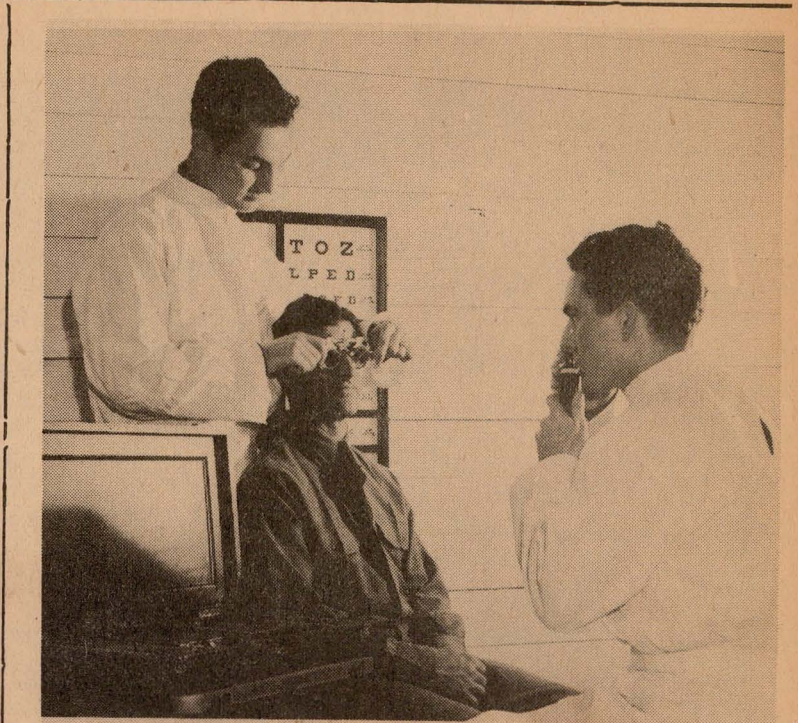
FICTION SCRIBES squirm . . . They overlooked the most colorful story plot of the year . . . Highly trained saboteurs with plenty of "soup" and greasy "dough" leave a sub in rubber boats . . . they land on rocky East coast . . . They are discovered . . . The stoic mind of the trained Nazi invader fails . . . the vigilant eye of the easy going American wins . . . A climax Jack London would have given two scotch and sodas for . . . **HAMBURGER, TOMATO, LETTUCE, PICKLE** and a dash of mayonnaise in a toasted bun . . . at the PX Grill it's Lafrenzburger . . . To show no hard feelings exist the originator, Colonel Lafrenz, orders one frequently . . . **THIS '22-28' DEAL** for GI married men affects close to half a thousand in these defenses . . . **NIGERIAN TRIBAL CHIEF** offers to send his three most able sons to stalk and kill Herr Adolph with bow and arrow, says recent report . . . At that, old Schick is but mediocre game. . . He's a vegetarian and anemic . . . **ARMY CHIEF OF ORDINANCE**, General Campbell gave out with facts: . . . Yank tanks have heavier guns, heavier armament, greater speed than ANY the Axis have produced . . . Machine guns will out-function any enemy gun in play today . . . When the Axis barrel gets too hot to handle, the Yankee weapon just starts to warm up . . . "The enemy cannot outdo American design, production and spirit," the chief proves . . . **MOST GRATEFUL ARMY** improvement in recent years . . . Articles of War "read" through the medium of movies with competent actors dishing it out . . . No more do recruits snore 'neath the pool table nor seasoned dog-faces painfully stare into space when the "Articles" are read . . . That "Humphrey Bogart" scene where the sentry is knocked for a loop by two nasty-mans is worthy of the Academy Award . . . **GREAT WAR MATERIAL** saving would result if MP Scouters would confine their Jeep riding to GI business . . . What if the visiting charmer does find out the blitz wagon can turn the corner on half an axle . . . or stop in less than a 50 foot skid? . . . Better to save the tire thread and engine juice to show Nazi-Japs up than to "show off" . . . **MESS HALL WASTERS** are to be known as "Axis Aiders" . . . Why take a pound of butter on your plate when half would be sufficient . . . Butter, sugar, bread, large portions of meat, potatoes greens and similar vittles when thrown in the disposal pail means a good meal for Mrs. sow . . . this may also result in furthering food rations cards on the home front . . . Eat hearty, Army dieticians say . . . **DON'T WASTE!** says common sense . . . **THE "GENERAL"** on leaving stressed—"take the weekly conditioning courses seriously, keep up your fine standards of soldiering, when the time comes—**GIVE 'EM HELL!**"

SOFTBALL

Playing to packed bleachers, the first femme softball game to ever grace the Ft. Scott diamond provided superb ball playing and thrills a minute, Sunday afternoon, July 12.

Tied 3 up until the last half of the ninth and with two out, the Creamiest Dairy girls playing the State Finance nine, socked a slambango out to left field, scoring the runner on second base and winning the game.

Under the excitement of the hotly contested game, the well-known feminine tempers blazed aided and abetted by the gallery, and Pvt. Kleinhanz, CASC, umpire, took one hell of a beating.



—Photo by Signal Corps

EYES RIGHT! And in these Defenses, it's their job to see that they are. T/5G Daniel O. Elliott, Jr., (seated) Baker Station Hospital, and Pvt. Irving Chernick, Scott Dispensary, perform a dynamic retinoscopy (whatever that is) on Patient, Pvt. Joe Spirly, of the Barry Med. Section.

EM Optometrists Guard the Eyes That Guard the Golden Gate

Applying their cabalistic instruments to the retinas of hundreds of soldiers stationed here in these Defenses—

Examining, refracting and prescribing corrective lenses—

Performing eye tests—

Searching for astigmatism and color-blindness—

This is the pattern of the jobs and responsibilities of T/5th Gr. Daniel O. Elliott, Jr., and Pvt. Irving Chernick, both graduate optometrists.

Transferred recently to the Fort Baker Station hospital from Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, 22-year-old Elliott, holding a degree from the Northern Illinois College of Optometry at Chicago, Illinois, entered the Army on February 2, 1942.

In addition to his routine refractions and incidental administrative

details, Technician Elliott examines from 40 to 50 officer candidates daily. He is an accomplished pianist, interested also in radio and photography. At the present time, Elliott is "sweating out" an application as an Aviation Cadet. In civil life he completed his dual flying time, soloed, and is hoping to qualify as a navigator. His home is South Bend, Indiana.

Pvt. Chernick, also 22, is a rookie. Graduating last May from the School of Optometry, University of California, and with three previous years at the University of Washington, Chernick enlisted June 26 and was assigned to the Scott Dispensary. He took the California State Board for registered optometrists June 18 and hopes to be able to take the Washington Board, August 10th. Chernick's home is Seattle, Washington.

CINEMA SALLIES

Destined for soldier movie houses: **FOOTLIGHT SERENADE** — Betty Grable, Victor Mature and Cobina Wright, Jr. are said by advanced critical notes to offer one of the brightest musicals ever produced. Yes, they refer to Betty's gamas as the figure feature of the show. (In these defenses about Aug. 10.) **LITTLE TOKYO, U. S. A.**—Los Angeles spies try to snag clever flatfoot Preston Foster. He out Moto's them. (Due about Aug. 20.) **THE LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE**—Linda Darnell and John Sheppard carry this tale. Genius gets tangled up with a bunch of gals during his lifetime. He also did some writing on the side. Critics say good. (Due about Aug. 5.)

New seats in the Fort Scott G. I. palace soon—500 of 'em. If they wear well other shows will be thus equipped. Footlights and dressing rooms are being planned so that plays as well as vaudeville shows can be presented. Incidentally, there is a cry for soldier talent in novelty acts, emceeing and the drama. Phone Scott 3827 and tell Lt. Harband what you can do.

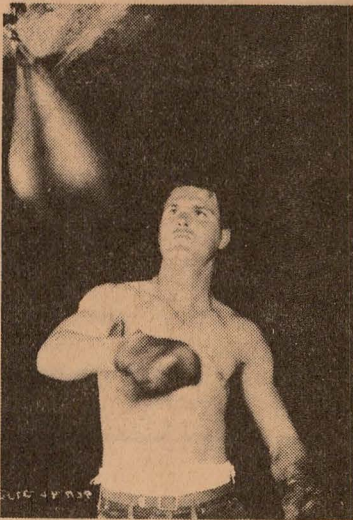
BASEBALL

Hitting in every inning, the Fort Scott nine blitzed the Presidio team, Saturday, July 11, 15 to 2. Rallying from its mysterious slump, Ft. Scott began living up to its potentialities, with every man hitting and only two boners gigged up against them.

The home lineup was:

Wade, ss	Moore, cf
Stark, 3b	Dolan, lf
Steik, 2b	Walsh, rf
Henrikson, 1b	Devine, c
	Fenner, p

'LITTLE JOE'



Standing 6' 1 3/4" in his G.I. sox and weighing 176, "Little Joe"—or as the Service Record carries him—Pfc. Idell Warren Moore, "D" of Funston Woods, makes his bid for the Soldiers Valhalla by smashing all existing records for the Commando Course. Time: 45.4. An all-around athlete, Joe hails from Pensacola, Florida.

WAAC MEMO

What's the difference between a Jap and a girdle?

No difference.

Both sneak up on you and it takes a good Yank to keep them down.

SWANKY YANKS

The War Department recently announced the acquisition of the world-famed Stevens and Congress Hotels of Chicago, for use by the Army Air Forces.

REPORTING REPORTERS

FUNSTON CANNONEERS

Sassietty!!—Julius “Buddy” Baudwin, scion of a well known Illinois family, and Amie Estelita, San Francisco debutante, were joined in wedlock at Reno last week.

The groom chose the season’s popular olive drab blouse and trousers of wool serge with harmonizing sun tan shirt and black tie. Setting off the lines of the blouse were a single row of bright brass buttons and individual decorative pieces of brass on pockets and shoulders. His trousers were straight cut conforming with defense modifications—that is, without cuffs. Cotton Sox of olive drab and well shaped brown shoes plus a linen white handkerchief in right hip pocket (unseen), completed the ensemble—the bride wore blue.

Congratulations!—Pfc. Raymond F. Keefe has graduated to the Coast Artillery Officer’s School. We Cannoneers wish you well, Ray.

Why?—The new pay raise went to one soldier’s head. A certain driver at the motor pool gave away a twenty dollar bill pay-day. It is suspected some civie did our boy out of the “gift.” Goes to show—easy come, easy go.

Pfc. Henry O. Arras
(Editors’ Note: Pfc. Berru has a hankering for art. Some cartoons on drawing paper in black ink may hit our columns nicely.)

CRONKHITE NEWS

Marked by an impressive ceremony, the first craft of Fort Cronkhite’s “Navy” slid down the ways into Rodeo Lagoon the other week. Following the design of the historic “Merrimac,” Cpl. James Chalmers, T. Cpl. Orvin Yittre and T. Sgt. Tom Chappel, were the shipwrights on the job.

The christening was slightly

marred when Sgt. Manning, wielding a bottle of “Acme,” bashed in the bow. After the front half of the hull had been rebuilt, the rites continued with Sgt. John Freeman playing an original bugle composition, “Ode to a Boat.”

The party cheered madly as the boat slid into the water—and kept on sliding—coming to rest peacefully about three fathoms under. The shipwrights claimed sabotage and are watching the papers (for reports of a Jap sub sunk in the harbor area.

Through ehroic efforts Cpl. Chalmers salvaged the “craft” which was really intended as a floating dock to accomodate an eight man surf boat.

Rumor has it Pvt. Jake Graffeo, No. 1 sports enthusiast around the camp, is canvassing the boys for subscriptions to send our eight carsmen to Poughkeepsie next spring. Master Sgt. “Plunger” Bruce, RSO, has gone overboard on the Cronkhite crew, quoting 5-3 odds and one shell length over U. of Washington, perennial favorite.

Swell idea Fort Scott splitting the dance orchestra. We think they’re both terrific!

Herman Seelig, the tough little topkick with the mellow heart, proudly presents his “A” btry promotions: Staff Sgts. Jack Schott and Harrison Quick; Sgts. Eugene Gordes, Harland Rump and Richard Giacomazzi; Cpl. Moe Etingoff, “T” Cpls. Chas. Gulon and Christian Bjelde.

Pfc. Otto Quirling

GALLOPING GOPHERS

San Francisco’s AA gunners proved better marksmen than their fellow soldiers from the East Bay area by trouncing them to the tune of 7-0 in a recent ice hockey match in Berkeley’s Iceland.

Paul Guretin made the first goal

after 1:37 minutes of play followed by scorers Babe Huttle and Cy Bibeau in the first period. In the second and third periods four more goals were scored by Sgt. Bibeau, Pfc. Huttle, Pfc. Dahlstrom and Cpl. Schatzlein. Where there’s ice there’s us. We have some mighty sharp blades in our outfit.

Cpl. Larry Potts

THE BAYVIEW INN

Headquarters Section CASC Present: S/Sgt. James S. Proctor, new top kick, originally from the jungles of Southern California, more recently from the late Woo Poo Poo (West Point Prep, to you) . . . Former Cpl. Critchley, UPO payroll wizard, is now wearing three stripes . . . Mess Sgt. Huntley adds an arc below his chevrs—that Fourth o’ July spread must have turned the trick . . . Something new added (T/5): Nygowski, Szafarczyk.

Accounted for: Tehc Sgt. Charles R. Ahlberg, all six feet five of him, departed for Quartermaster OCS;



took along 1 wife and 1 watch (the latter a gift of the boys in Hq. Sec.) . . . Sgt. William Beasley, for Armored Forces OCS—tanks for the memory . . . Current guests of the Bayview Inn, building No. 8 include dot-dashing members of signal and students of radio school . . . Ben Weinandt has gone to Funston . . . come up and see us now and then, Ben.

It was a damp and foggy morning. Very early. The Bayview Inn. “EVERYBODY out for Reveille!” Shouted the Sgt. “Who? Say that name again,” shivered a Pvt. from deep down in his bunk. So early in the morning too.

Pfc. Perry D. Morrison

SOUTH GATERS

The boys are getting tired of easy hoop wins and are dreaming of competition in the form of a challenge. Incidentally, our last year’s championship could be put up as an incentive. It has never been mentioned in the GGG that we are the ‘41 champs.

Top man in the recent win over “D” at Kirby was Pfc. Meyer in the scoring department. The floor-work was handled as usual by



Sgt. Leach and Pfc. Miller and Moore. The score ended up South G’ters 53 and D 30. Would have wound up in the hundreds, but the boys couldn’t “hit” the first half.

We haven’t had any takers on our little softball challenge as yet.

Four of our men play with the Scott softball team, and out of 15 hits snagged off Presidio, our boys got 12 of them. The boys are: Cpl. Steik, who has played a little pro ball; Pvt. Fenner, who had a tryout with the Cardinals, and does the chucking; Sgt. Hendricksen, who plays a very neat first sack; and last but not least, Pfc. Moore, who along with his baseball, basketball and softball, holds the time record on the obstacle course.

Pfc. Bergmann, member of the ‘41 team, is one of our finest basketball stars and plays a brilliant game.

Cpl. Bob Heatley

WHOOZIT?



Smiling, sparkling and lovely, this pic was placed in the GGG box by a scion from the Special Service office with the note —“Don’t know name.” Take a good look though, men. This personality lass appears with the next USO Camp Shows, Inc., presentation August 1st hereabouts.

BARBETEERS

Ever since Sgt. Wright caught his 18½ pounder several weeks ago, the coast line in this area has been over-



run with fishermen. It wouldn’t surprise yours truly if, in the near future, Battery D organizes a “Boat Rental” business to handle the crowd.

Construction work is now being started on a new building. This building will house six new showers, with hot and cold water. Adjoining the shower room, will be a dressing room. The construction work is being supervised by Corp. Meyer (recently promoted) who has done much toward improving living conditions around the Battery.

The large metal dish washing barrels have been replaced by a new double sink. This new sink is all metal and replaces the old “dunk and rinse” method. “Civilization” the boys are calling it.

Pfc. Hubert Rennie

“C” AT RODEO

Those records Sgt. Woodruff made of his voice last week will soon be on their way to a little gal in Canada. Hope she can recognize “I Don’t Want To Set The World On Fire.” Johnny Babula became the hero of last week’s softball game by virtue of his long home run with the bases loaded, which won the game. Pvt. Amos R. Rockvorn set out for the Enlisted Specialists’ School at Fort

Monroe, Va., this week to take a course in radio operation and maintenance. Pfc. “Teddy” Wycheck is still trying to explain the two letters he received from a flame in Temple, Pa. last week, which were both sent at the same hour of the same day, and were sent air mail. Must be love, eh Ted?

After being kissed on the cheek by one of the Red Cross entertainers on their last visit to the hill, Cpl. Salome made the statement that he wasn’t going to wash his face for a week. Hope a certain girl in Oakland doesn’t hear about it, don’t you Roy? Cpl. Robert Coulson received his diploma as a first-aid instructor, and is now ready to treat any war casualties in this vicinity. See you after the next black-out, Bob! Technician 4th Grade Joseph Bartkas, who made the rise to this grade from a first and third, has only one comment to make, “More Cabooch!” Pfc. Vito Mangiapane is being pestered by many who want to know how one man can eat five, yes five, half-chickens at one sitting, and then walk away without letting up a couple notches in his belt.

Pfc. Bob Dempsey is still raving over his pitching prowess, but tell us “Bob,” how is it that the team has to score eighteen runs before they can win behind your pitching?

Technician 5th Grade Ernest O. Bogatzki says, “When it comes to rank, I may be a Model “T” Cpl., but when it comes to work, I’m a V-8!” And Ernie isn’t off cylinder, as he is one of the most industrious workers on the hill.

Cpl. John Joseph Jenkins, who is constantly squawking about something, now wants to know why we can’t have a detachment of the WAAC on this hill and let the men take their passes more often. Why John, who could we get to take a pass then?

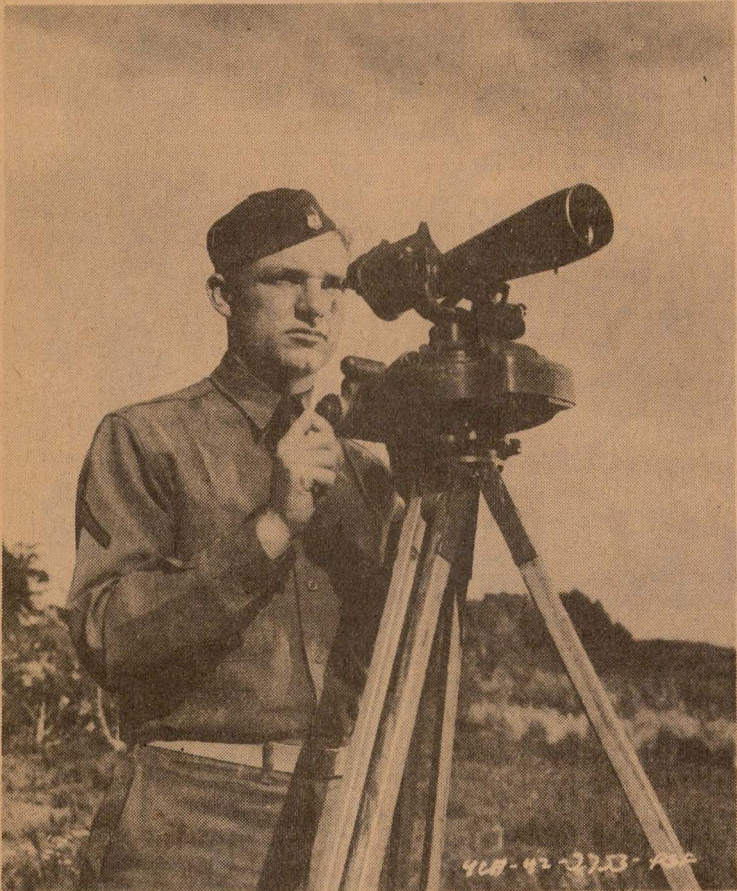
Cpl. Bernard W. Evans

Since June, 1941, planes of the Army Air Forces’ Air Transport Command have carried more than six million letters to American soldiers overseas.

PAGING CLEMSON MEN

Clemson, S. C. wants the name, rank, and post of every Clemson grad or student now in the service. Send your name and any others you know to Clemson News Bureau, Clemson, S. C. Joe Sherman, director says—“Give em Hell, Tigers.”

‘TYPICAL’ SOLDIER SOCKS



—Photo by Signal Corps

Up in the Funston Woods Pfc. Norm T. Stocking has been pitching in an admirable soldierly fashion. For this, his BC and Top Kick selected him as being “typical” of U. S. fighters. “Socks” hails from Los Angeles where he was employed by Fox Film Corporation in Hollywood. At first we thought it was a stand in for a screen hotshot. Unglamorously, he was their transportation man for three years. Not much Hollywood atmosphere out here as he scrubs a pan or beds down close to terra firma in the shade of coniferous limbs. Gazing through an azimuth instrument is earnest business and “Socks” is plenty grim about the whole thing. Here he is seen at his station watching and waiting for the swastika or rising sun to come into view. Be sure that when he does, he’ll draw a “bead” on the invaders and his buddies will dish out explosives in jitterbug time. “We’ll give them hell,” says Socks. And boy, we’re right behind you.

JACK LEAVES THE BOYS



—U. S. Signal Corps Photo

Major Jack R. Lehmkuhl, aid-de-camp to General Stockton, extends his hand to 1st Lt. Robert V. Ball in a parting so-long. He was known to all the officers as "Jack" and it is understood that besides being an excellent administrative officer, he could also swing a mean tennis racket. The well wishes of the defenses go to "Jack" on his new tour of duty.

FISTICUFFS

The gentle (or not so gentle) art of lambasting a guy in the puss with a padded glove takes shape in these parts with the erection of a regulation sized canvas arena, according to reports from the Special Service Office. This ring will first be used at the Fort Scott gym, but is detachable and will be used at other post gymnasiums on call.

Boxing stars and impressarios are all over these defenses and some hot competition is in the offing. From Fort Funston looms the name of Staff Sgt. Augie Lager, former Golden Glove and AAU heavyweight whiz; Baker boasts of Lou Jallo, former lightweight; Scott has a number of names including Sgt. Maynard De Vos, lightweight and there are others who will be in there pitching leather.

Professional instruction will also be given to neophytes.

NEW USO SHOW

"THE MORE THE MERRIER," Unit 42 of Camp Shows, Inc., moves into the Harbor Defenses for one week beginning August 4 at Fort Scott.

One of fifteen bigtime musical revues now on tour, this show features the headline talents of the Stroud Twins, of movie, radio and vaudeville fame, Wini Shaw, Broadway and Hollywood singer, George Prentice with a Punch and Judy turn, the Six Rambling Rhythmettes in acrobatic and novelty routines, and June Lorraine, impressionist songstress.

The schedule of showings is: August 4th, Ft. Scott Theatre; 5th, Funston; 6th and 7th, Barry; 11th Cronkhite (Ft. Barry Theatre). Fort Miley is invited to attend any of the performances. Admission, of course, is free.

CONFESSION—

The corporal and I had words—but I never got to use mine.

E. T.

\$10 QUESTION—

"Why can't flies see in the winter time?"

"Because they leave their specks behind in the summer."

OTTO W.

Keglers To Roll
On New Alleys

Theater of operations in the Scott bowling emporium will be at white heat when the two new alleys now under construction are completed. With the increase in size will go other improvements such as a complete rejuvenation of the floorboards now in use and some shiny new pins thrown in.

Effective last week, the alleys became available for play from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily including Saturday and Sunday.

Improvements are also contemplated at the other bowling alleys in the HDSF. Besides the coke machines in use, candy, popcorn and other tidbits will be available. Scotch and sodas are yet unconfirmed rumors.

If a Jeep Ain't
A Peep—What Is It?

In a recent contest issued by the National Catholic Community Service, Washington, D. C., the editors of camp publications all over the country were urged to send in their opinion on—what is a "jeep"?

The Golden Gate Guardian was honorably mentioned with this piece of Shakespearian verse—

'Tis not a peep this jeep,
'Tis not a carry-all or recon—
Though like a peep it can leap
And Gen'als like it to ride on.

Sixty-seven per cent of those voting stated the jeep is a bantam car. It would be interesting to know the number of opinions in these defenses of what a "jeep" is. The best answers to this perennial question will be printed in these columns. Poetry, free verse, prose and even homespun philosophy on the subject are acceptable for print. Just keep it clean.

SPORTS ITEM—

The German Army seems to be establishing numerous records in the field meet in Russia.

Mike

PAGING MR. BERGEN—

Did'ja hear about the ventriloquist who spoke in his sleep—so his wife had to go into the next room to hear him?

Blackjack

GI Truckers
Conserve Needs

Every possible means has been taken in these defenses to conserve gas and rubber. The HDSF Motor Pool is responsible for the greatest amount of saving. Their first major step reduced all unnecessary runs. Short trips in many cases are consolidated into one run thereby greatly reducing the amount of gas needed to travel back and forth from the motor pool.

The maximum speed limit is now 40 miles per hour EVERYWHERE. On posts proper, the speed is 20 MPH. The areas are well patrolled by MP's and traffic violators receive stiff GI punishment.

All trucks that normally employ duo tires, now use single tires where no heavy loads are to be used. Tires on many of the vehicles are rotated periodically to assure even wear. Henderson note!

"ATTACK," the first Army publication produced for civilians, made its appearance this month at the opening of the Army War Shows and Expositions which will be in 15 large eastern and midwestern cities this summer.

A pictorial, the 56-page booklet presents the story of the Army to the present moment with dramatic photographs from the Signal Corps and Air Forces as well as pictures made during the past six months by America's leading news photographers.

One million copies of the first edition have been published and proceeds from the sale of "ATTACK" will go to the Army Emergency Relief.



VOCABULARY LESSON

"Give me a sentence with the word 'high way cop.'"

"High way cop with a hangover every morning."

Joe Be.

BARN YARD BACK TALK

"That's the guy I'm layin' for," muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the barn yard.

Millet

BLACK OUT IMPRESSION

Private ROMEO defines the black outs as Liberty Lights—the less light the more liberty.

TOAST

"Here's to the soldier who fights and loves. May he never lack for either."

Herb W.

WHATZIT

It's curled and always gets a free ride between two hams?

Answer: A pig's tail.

ANALYSIS

There's one thing the rookies can always count on—it's their fingers.

Joe B.

LOVE'S RETORT

SHE: "Whisper something soft and sweet to me, dear."

HE: "Chocolate pudding."

Casper Urp

HOLLYWOOD DEFINITION
A.W.O.L.—A Wolf On The Loose.
Alex Smart

DOCTOR QUIZ:
"What's- the last word in air planes?"
"Jump!"
Hugo Sl.

CONFESSION
"After looking at the so called glamour gals, I told the mess sergeant not all the enameled pans are in the kitchen."
Romeo

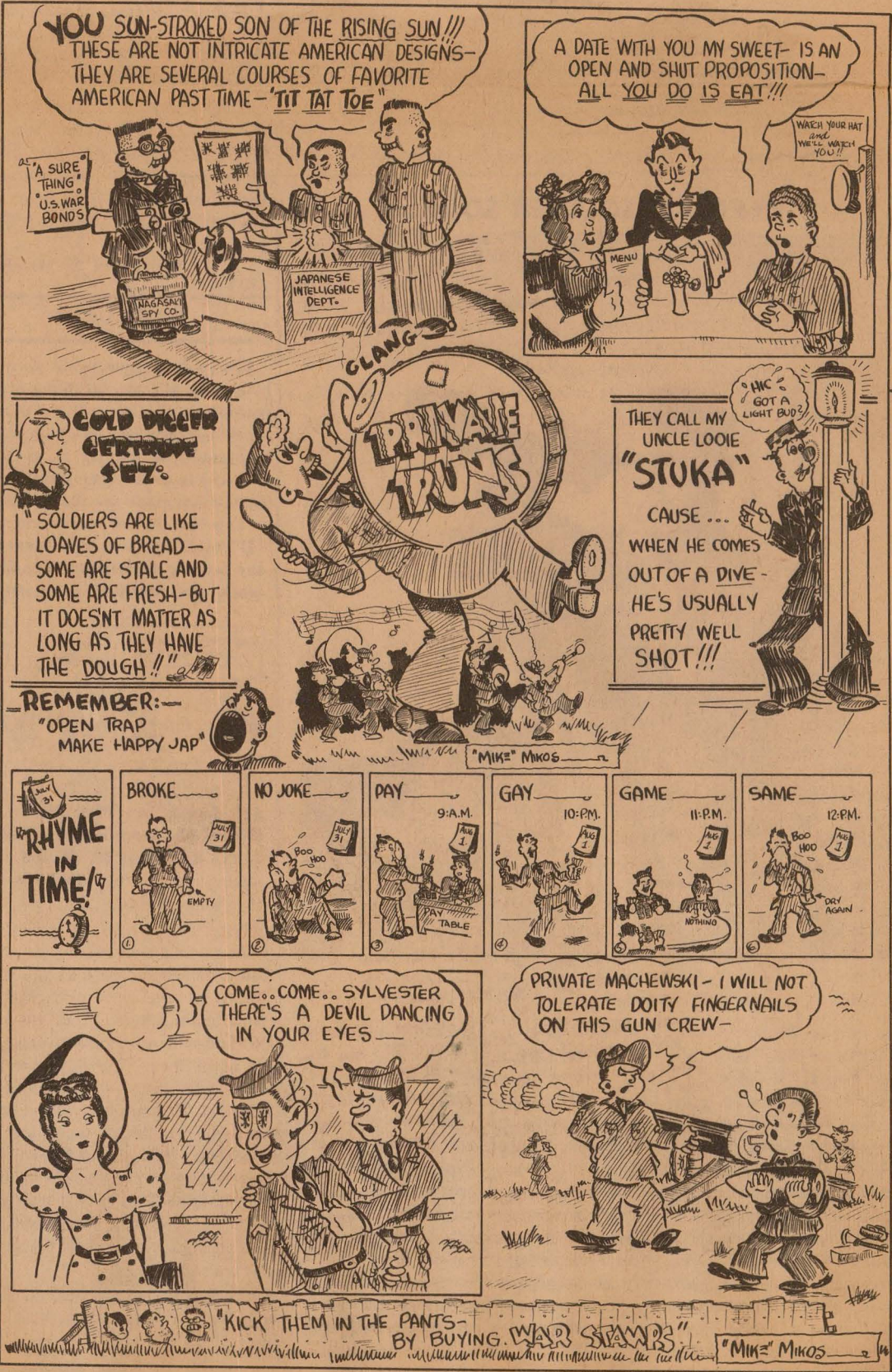
REVISED PROVERB
When in Rome, do as the Germans do.
Blue Bird

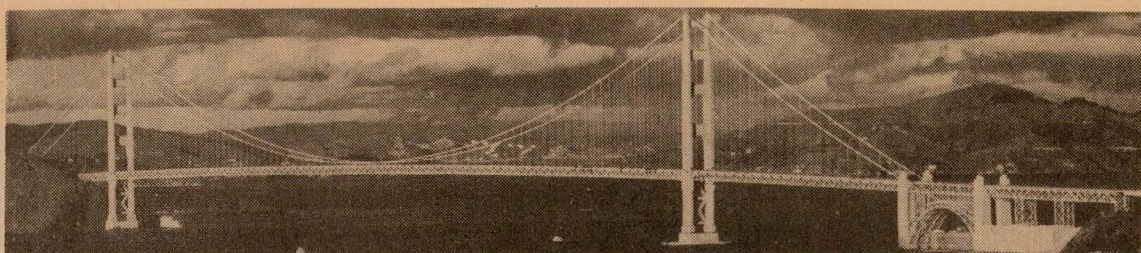
DAFYNITION
LARK—That which you can't get get up with if you've turned in late.
Alec Smart

CONFOOIE SAY |
If love hit you like a ton of bricks, save them to build a cottage for two
Romeo

NEGRO SOLDIERS EXCEL
IN MOTOR MECHANICS
More than 200 Negro soldiers recently were described as one of the best classes ever to graduate from the Motor Maintenance School of the Quartermaster Replacement Center at Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming.

High praise for these mechanics of the Fourth Quartermaster Training Regiment was expressed by Lt. Colonel Richard T. Benning, director, who delivered the graduation address.





GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

Vol. 11

Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Monday, August 10, 1942

No. 5



—Photo By Signal Corps
AIDED BY TRANSIT, Master Sgts. Otto Brechtelsbauer, observer, and Stanley Berg, recorder, make calculations for another base end station somewhere in the San Francisco defenses. They, too, are "jacks of many trades"—and masters of many.

Experts in Many Fields, Master Gunners On Job

Among the personnel needed to make up an efficient Coast Artillery unit are engineers, draftsmen, scientists, surveyors, mathematicians, photographers, meteorologists and mechanics. Master Gunners are a combination of all these. Besides establishing base-lines and computing orientation data, these soldiers make up grid maps, layout underground fire control lines, take fast action photos of seacoast gun and mine practices, and are experts with transit, T-square, slide-rule, camera, logarithms, theodolite and drawing pen.

These important tasks and knowledge are incorporated in Master Sgt. Otto J. Brechtelsbauer, HDSF Master Gunner and Master Sgt. Stanley Berg, Regimental Master Gunner.

Previous to enlisting in the Service, January 9, 1941, Sgt. Brechtelsbauer was Plant Engineer for the Chevrolet Grey Iron Foundry, Saginaw, Michigan and studied Advanced Engineering and Machine Drawing at the General Motors Institute for four years. He has been in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco in the Master Gunners office for almost 16 months, starting out as a draftsman. As Assistant Master Gunner to former Master Sgt. David Z. Cox (now Lt.), Otto became thoroughly acquainted with every phase of the work at hand.

Though twenty-five years old, Sgt. Brechtelsbauer has many times demonstrated the ability to intelligently handle this important job. As Colonel Burr puts it, "Otto knows what he's doing."

Otto's hobby is model railroad building. With 17 cars constructed by himself, a high powered engine, large control system and 35 feet of track, Sgt. Brechtelsbauer claims to have a railroad system. He constructed

two additional cars while in the Service.



Otto's RR Works

Master Sgt. Stan Berg followed Otto into the Service by eight days. He comes from the Ravenswood district of Chicago. Stanley holds the not-so-rare distinction of taking five trips on the L-boat AGNEW and getting sea sick on each trip—but never coming back without the pictures he set out to take.

In civilian life Stan was a machinist, machine shop foreman, patent and general draftsman and armature winder. He graduated from a technical high school and took extensive courses at the Chicago Technical School and the Allied School for Machinists. As Master Gunner, he supervised the establishment of several important datum points and assisted Sgt. Brechtelsbauer in forming grid maps of these defenses.

Stan is 28 years old, over six feet tall and "pleasingly plump" as a few of his buddies have suggested. His hobby is philately and Stan has quite a collection of rare stamps. When asked what he thought were the most important tools to a Master Gunner, he replied unhesitatingly, "Assistant Master Gunners."

The Assistant Master Gunners for the HDSF are: Staff Sgt. Donald M. Dapprich, Inkster, Michigan, draftsman for Ford Motor Co., knows Henry Ford personally, inducted January 6, 1941; "T" Cpl. Michael Maziak, Chicago, Layout Engineer for Liquid Carbonic Corporation, inducted March 13, 1941; Pfc. Rudolph M. (Continued on page three)

CALLING ALL CAMERAS!

With this issue, the GGG streamlines its front page to make room for special shots. Photos of unusual interest or merit will henceforth headline each issue.

All camera enthusiasts (so sorry, no Japanese) are invited to submit their pix. The best—and only the best—will be published. Backgrounds of the Golden Gate Bridge, gun emplacements, Alcatraz and similar atmosphere settings are taboo. All pictures, except those of Lady Godiva sans horse, will be returned.

U. S. Air Commandos Train for Attack

"It will exceed anything of its kind the world has yet seen!"

With these stirring words casting portentous shadows on the shape of things to come, Lt. Gen. Henry H. Arnold, CG, Army Air Forces, disclosed recently the specific organization and training data of the Army air-born combat teams.

Using large gliders and transport airplanes, operating with maximum mobility and firepower, these Commandos of the air will strike in lightning offensive action as the spearhead of attacks.

"This will be a self-contained force," said the General in outlining the over-all picture. "Soldiers, equipment and supplies will be all transported by air. This force will be trained and able to strike the enemy where he is least prepared."

When and where these American Air Commandos will strike, as well as details concerning the force's exact size, composition, tactics and objectives was not revealed.

"That," stated General Arnold flatly, "is a military secret."

CHIEF SOUNDS ALERT

In instructions issued last week for fire prevention by Harbor Defense Fire Chief G. A. Nelson, the following precautions were emphasized:

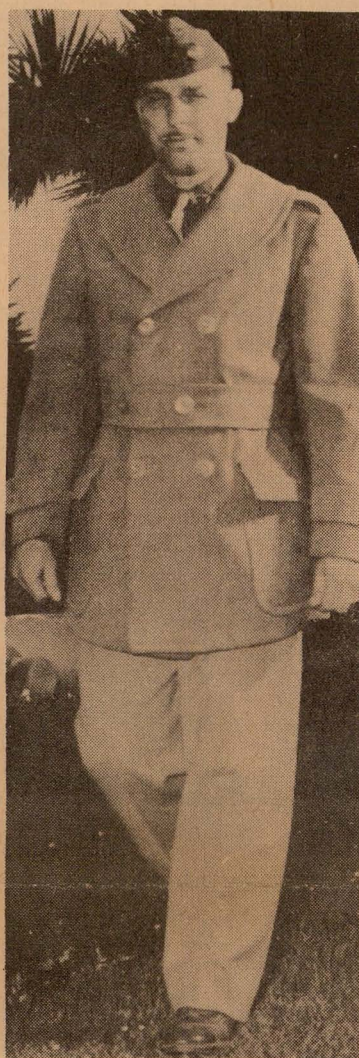
1. Make sure your matches are out; break them in two before throwing away.
2. Always tramp the stubs of cigarettes or cigars before discarding.
3. Do not smoke or light matches near gasoline.
4. Be on the alert for fires wherever you are.

Chief Harmon, with 27 years experience as a member of the San Francisco Fire Department, trains and directs the operation of a fleet of 20 modern and completely equipped fire trucks in these defenses. Phoning Fort Baker 40J or any guard house will bring immediate action.

UGH!

And then there is the story of the rookie who made a fetish out of kissing his girl's picture every night before he went to bed. He kept the precious photograph in his footlocker. One night coming in after lights were out, he fumbled in his locker, went through his ritual, and then to bed. Came the dawn, and our hero was fit to be tied. And no wonder. Someone had replaced his girl's picture with one of Adolph Schickelgruber!

COLONEL FELIX M. USIS



"And I Still Like Beans"

Barry Corporal Takes Army Study

First of the Fort Barry artillerymen to take advantage of the excellent study courses offered by the Army institute, is Corporal John H. Wylie, "C" at Rodeo. Through the correspondence medium John is studying trigonometry.

The Army Institute was established by the War Department to enable enlisted men to study by correspondence some 65 subjects, or to enroll in courses given by any one of 80 colleges and universities. Half the university or college tuition cost is paid by the government, not to exceed \$20. Institute courses are \$2. Proper credits are received upon completion of college or university courses.

MC NITE LIFE

Bringing their brand of eccentric comedy and songs, Cross and Dunn, currently popular headliners of San Francisco's Bal Tabarin floor show, rolled 'em in the aisles of the Fort Baker Hospital when they entertained the patients last month. Alice Kennedy, songstress who "makes with the eyes," also appeared. Miss Kennedy is scheduled to take her voice and charms on the recreational tour this week.

DULL BLADE—SHARP FINISH

A South Carolina post has finally solved the problem of carelessly-tossed razor blades. Officials have put up tin cans with the following sign:

"Blades placed in this container will be dropped on Tokyo and Berlin at a later date."

It worked!

Former 'Boodler,' Regiment Chief Gets His Eagles

Every private has his impression of a Colonel. Few express this impression.

During the hub-bub of another war, a G. I. neophyte, just learning the manual of arms and still called by his nickname, "Beans," dared to express his opinion—

"Stuffed shirts, a far cry from being human, lofty, secular, demonstrative and fussy," sputtered Felix M. Usis through the shadow of a cadet shower room.

This one man critique never got out of the shower room and F. M. Usis graduated from West point a shave-tail, served in the AEF "Over There" in World War I. Through succeeding years as an outstanding soldier and leader of men he received promotions.

Two Thursdays ago, F. M. Usis, a Regimental Commander in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, passed out cigars on receiving his silver eagles and the rank of Colonel. Said Colonel Usis—

"Yes, Colonels are human. And so are Generals and Privates too. After living with men of title and rank and working with men of every race, color and description, you realize there are certain fundamentals. Each has a job to do. Each is important toward the fulfillment of the supreme goal."

With a twinkle the Colonel remembers when he was known to his fellow khaki men as "Beans." "Always liked beans and still do," the Colonel said, "And there are other things too—such as breaking a regulation. I recall the excitement of running a sentry line with cookie 'boodle,' which added to the enjoyment of the sweet swag, especially under the dark of the moon. Today, beautiful USO and Red Cross girls bring cake to your door with a song."

Besides a long colorful career in the service, Colonel Usis was superintendent of a West Virginia coal mine and executive of the Richmond, California branch of the Ford Motor Company for 10 years. He has been a resident of Berkeley, Calif. for 12 years. However, mid-westerners in these defenses claim Colonel Usis as a native son of metropolitan Chicago. Colonel Usis was born in Niles, Illinois, baseline distance from famous Michigan avenue, and was a student of the University of Illinois and Armour Institute of Technology, before entering the Academy.

New Use Found For Sulf Drug

The mysterious drug sulfanilamide, which has the uncanny property of destroying deadly bacteria without harming live tissue, has been given a wider berth in U. S. first aid on the battle field.

Besides the sulfanilamide tablets carried for internal use, the same drug in crystalline form is contained in the first aid kit to sprinkle on wounds. Medical officers explained that soluble sulfanilamide provides a strong local concentrate of the chemical agent, which is highly bactericidal, killing the germs which cause infection. In crystalline form it does not cake and can be sprinkled evenly.

Used internally, the drug in tablet form, eases pain and helps prevent nerve shock.

AXIS START—WE FINISH!

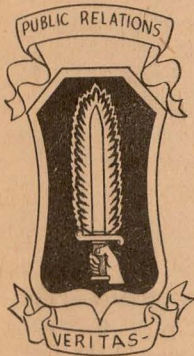
Whether or not gas warfare develops, the Chemical Warfare Service of the Services of Supply is preparing the Army to give more than it takes in poison gases. Production of chlorine, a basic in poison gas, has been greatly stepped up in the past twelve months in both Government and commercial plants, the War Department recently announced.

THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

VOL. II AUGUST 10, 1942 ISSUE NO. 5

The Golden Gate Guardian is published by and for the personnel of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco and associated camps.

MILLER RYAN, Capt., CAC, Officer In Charge



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News matter published in the Golden Gate Guardian is available for general release.



VERBOTEN: It Can't Happen Here?

Every man in uniform today knows, or thinks he knows, why he is fighting—for what he is fighting. Each one of us by this time has personalized his grim role and his stake in this macabre play—or rationalized it. Every known human means of communications—the printed, the spoken, the whispered word—has steadily sought to crystallize the issues of this war: why we are fighting—for what we are fighting.

And now from the Polish Government in Exile come the magic words—clear, simple, unmistakable language—that may do it. No wild-eyed chauvinistic slogan, no fiery peroration, no suave rhetoric, it is a simple announcement—a list of the German decrees, the barbarous verbotens, that now rule the lives of every Pole in Poland.

Without further comment, we reprint the list Verboten, as published in the Oakland Tribune:

STRICTLY FORBIDDEN

To speak Polish in public, or use Polish names of cities or streets.

To print any book, magazine or paper in Polish.

To play or sing any Polish music, or patriotic song.

To worship in church.

To belong to any religious, scientific or social organization.

To attend any school or college.

To go to operas, theaters or concerts.

To visit museums, libraries or educational centres.

To pursue any professional career.

To enter any public park or garden or sit on any bench in a public place.

To eat in restaurants or cafes, etc.

To visit barber shops, except those partitioned off to segregate Poles.

To travel without permit, or to use express trains and motor busses.

To use automobiles or ride bicycles, except for cycling to work.

To use playing fields or swimming pools.

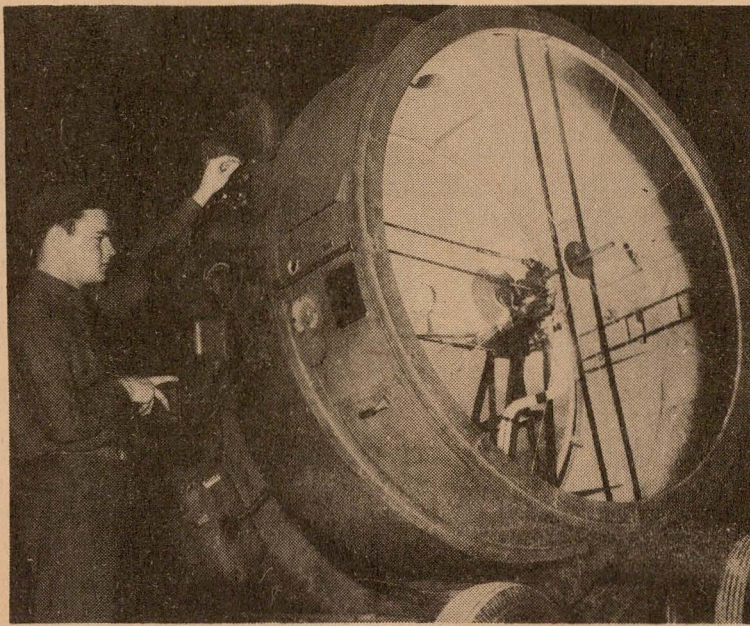
To buy clothing or footwear, except work clothes and wooden shoes.

To shop except in certain stores and at certain hours set aside for Poles.

To own cameras, radio sets or phonograph records.

To own land or any real estate whatsoever.

ON THE BEAM



—Photo By Signal Corps

Somewhere in the shadows of massive bridge girders, 800,000,000 candles of light lie harnessed. Somewhere across the horizon men of the Rising Sun plan their next sneak. Ready to unleash this light is Pfc. Glenn Clugston, "N" at Scott. Glenn is one—one of thousands. When Nippy slithers across the Pacific, a maze of beams will seek him out. In its wake a river of steel will defeat him.

Only eighteen months ago Glenn Clugston was in the stock room of the Briggs Manufacturing Company of Detroit. Today, Glenn is alerted at the controls of one of the trusted H.D.S.F. searchlights—stoic, determined and well-trained. He is typical of U. S. soldiers serving in these defenses, and throughout the world.

Glenn claims to have little time to think of any other hobby right now than that of taking care of the job at hand. He is a bowler with a 170 average, a ping pong player with a nasty serve, an enthused observer of most sports and a G.I. conversationalist—he enjoys fanning the breeze with the fellows. This "Typical" soldier is 24, reaches 71 inches and weighs 190 pounds. He is well fed, well clothed and "On the Beam."

HOW TO WIN BABES AND ALIENATE MOOCHERS

If you're overseas, see, and you're sweating out a date with a pretty colleen, or—

If you're a rookie, kid, and you can't tell a colonel from a mess sergeant, or—

If you're holdin' foldin' money, bub, and the battery bum is making a beeline for you—

Whadya do? Take your troubles to the Chaplain?

Well, dummy up, bud. Run—do not walk—to the nearest PX and grab a gander at the current issue of Coronet.

Elmer Wheeler, that supersalesman, the guy who put eggs in malted

Translated this means, "Don't race your motor, soldier; make with the eyes."

About distinguishing rank, Elmer says: "If you aren't certain of the rank, give the officer the highest reasonable title." (Especially when you're bucking for one of those scarcer-than-hen's teeth three day passes.)

As for the moocher, Elmer advises the good old one-two conditioned reflex. Now this isn't what you think it is at all. It consists of stepping in quickly and beating him to the punch with: "Mind letting me have a buck, Joe?"



milks (also available at the PX), has the solution to your problems.

In a slick little article, Elmer treats the thousand and one problems that harass dogfaces. For example, take case number 1, the babe: Says Elmer, "There are times when a simple gesture is far more effective than a number of magic words."

Working or Not
Mrs. Gets Her \$50

More questions have been popping around about the '22-28' deal for G. I. spouses and more mistatements made than any new set-up since the PX started selling razor blades.

Here's the dope:

Each month the gal gets \$50. Twenty-two comes from the pocket of sir dog-face, the other 28 from Uncle Samuel. Whether the frau works or not makes no dif—she still gets \$50. In order for the woman to get paid, an application has to be made out. No application—no dough.

Another important thing is to make sure your marriage is recorded on the service record. The first pay off will be November 1st, but is retroactive to June 1.



WHERE IS HAPPINESS?

By Chaplain J. T. Curd

Not in unbelief—Voltaire was an infidel of the most pronounced type. He wrote: "I wish I had never been born."

Not in pleasure—Lord Byron lived a life of pleasure, if anyone did. He wrote: "The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine alone."

Not in money—Jay Gould, the American millionaire, had plenty of that. When dying, he said: "I suppose I am the most miserable man on earth."

Not in position and fame—Lord Beaconsfield enjoyed more than his share of both. He wrote: "Youth is a mistake; manhood a struggle; old age a regret."

Not in military glory—Alexander the Great conquered the known world in his day. Having done so, he wept in his tent, because, he said, "There are no more worlds to conquer."

Where, then is happiness found? The answer is simple, In Christ alone. He said, "I will see you again and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

Conserving large amounts of copper, the War Department recently announced the substitution of steel for brass in the manufacture of artillery cartridge cases.

LESS PAPER—MORE BULLETS

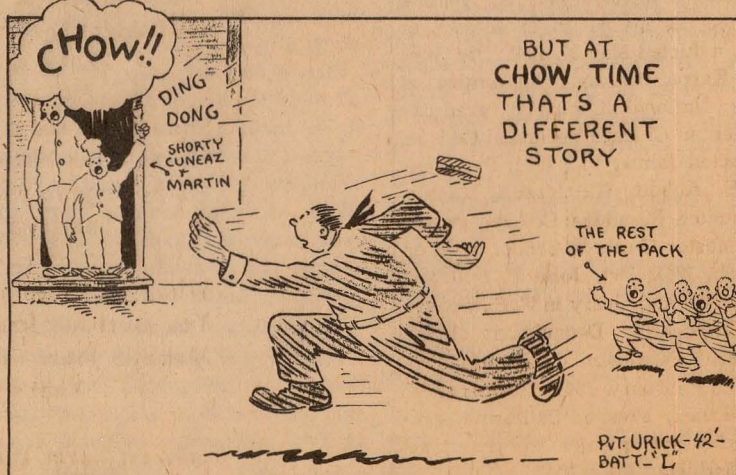
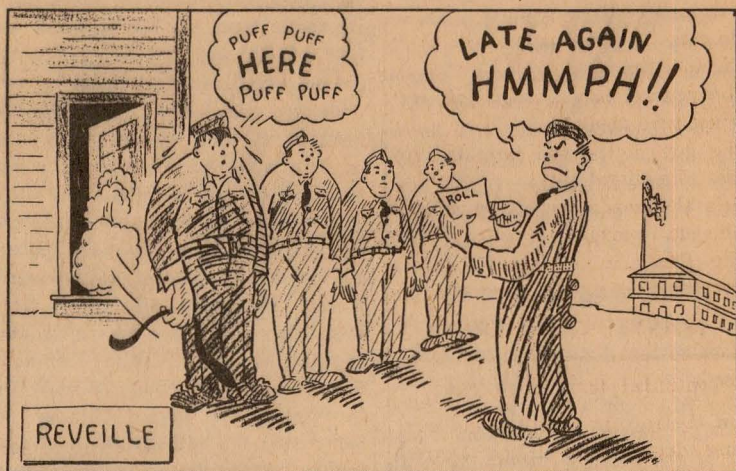
"My Lord—If I attempted to answer the mass of futile correspondence that surrounds me, I should be debarred from all serious business of campaigning.

"I must remind your Lordship—for the last time—that so long as I retain an independent position, I shall see that no officer under my command is debarred by attending to the futile drivelling of mere quill driving in your Lordship's office—from attending to his first duty—which is, and always has been, so to train the private men under his command that they may, without question, beat any force opposed to them in the field.

"I am, my Lord, your obedient servant,"

WELLINGTON

PRIVATE BUTCH



—Drawn by Pvt. Joseph Urick, "L" at Barry

KITTY CROONS



—Photo By Signal Corps

Pvt. Rook Thinks:



The mail clerk is a scheming rotter who builds bonfires with letters addressed to him. (That's when they skip him at mail call.)

The mail clerk ought to be President, or at least a four star general. (That's when Susie, Sally, and Sara-bella come through with lipstick smeared on the back of the envelopes).

The Colonel has a swell job.

It's a shame to make a he-man like himself take time out to wash leggings and socks.

It's inconceivable that a single coast gun could contain so many parts. He realizes that maybe armament production is a little more than stamping on a machine pedal and watching guns and planes fly out.

He doesn't really belong on the awkward squad.

The major has a nice job too.

He'll punch your bloody nose if you say he's homesick.

The reason he'd like to go home on furlough is that he wants to show the gals his uniform.

He looks very handsome in khakis.

His home town is the best burg on earth.

It's a miracle that he can continue living if he doesn't see a female for a couple of weeks.

The Lieutenant-Colonel enjoys himself.

The food is lousy but he can never get enough of it.

He can use more passes.

His feet hurt.

The general has a tough job, but he's not sure about it.

The guy in the bed next to him snores like all get out.

He's the hardest working soldier in the entire army.

The Russians are great fighters

MASTER GUNNERS

(Continued from page one)

Olson, Detroit, in drafting and surveying department of the Detroit Edison Company for 17 years—started at age of 16 as messenger boy, inducted May 27, 1941; Pfc. Wm. W. Karpa, Chicago, apprentice at Pyle National Company, graduate student at Chicago Technical College, inducted January 15, 1941; Pvt. Henry S. Abbott, Hutchinson, Kansas, graduated Pasadena College, graduate Master Gunners School, enlisted March, 1941; Pvt. John P. Sullivan, born 14th and Geary in S. F., worked in Engineering Department of the General Petroleum Corporation, inducted February, 1941; Pfc. Harry W. Rothermel, Fresno, California, professional sign painter and desert artist, inducted May, 1941.

These soldiers have the knowledge, background and experience. They do the job right.

'Villain Foiled Again;' Robertsmen Perform Gayly

Soldier talent at its best, gave vent to howls and applause from an HD SF audience last Thursday, July 30, when the Camp Roberts Entertainment Staff presented the 43rd enactment of their original melodrammer, "The Curse of the Coffin Nails or The Perils of a Puffer" at the Fort Scott Theater.

From the handsome hero to the dastardly villain, the Camp Robertsmen burlesqued to a degree identified only with experts of their craft. The entire company, including two imported comely lassies, boast of considerable stage, screen and radio experience. Cpl. Bert Hillner, playing the lead, was a former member of the long-run musical "Yokel Boy," while heroine Janee Curry appeared



G. I. TROUPERS

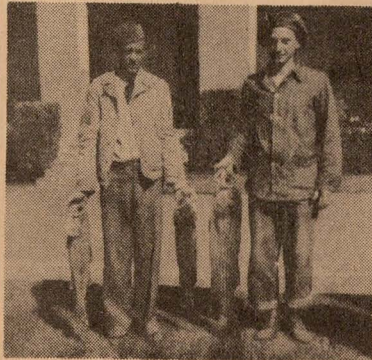
in the screen version of "Babes on Broadway." The fancy gag curtain

was from the brush of Pfc. Saul Robbins, a Walt Disney animator in civilian days, who also displayed fine wares as M. C. of the evening. A one time San Francisco free-lance writer, Pfc. Ross Kearney authored the play. The officer in charge, and director of the show, Lt. Ross B. Ramsey is a former theatrical producer of note.

After proper disposition of the villain, the soldier thespians accompanied the audience in a Community Sing synonymous with the days when women wore bustles and men wore buttoned shoes.

On the road again, the troupe, in cooperation with the Ninth Service Command, Special Service Office, will continue this grand show at various Army Camps along the coast.

JUICY CATCH



Substituting the big base drum and trumpet for fishing lines, Sgt. Walter Crapo and Pfc. Armando Quaglia of the HDSF Band caught themselves some big ones. Armando, we are told, is holding a 35 lb. striped bass and Sarg modestly displays 15 and 22 pounders. "But you shoulda seen the baby that got away!" sez the boys. They're going out with whale blubber as bait next Thursday.

Organize Math Classes For Officer Candidates

Classes in math for men interested in attending the Coast Artillery Officers Training School are now being conducted at the West Point Prep building under the tutelage of Miss Owens.

Meeting on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, afternoon and evening, and Sunday afternoons, the classes cover simple arithmetic, algebra and trigonometry. At present there is an enrollment of 30 students with new classes being formed almost every day.

Length of the course averages six weeks, depending upon the individual initiative of the student. Seventy-five cents is the charge for each lesson.

and the British have a lot of guts but he thinks there's nobody like an American.

He gets up too early in the morning.

Hitler and Hirohito are lice that walk like human beings.

Pvt. Martin Abramson

SG'S LOSE ONE

In an upset explained only by overconfidence, the South Gaters lost a seven-inning kitten ball game last Sunday to the "H" nine of Alameda. Score, 8 to 6.

B. H.

RECRUITING SLOGAN FOR THE JAP NAVY: "Join the Navy and See the Next World"

'PIN' MONEY

Are ya having financial difficulties? Do ya need dough? (Who doesn't?) Do ya want more sugar for your sugar? Then here's the answer to your prayers:

Apply at once to the Bowling Alley. They need Pin Setters. Four coppers a line and with two new alleys and plenty of players—that ain't hay, bub. Phone—Scott 3827.

SALVAGE

By T/Sgt. J. C. Perkins

At the front the custom run
When you find a fello's gun
Change it for your broken one:
That's salvage

If you chance across a pack
While its owner turns his back,
Just select the things you lack:
That's salvage

Should you see a grazing horse,
Never think about remorse,
He belongs to you, of course:
That's salvage

When you note a nimble Ford,
You must not feel conscience bored
Make it yours with one accord:
That's salvage

Soldiers never stoop to theft
Nor to borrow when bereft,
So there's only one way left:
That's salvage

NEW COMMANDO WHIZ

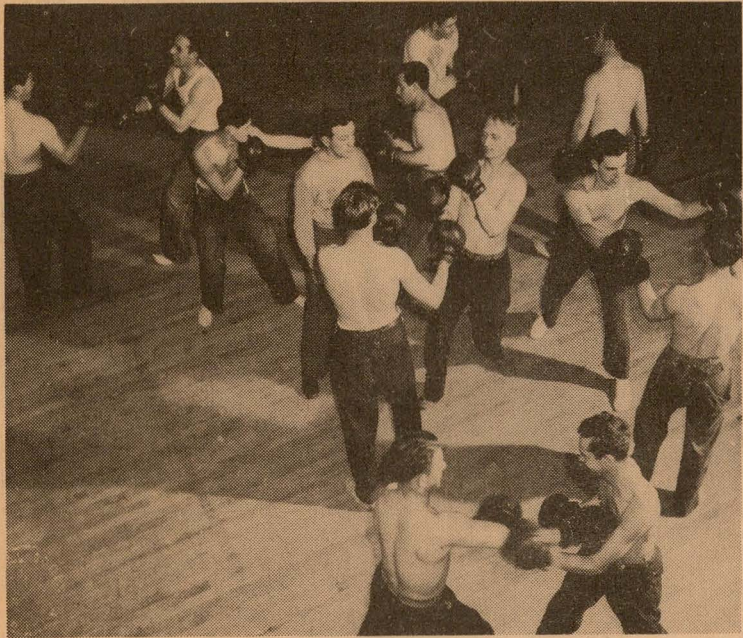


—Photo By Signal Corps

Sarg Tully Ellis, "B" at Scott, is shown here with an eye out for dust and rust. This twenty-year-old, 160-pound mite of a sergeant, left plenty of dust in his wake as he scampered over the Commando conditioning course in 44.4 seconds recently. At one time 45 seconds was considered the best possible time. Sarg Ellis says: "With a bit more practice I could easily clip off a couple of more seconds." Sarg, who came from a Saratoga, Arkansas, hay farm to the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco two years ago, has demonstrated the stuff of a prize warrior. He was a recruit instructor for six months, scored 192 points out of a possible 200 on the rifle range, earned his sergeancy over a year ago, and has been a worthy gun commander for many months. His 1st Sgt., John Zarko, gave Sgt. Ellis five bucks for breaking the course record. The Top Kick insists on calling Tully "Jack Rabbit" because Tully cleared the ten-foot wall on the course in one jump and roll.

Lost and found columns of Tokio newspapers are crowded these days. Every time an American buys a War Bond, the Japs lose face. Buy your 10% every pay-day.

Pushing Leather Today
Punching Japs Tomorrow



—Photo By Signal Corps

Under the trained eye of former lightweight crown contender Pfc. Lou Jallios, every khaki man in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco will learn the manly art of self defense besides continuing in the training tactics of alley fighting, judo, grenade tossing, and bayonet jabbing. Boxing is stressed in the second phase of the conditioning course, now under way.

Conditions in the field have proven the advantage of being prepared to deliver a haymaker when the chips are down. Though the Jap is tricky with his body and feet, he is no match for the doughboy when fists fly.

As Lou explains it, prime factors in being handy with the dukes are sense of balance, continuous exercise, good wind and a clear steady mind. Exercises take up a great deal of the instruction course such as pull ups, trunk bending from a lying down position with hands folded behind head, punching the heavy sand bag and the lighter leather bags and special breathing exercises. When partners are chosen and gloves put on, beginners are urged to take it easy. Lou stands for no rough stuff from novices.

"The first bum that starts slugging goes a round with me," Lou warns.

Some whirlwind talent has been discovered and there is big (unconfirmed) talk about an HDSF-NAVY boxing classic to be held in S.F. for Army-Navy Relief. A regulation sized boxing ring is available for competition bouts for the men of every post, and elimination bouts will be fought. The MP detachment receives boxing instructions every day.

The Special Service Office announces the first boxing show of the HDSF season to be held at the Fort Scott Gym under the auspices of the Acme Brewing Company of San Francisco, next Thursday, August 27th. Beef, brawn and cement padded gloves will be supplied by the 3.2 (plus) company. Mr. Sandell of the State Athletic Commission, promises six exhibition boxing bouts and two wrestling matches, with prominent ring luminaries participating. Gold and silver medal awards are to be presented to triumphant HDSF leatherpushers, who are scheduled to swing hay makers at the big event. The management assures that, "All blocks knocked off will be returned to the rightful owners upon receipt of the proper certificate of ownership." G. I. pugilists are urged to sign up with the SSO for future events.

TOTHER WAY ROUND

Hitler's war against Russia is now more than a year old. The Fuehrer thought it would be terribly simple but it turned out to be simply terrible.

SECOND PHASE RESULTS

Second Phase of the Special Training Program is now in full swing with batteries straining for records in all events, including—obstacle (Commando) course, bayonet run, 100 yard dash, mile run, pull ups, and shot put. Results of the first week are:

Battery "D" Scott—average, 267 or 44.3%—1st Place.

Battery "M" Barry—average 228 or 38%—2nd Place.

High individual scorers were: Meyers, "M," 67.1; Zopelital, "M," 67; Piper, "M," 66.3; Sulewski, "D," 65.8; Stratton, "M," 64.2; Evans, "M," 63.6; Lebores, "D," 63.6; Rimmel, "D," 63.; Schwab, "D," 62.5; Parker, "M," 62.3; Rider, "D," 60.9; Tott, "M," 60.7; Brown, "M," 60.7; Wujkowski, "D," 60.7; Hostero, "D," 60.2; Bellings, "M," 59.3; Reams, "M," 59.2; Kajewski, "F," 59.; Vargo, "D," 59.; Cook, "D," 58.6; Simons, "D," 58.5.

"F" at Baker was represented by very few men during this week.

V-Mail Brings Note Of Brand New Shoes

One of the first in the HDSF to receive a message by the new V-Mail postal service was S/Sgt. Joseph Loomis, Hqs.-Scott. The note Sarg Loomis received was penned by a former 'top kick,' stationed in parts unknown. The 1st Sgt. described his position with laconic words. He wrote in part, "I've just purchased a brand new pair of shoes for eight simoleons and brother, a horde of Jap armies couldn't take them away from me."

V-Mail, the postal service that guarantees the most expeditious dispatch of letters to and from armed forces overseas, can be utilized by HDSF personnel. Stocks of V-Mail letter sheets have been forwarded to the various post offices in these Defenses.

See Motor Men, Page 3



'T' Sgt. Bill Severson is the man with the torch. He learned acetelene and sheet metal work in the service, and according to his superiors, Bill serves the service well.

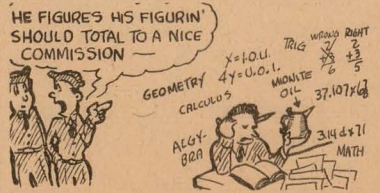


Vol. 11 Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Tuesday, August 25, 1942 No. 6

Math Army Courses Most Popular For G. I. Advancements

Promotion for the wide-awake, the aggressive, the ambitious—that is the aim of the War Department. With this in mind, thousands of soldiers in all branches of the service are using their spare time for study purposes.

Out of sixty-five subjects offered by the Army Institute, correspondence school, the favorite topic for study in these defenses is mathematics. New students Pfc. Walter P. Wroblewski, "E" at Funston, and Ser-



geant John W. McDonald, "F" At Miley, recently completed their first lessons in trigonometry given by the Institute. Trig is one of the many prerequisites for the Coast Artillery Officer's Candidate School.

Each subject taken from the Institute costs the student \$2.00. College and University courses are also available through the War Department with College Credits and even Degrees made possible to the soldier-student. The WD shares the cost on these courses.

Other subjects offered by the Institute interesting to the Artilleryman are—Analytic Geometry; General Science; Shorthand; Diesel Engines; Aviation Engines; Mechanical Engineering; Preparatory Course for Radio, Telephony and Telegraphy; Electric Welding; Surveying and Mapping; Carpentry.

Complete instructions are contained in WD Circular No. 76, 1942.

Set Your Shutter For Prize Prints

'Tenshun, pleez! Calling G.I. camera caddies . . . focal fiends . . . shutter snaps . . . lens lotharios!

Listen, bub, as your mouth unravels this printed formula titled: "How to Shake Hands with Fame."

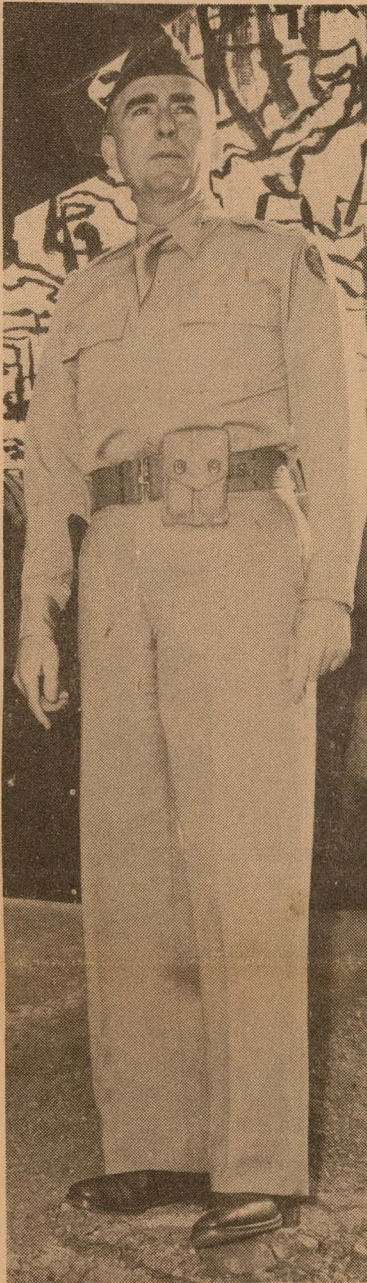
The Editors of popular Coronet Magazine are extending an invite to all officers and enlisted men to participate in their photography contest, dated August 24 to September 24.

This event will offer '18 specially designed gold medal awards to the victorious men in khaki. The Editors also plan to publish all prize-winning photos in their January Issue. The photographs will be classed in the following manner—sixteen vertical black and white photos, one horizontal black and white photo and one horizontal full color Kodachrome photo. There will be no first, second and third prizes. For further details, contact Art Editor, GGG (Scott 3687). Photos must clear through the HDSF Public Relations Office.

MOVIE PATROL—

Movie critics rate movies by stars, bells, check-marks, or letters. But the men at a Harbor Defense post evolved their own system of rating pictures by the number of Military Police who show up to handle the crowds. A three-M. P. picture is a smash hit!

COL. JOHN H. FONVIELLE



"Every soldier should know"

Blue Middie Pals Pipe the Dance

Not all is khaki in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. Sharing the dog watches, Army chow, jeep shakes, fog and many angled views of the Golden Gate are many men of blue. Though thoroughly Navy, they have managed to mingle with the dog-faces like 40-fathom ship mates.

A few weeks ago the sailor boys were host to almost three hundred couples—mostly Army, at a recent Scott dance. Like Nemetz, they had the situation well in hand. John Lawrence, Seaman 1st Class, former



NBC songster, made even the intermissions too short with his baritone offerings.

Punch (through the courtesy of the Red Cross) flowed freely in a nook resembling that of a cruiser. The boys, including George S. Paizis, RM 3/c, Herbert L. Gluesing, S 2/c and John S. Yokela, S 1/2/c planned and worked five days on the fixin's with the result that the event was said to be one of the highlights of the season.

lick the other side
BUY WAR STAMPS TODAY

Literature Prof Forgoes Prose For This Fight

Eleven days before the end of World War I, Cadet John "Jay" Fonvielle graduated from West Point, a Second Lieutenant in the United States Army. Shortly thereafter, he and several of his class mates, including Lieutenant F. M. Usis, were sent overseas for an "Orientation Tour," where they gathered information in the still warm fields of battle on artillery and other materiel used in the engagements, and for some duty with combatant troops.

On his return from Europe, 16-years-a-Lieutenant Fonvielle's various assignments included duty as aide, adjutant, on a mine planter, with Antiaircraft and Harbor Defense Artillery, at the Coast Artillery School, and as an instructor at West Point in English Literature. On this last assignment, he acquainted thousands of future military leaders with "Beowulf," Chaucer, Bacon, Lowell and Bill Shakespeare, the dean of playwrights. It was not uncommon for Lieutenant Fonvielle to give a discourse on Coleridge and "The Ancient Mariner," and in the midst of it discuss the effect of French Mortars on German lightly armored units. His last station before arriving in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco was the Philippines, where he commanded Fort Hughes for a year. Nothing gives him more pleasure now than to run across old soldiers in these Forts with whom he served there and on Corrigidor.

Today Colonel Fonvielle commands one of the sturdy regiments in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. There are few moments to reacquaint oneself with John Milton or any of the other literary masters; instead, Colonel Fonvielle familiarizes himself with events leading up to this war, and keeps ever abreast of the present.

"I firmly believe," the Colonel said, "that every man in our Army should know the facts surrounding this conflict and the tremendous part that we as a nation must

(Continued on page four)

See Motor Men, Page 3



Dispatcher "Woody" Woodruff hands a "jeep" the keys to a jeep and writes him out a dispatch. Woody and his assistant, Pfc. Shaudis, have been assigning vehicles for many months. As Sgt. Ratcliffe, the Dispatch Chief, puts it—"Things are in fine shape."

THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

VOL. II

AUGUST 25, 1942

ISSUE NO. 6

The Golden Gate Guardian is published by and for the personnel of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco and associated camps.

MILLER RYAN, Capt., CAC, Officer In Charge

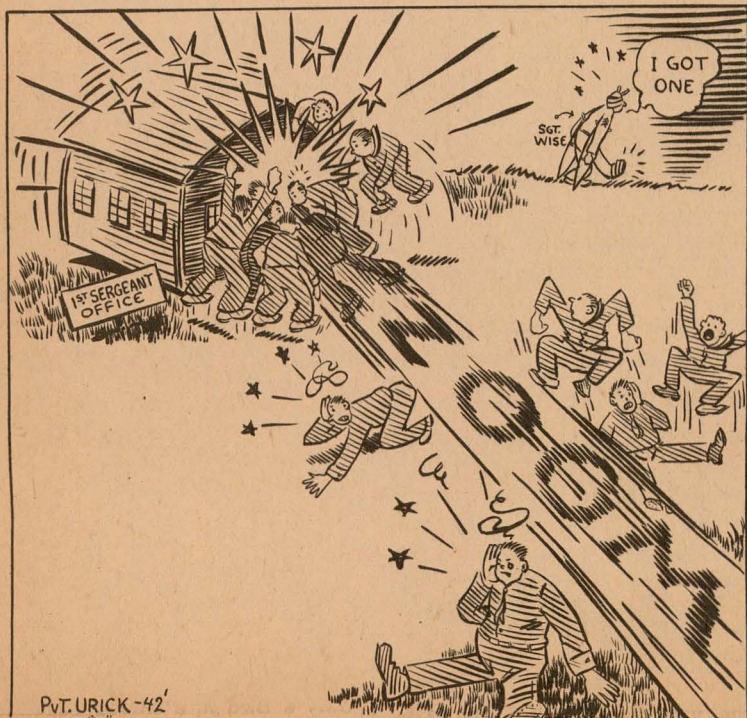


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and guest contributors

News matter published in the Golden Gate Guardian is available for general release.

Who Said Furloughs?



The word **FURLOUGH** has magic.

At its mention, the battery office does the business of Grand Central Station; every dogface asks every other dogface, "When ya leaving?"; the PX does a lucrative trade with travelling bags—Chinatown with trinkets; the Personnel Office becomes swamped with paper work; the Battery Commander is flooded with letters and telegrams from the folks back home wanting to know "Why hasn't Johnny left yet?"; rumors are forgotten as Mr. Army Man thrills to the word "FURLOUGH."

Pray, look at the facts.

Furloughs are being granted in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. Like a new 600.16 new retread, priorities exist. Your chances of receiving a furlough depends upon how long you have been in the service without a leave, your reasons for requesting a furlough (those with emergencies get first consideration), your financial status, and the length of time you can be spared from your duties. No furloughs will be granted during alert periods. Leaves are rationed out in accordance with the number allowed to be absent at any one time.

Before requesting a furlough make sure you are a "Chosen One."

Dummy Up

The universal impression among Army men is that the purchase of War Bonds and Stamps is strictly a civilian enterprise and any G. I. purchase along that line is not hep.

"Why," reasons sir dogface, "should I shell out for war materials and such when I am the guy who transacts business with the stuff. Don't make sense."

But, it does make sense, chum. Many of us "old timers" remember when 21 bucks a month was the wage. Most of us lived through the period without missing a single beer session. Now, with \$50 minimum, dough galore floats around. What to do with it all? The wise lad rolls some in the sock for the day when he can put it to good use in furthering a career or feathering a nest. Wars do not last forever and an investment in the future is wise.

There are two sound ways of saving money. One way is to bank the cash and have it accrue 1.5% (maximum) interest per annum; the other is to invest in War Bonds and Stamps with 2.9% profit a year. Held for one decade there's a helluva good profit. No matter how you buy them—through Class "E" allotment, from Post Office, Joe's Rendezvous or the Y.W.C.A.—the saving is the same.

And this is only the personal angle. Bonds and Stamps bring us more Tommy guns, hand grenades, Winchesters and Garands as well as new helmets, field jackets, jeeps, movies, baseballs, tan ties and canned tomato juice.

Shell out for Bonds and Stamps so we can sooner stamp out bonded rats with shells.

GOIN' MY WAY?



As "typical" cliff dwelling soldiers, these lads have typical destinations in mind. Pfc. Sam Coffman demonstrates the proper form for heisting a ride to Tojo's backyard while Pfc. Earl Currie has his aspirations pointed toward the land of heels and heels. 1st Sgt. Turner, "G" at Barry, when asked to name his typical khakimen, snapped, "Where do you get that 'typical' stuff? All we have are 'superior' soldiers!"

Pfc. Coffman, originally from Kankakee, Illinois, has been soldiering as a Cliff Dweller for 17 months. He is an observer in the BC station and as observers go, is very observant—at least so his buddies claim who have accompanied him on pass. Sam throws a mean hook on the bowling alleys and is an excellent swimmer.

Pfc. Currie ran through the Commando course in less than one minute, and according to the boys, he is an all-around athlete. Earl excels in basketball and boxing. From Colorado, Texas, he learned to be rough and tough by bulldogging and branding steers. Earl holds down the important job of gun pointer, and has proven his salt in many a firing.

Regulations scoff at the thumb as a transportation media. The way these "superiors" figure it out, though, the Nipponazi will get smothered with steel—not regulations.

Radioman Life Debunked

By Practice Message

During a dull midnight shift at the Navy Radio shack, Captain Harrison Payne, assistant Artillery Engineer, found this discarded practice message ditted and dotted off by one of the seasoned radiomen. Paragraphed, it is—

A radioman is a person either going on watch or coming off. Contrary to popular belief, radiomen are not crazy. A radioman has two brains, one perfectly normal, which is destroyed during the process of learning radio—another in a state of turmoil and used proficiently in his rating. This brain is filled with dots and dashes and procedure signs.

Radiomen are like ground hogs. They seldom see the sun coming up on topside, only on Saturday mornings at the special request of their Commanding Officer. If the sun is shining and a radioman sees his shadow, he goes below and everyone knows there will be six more days without inspection.

Sitting at his typewriter, a radioman receives an endless story of the world flowing through his ears. Both ears are stopped by headphones so the stuff flows out through his fingers and is given to the ship as press news, messages and orders to officers.

When conversing with a radioman do not try to point your story by asking if he remembers the "Message to Garcia," because he will jump up and scream—"What is the R number of it? Who sent it? If it's lost it didn't come in on my watch!"

Radiomen live on black coffee and canned dogs. All through the long mid-watches they sit and dit and dot. So tired and weary of it all, they wonder why they ever chose radio as a rate. When they go ashore on watchstanders liberty, they hurry home to their little ham radio sets and just dit and dot to their hearts content. Girls who fall for radiomen will find they are courted with considerable sparking and many love messages in morse code. And after they are married they will receive much broadcasting both loud and long.

Radiomen are found on all ships and stations in the Navy and are quite harmless if left alone, occasionally fed and aired, and given annually thirty days leave, so they may rig up their new outfits at home.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country.

During a heavy downpour not long ago, a frantic sergeant called the post utilities office. "We've got a couple of drips down here in the personnel office," he explained. "What can be done about it?"

"Fire 'em, sergeant!" was the reply.

CRONKHITE COMMANDO TOUGH'NER



—Photo By Signal Corps

These lads, most of whom hail from Brooklyn, are toughening up not only to take care of those despicable Dodger imported umps, but also to smash a couple of belligerent skulls. This Cronkhite Commando course is one-half mile around, and includes some of the stiffest obstacles man or beast could invent.

The ground over which these artillerymen scamper is hilly. There is sand and loose rocks and high grass and trenches besides high splintery walls, barbed wire entanglements, high mounds to swing across and, as in this instance, a cameraman to face.

Sgt. Wilbur Gosney, Hq 1st Bn., obstacled around in 1:55, according to authoritative reports. Wilbur is 5' 7", weighs 150 lbs. and is also reputed to be an excellent boxer. Without wings, we wonder how he could "dood" it.

BOOK
Re-Marks

AMERICAN REVELLE, by Ward Morehouse

A compilation of what he saw, where he was, whom he met, and his own vivid reactions, is this study of the United States at War by a New York Sun reporter. San Francisco and its defenses gave him "The greatest surge of confidence or pride or whatever you want to call it, in the armed might of the United States."

GET TOUGH! By Capt. W. E. Fairbairn

Subtitled, "How to Win in Hand-to-Hand Fighting," this manual describes by word and diagram the famous Fairbairn system developed over thirty years of fighting assassins and terrorists. The author was formerly connected with the Shanghai Municipal Police Riot Squad, is today teaching his method to Commandos of the British and American Armies.

Mac ARTHUR ON WAR, with an introduction by Frank C. Waldrop

Mr. Waldrop says of this book that General MacArthur speaks up for his profession. He not only makes positive assertion of important information in a simple and thoroughly understandable way, but he also puts passion and deep conviction into all his discussions of military matters.

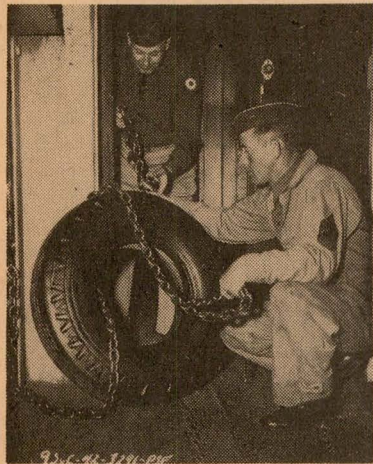
lick the other side
BUY WAR STAMPS TODAY

TOUGH GUYS . . .

No sturdier man than the American—none tougher than the U.S. soldier—that is the cry, the theme, the message. Through these defenses are men who dress up to specifications, and who would just as soon throw a bowl of sukiaki in the Emperor's face as eat an ice cream cone—but they are the most sentimental creatures that ever walked the earth.

At recent post showings of the "Pride of the Yankees" involving the life and death of Lou Gehrig one of baseball's most cherished memories, grizzily, grown, hardened, rough and tough khakimen cried like babes. The epic is certainly a tear jerker and as Pvt. Eisen, athletic director, put it—"There wasn't a dry eye in the house."

HDSF Motor Men Serve the Service; Nurse Cars To Keep 'Em Rolling



1st Lt. Ulrey, MTO, and Tech Sgt. Vicory demonstrate one way of saving rubber. Another way is through moderate driving speeds and safety.

A rolling stone gathers no 'moss; a rolling tire gathers miles with occasional spikes, stones and bits of glass thrown in. To keep a tire on the move, the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco Motor Pool has a large crew of experienced drivers, mechanics, supply men, clerks, "grease-monkeys" and general roustabouts on the job twenty-four hours a day, every day.

An endless stream of vehicles, ranging from 7-ton prime - movers using ten 900.75 tires on three axles to the jeep "blitz wagon" that skims along on four 600.16 tires, roll in and out of the pool daily. "Keep 'Em

Rolling" is no idle phrase to MTO artillerymen. They always angle for some way to insure greater safety and save valuable motor materials by daily inspections and immediate repairs of the slightest mechanical fault.

In twelve months of continuous driving, during which approximately 2,676,000 miles were travelled, the percentage of accidents has been less than 1 per cent per mile-hours expended. This is a safety record few transportation organizations — military or civilian can duplicate. 1st Lt. Wayne F. Ulrey, Motor Transportation Officers, gives as the reason for this safety record, the strict orders printed on all vehicles—NOT TO BE DRIVEN IN EXCESS OF 40 MILES PER HOUR.

From all over the nation, with over fifty years of military service and close to 95 years of automotive experience are the men who head the job of "gettin' them there." Tech. Sgt. Paul Vickory, South Carolina, Motor Sergeant; Sgt. Lester E. Ratcliffe, Virginia, Chief Dispatcher; Sgt. Elvine Bodine, Va., Yard Master; Sgt. Clayton L. Bachman, California, Lubrication Sgt.; Master Sgt. Robert Robinson, Motor Sergeant; Cpl. Dean A. Ruell, Visala, Calif., Parts Clerk; Sgt. Wm. M. Severson, Oregon, Painter-Sheet Metal Sgt.; Pfc. Howard Woodruff, Michigan, Dispatcher; Pfc. Wm. J. Shaudis, Illinois, Assistant Dispatcher; Pfc. Curtis Sackett, Indiana, Gas Man; Pfc. Arthur Baker, Illinois, MTO Clerk; Pvt. Gus Hall, California, Clerk; Pfc. Louis Gregor, Machinist.

CRONKHITE TALKS

By Pvt. Martin Abramson

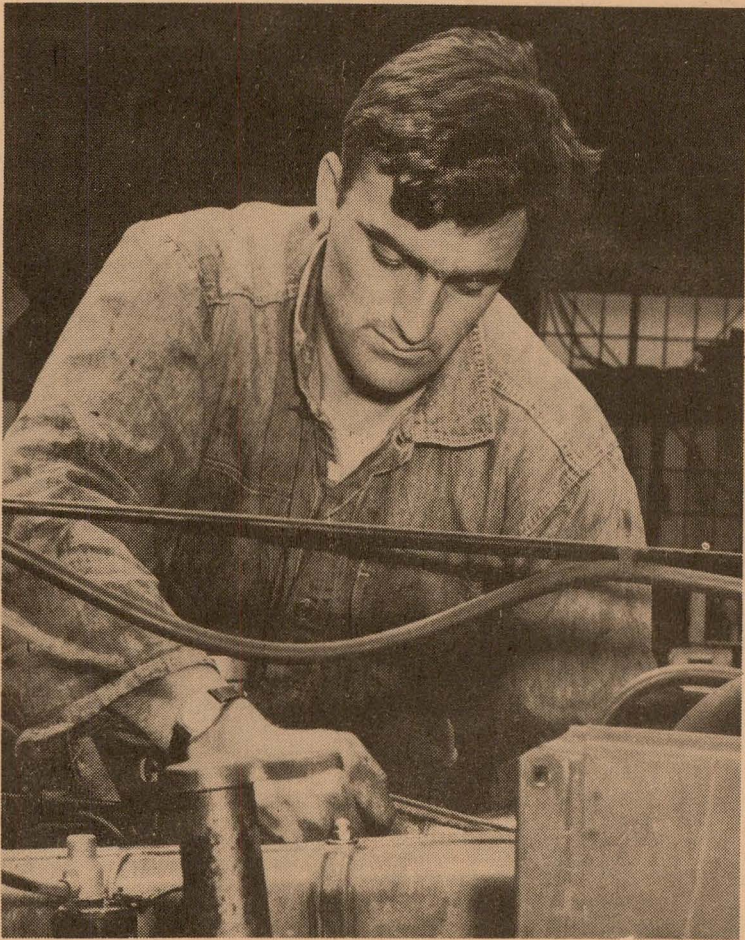
Battery "B" gives out with the news that Pvt. Danny Pager is practicing hooks and jabs again in off-hours. Pager, New York thumper, was a leading contender for the world's welterweight title until a brain concussion forced him out of the ring two years ago. He defeated top-notchers like Ernie Vigh, Izzy Jannazzo and Lou Schwartz. And Pvt. Danny De Pace, little slugger from Bloomington, N.Y. would like to get some boxing matches up. Any takers? Pvt. Abe Rood, an exploring sort of fellow, has discovered a basketball court at Fort Barry and would like to get in some exercise. Come on you dribble and pick-off artists, up and at 'em

There's a lively contest these days around the Regimental Supply Office; the burning issue at stake is who can steal the most girls from whom. Truckmaster Cpl. Dick Marino is in the lead at the moment, having pilfered at least one girl from every private on the supply staff. First Lt. W. H. Harrison has agreed to serve as umpire.

Pvt. Rosie Rosenberg had better be good these days. . . . His wife, Helen, is in town to see how things are going. . . . She's an ex-Follies girl, so why shouldn't he be good? And what is Pvt. Steve Mataya, a self-styled woman hater from away back, doing in town all these nights? . . . He couldn't be sampling the fish at DiMag's Grotto now, could he? . . . Is it true that a certain private who was raving about a certain nifty Red Cross nurse he'd met, called a certain phone number and discovered that 'a certain Mike's Garage was at the other end of the wire?

Despite his 260 pounds, 1st Sgt. Valentine Klumb ("D" Battery) weathered the last battery hike without undue perspiration. This is Klub's 24th year in the Army. Cpl. Horie Potter, and Privts. Peter Morone and Joe Passillio were really in the groove at Battery D's jitterbug session the other night. But Pvt. Casberro still claims to be the battery romeo and has stacks of female pics to prove he's quite the boy. To Pvt. Grossbeck, however, the only

EXPERT TUNE-UP



This 21-month soldier knows soldiering. He also knows motors and the art of keeping things on the run. Pfc. Erwin Potter, former head mechanic in Mason, Michigan, makes final adjustments on the eight cylinder engine of a GMC. Soon the transportation sergeant will shout—"Take 'er away!" and Erwin will be given another "coffee grinder" to tune-up.

Servicing the Service Man

Room furnishings, dishes, books, baseball and badminton equipment, radios and victrolas, books, magazines, games, pianos and coal stoves—these are but a few of the items distributed by the American Red Cross, through their Field Office, to almost every post and gun emplacement in these defenses since June First.

Perhaps their most inspiring service is that of supplying girls for the post dances. The Red Cross Dance Hostess Committee has a membership of 970 lovelies. Each girl, before being accepted into the Committee, must be finger printed and registered. Chaperons accompany the gals both ways. No complaints have been issued to date.

The refreshment and entertainment deal, fostered by the "Cookie Brigade" and the "Entertainment Truck," has serviced many thousands

within the HDSF. The entertainment feature is augmented periodically with prominent names of radio, stage, screen and nite clubs.

CLEAN PROSPECTS

When the typical Lochinvar with his romantic charms is sought from the vast field that is the Armed Forces, lets not forget Sergeant George McElhinney of Phoenix, Arizona. The story that bolsters the sergeant's claim goes as follows:

Sending his shirt to the local laundry, Sarg forgot to take out his precious address book from one of the pockets. The shirt came back a few days later. The all important record book still intact in a neatly buttoned pocket. But upon investigation, the Sarg found a dozen additional new fem addresses. About to don the clean shirt, the sergeant confessed, "The law of Cupid is certainly universal."

—Thanks to The Knave

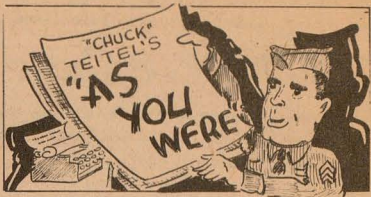
Scott Nine Battles; Conquers Foe In 7th

Avenging previous setbacks, a valiant and determined Fort Scott Baseball Team downed the strong Presidio Signal Corps in a 9-7 see-saw tilt, Aug. 8 at the latters' home grounds.

Equaling the count in the fourth (4-4) and sixth (7-7) frames, the Artillerymen rolled up their sleeves again in the concluding seventh by placing two mates on base. Victory was cinched when substitute Puccielli, sub for injured Sticke, smashed a torrid single to right field, bringing the two Scott runners safely home.

'Bang'up' ball by Stark, Pucciatti, Wilson and Devine was accented throughout the contest. Devine's homerun highlighted the sixth inning. Winning pitcher Havelik played his own formidable self, both on the 'slab and in the batter's box. The line-up for the fray: Stark 3b, Hendrickson ss, Moore cf, Devine c, Zubec 1b, Havelik p, Walsh lf, Pucciatti rf. Players on the Scott team hail from many HDSF posts.

gal worth thinking about is—MOM. He writes MOM every other day so she knows how he's getting along in his winter underwear. Pvt. N. Marcus's biggest beef is that his heartbeat doesn't write often enough. Move over, Marcus, we've got the same complaint.



YARD-BIRD, JEEP, RECRUIT ROOKIE, PLOWJOCKEY, BASIC, CONSCRIPT . . . Brings to mind that 'Private' is almost a forgotten term . . . **NOVEMBER 13, 1942, MAX STEPHAN**, traitor, will hang . . . the first time in 148 years a man is to die for betraying the United States . . . Living and to live are many who also betray . . . sugar horders, speedsters' and rubber stealers, war industry strikers, parasite credit establishments, loose thinkers and loose talkers . . . **EVERY CONQUORED COUNTRY** has its quislings . . . Every warring country, its quirks, quacks and quitters . . . **COKE-HYS AT TOMMY'S** are up to half'a buck . . . no squawks . . . Minimum at the 396 Club has valuted . . . 'no squawks . . . Movies (downtown), the theatre, magazines, and steak sandwiches have gone up in price . . . no squawks . . . G. I. haircut prices increased 5 to 10 cents . . . they'll howl about it for the duration . . . **HUNDREDS OF SOFT PLUSH SEATS** at the Scott film house . . . These seats, according to Sam Levinsohn, Chicago installer, once adorned 'beautiful Loew's theatre, Columbus, Ohio . . . How about that? . . . **JULES VERNE NOTE:** Sub freighters . . . silent 'in motion . . . may be made of concrete . . . \$2,500,000 to build . . . inventor, Simon Lake, claims safest means of transporting war men and material ever designed . . . **JAP-AN IMPORTED** to U. S. in 1940 one thousand canaries . . . 1941 (including Dec. 7), 50,00 'chirpers were delivered here from the land of the 'losing face' . . . Not only did 'Peace Envoys' hold the dove of 'peace in one hand, the dagger in the other, but they inspired tears with—"I'm Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" . . . **WHAT TO DO WITH** blabateurs, sniffers and chronic civvie relaxers . . . Give 'em KP . . . Give 'em fatigue details . . . Give 'em ice-planting employment . . . Give 'em hell . . . **'YANK,' SNAPPY ARMY** newspaper, can now be purchased through the PX . . . Bill Richardson, former S. F. Chronicle exec., appeared 'on the 'Yank' masthead, Issue 1, as Pvt. Richardson, Managing Editor . . . Issue 2, one week later, "Tech. Sgt. Richardson" . . . He's making strides—and so is the 'Yank'

LICK THE OTHER SIDE
BUY WAR STAMPS TODAY

Military Expose

The General: Buck privates are the lucky guys
They get the girls 'with laughing eyes.

The Colonel: The General is the cranky chump

Who keeps the Colonels on the jump.
The Major: I "yes" the colonel night and day

That's why I get a major's pay.

The Captain: I thread a rough and thorny path

To dodge the major's stormy wrath.

The Shavetail: Forgive what seems like a chronic sneer

I'm just the guy the buck privates jeer.

The 1st Sergeant: Behold a victim of sad fate

The critter all buck privates hate.

The Buck Private: In Uncle Sam I put my trust.

I'm on my way, Berlin or Bust.

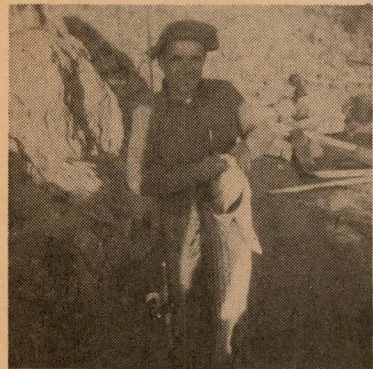
The Bugler: I don't mind names and nasty raps

If I can sound taps for the blasty Japs.

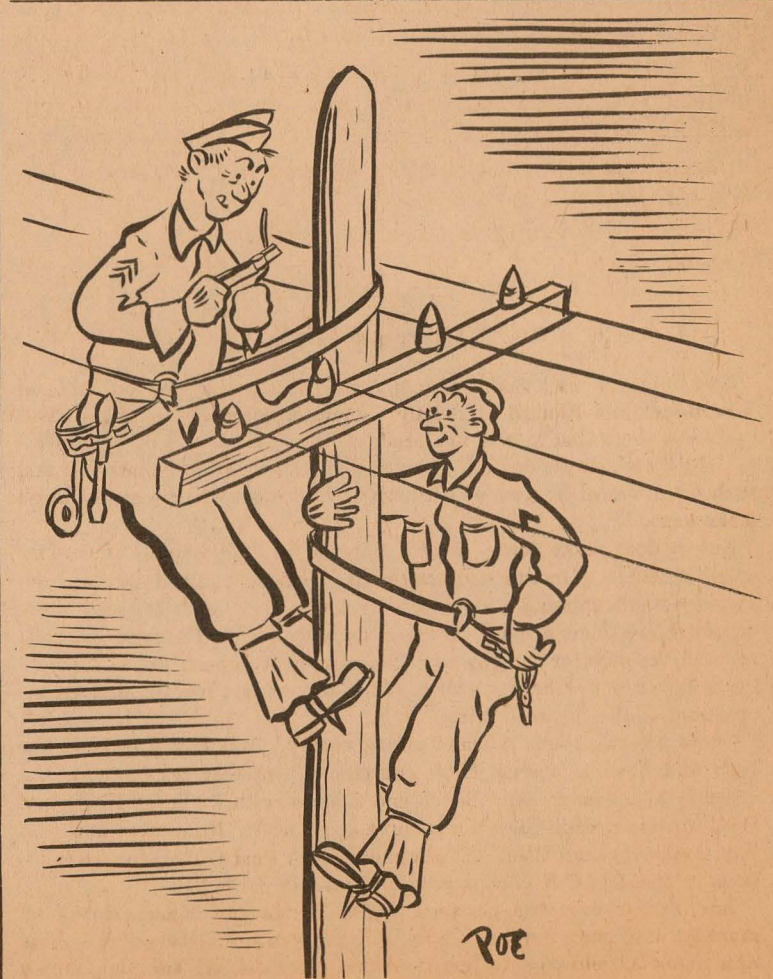
—NCC Service-gram

"WINGS" FOR THE CREW

First to wear the new Air Crew Member wings, authorized by the Army Air Force, are aerial gunners Tech Sgts. Robert Golay of Fredonia, Kansas and Eldred Scott of Phoenix, Arizona. The two gunners have taken noteworthy parts in different aerial combats, in opposite parts of the globe.



Twenty-six pounds of striped bass caught by 'T' Sgt. Emil Shebesta, "B" at Scott. He and Staff Sgt. Janiec, mess boss, throw out the line every opportunity. Emil says they fish where "only the big ones bite." He claims, though the fish travel around in schools, there are those who love to play HOOKEY.



So, She Sez—You Communication Men Sure Have the Line

REPORTING REPORTERS

GALLOPING GOPHERS

The "E" softball team split 50-50 on their two scheduled games of the past week. The boys went on a hitting spree and beat the Pacific Team 9 to 2, Don Leathers, of Anoka, Minnesota, hitting a homerun. The power seemed to be lacking last Saturday, as the American Can Co. team came out on top, 6-3. But that didn't stop the boys, who came through with a 9-8 win over the strong Coca Cola nine. The winning pitcher for Btry. "E" was Earl Barry.

Majority of the gang hail from Hastings. Marlin Havlish, Beise Wildes, Gene Halberg, Ed Fleming, John Hanks, Don Perkins, Dick Holzemer, and Bud Zeien

A number of Btry. "E" boys were given free admission to the Ice Follies at Berkeley, California. Among the fortunates were A. Welshons, J. Kleis and F. Kasel, all of Hastings, Minnesota.

The show consisted of a Gay 90's Revue, the skaters wearing colorful costumes of the era and performing in rhythm to strains of those never forgotten songs. A symphony orchestra gave a brief concert before the revue and accompanied the spectators in a community sing of the old time Gay 90's ballads. After singing "A Bicycle Built for Two," the boys decided to add a trailer so

our three "Canaries" from Hastings could ride instead of sing. Jack Kleis' rendition of "Daisy" was a heartbreaker.

Undoubtedly the rich soil of Minnesota is producing a plentiful crop this season. In California, too, the crops are noticeable—especially crops of hair of the majority of our men. But I can't say rain or sunshine helped its abundance. Just the lack of trims from our btry. barber, Dick "Clipper" Holzemer.

At the present Dick blames his inactivity on (what he calls) a rash. Of course it could be "The Barber's Itch." The boys certainly miss his presence at the shop. They now cut each other's hair and I'm afraid Monty, Gergen and Hild stood a bit too close to the clippers—quite a harvest was reaped.



Cpl. Larry Potts

"C" CANNONEERS

BARBACOA — The Pacific Club has finished remodeling their 'Barbeque Pit,' our first customers Colonel Lafrenz and Major Kramer WILL be back for more. "In fact, Sergeant Henneberg, we'll ALL be back for MORE!"

DEMORALIZIN' — When they were rescuing the "Lost" Dirigible about half the "C" men were in fatigues. An unknowing 'Civ' remarked, "Look, they even brought out the prisoners to help." Did Callas' face burn.

WEDDING BELLS! — Sergeant Schatz is all aflutter, and Rae isn't exactly calm about the coming knot tying either. First of the month for Meyer and Rae. Happy Days!

DIT DAT DIT DAH . . . — Lt. Robert Horsley will be over sometime this week for his 'hobby lobby' telegraphic sets. SO watch for a visiting Officer, Guard.

Pfc. Henry Arras

MILEY OBSERVERS

Comfort deluxe is what you think of when you walk into the newly completed day room. It has a reading room equipped with radio and phonograph plus a lunch counter over which Cpl. Powers expects to "sling hash." He is a graduate cook and we are looking forward to those delicious hamburgers he brags about.

Borrowed Stuff: A soldier was approached by a stranger who asked, "Well soldier, I expect you are willing to die for your country."

"Naw" was the prompt reply, "but I'm willing to help some Jap out that is willing to die for his."

"Did you know the Ruler of Japan had cabled Mr. Wrigley?"

"No. What for?"

"He wanted to buy glass bottomed boats they use at Catalina Island so he could review his fleet."

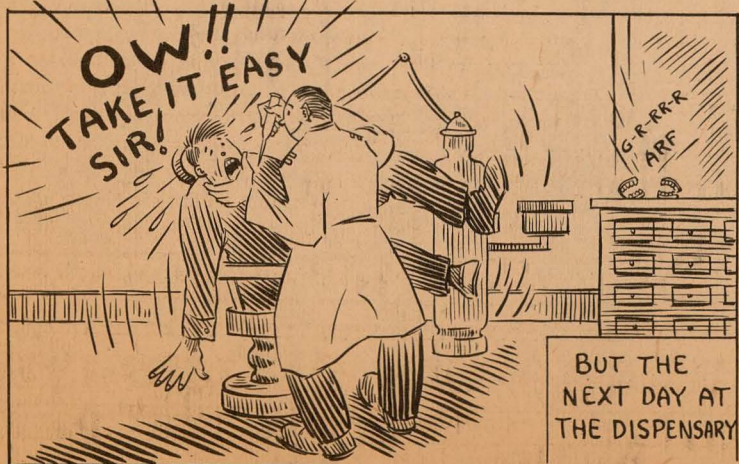
Sgt. George Shimel

"E" CANNONEERS

Battery "E," situated among the fog-banked hills, has contributed generously toward the expansion of Commissioned Officer ranks. To date nine men have departed for the various Officer Training Schools, and of this number four have received their Commissions. These men are: Lt. Claire B. Penzkofer, Lt. Daryl E. Gift, Lt. Kirk D. Sievers.

The five men attending School

PRIVATE BUTCH



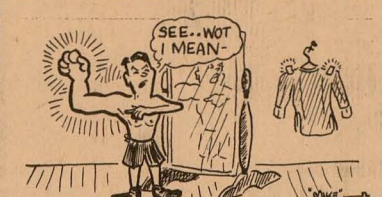
—Drawn by Pvt. Joseph Urick



are Sgt. McRae, Sgt. Cleary, Corp. Burkey, Corp. Davito, and Corp. Fratzen. Further, the following four men have been approved for Officer Training by the Board and are awaiting their orders to report to School: Sgt. William S. Brosnahan, Corp. Frank Zink, Corp. Charles V. Cain, and Pfc. George Dyson. Three others are to report to the Board Officers in the near future: 'T' Cpl. Ned Wachholz, Pfc. Jerome Feltman, and Pfc. P. Adkins.

Another man is under consideration for Flying Cadets; Sgt. Repec. This makes a grand loss to Battery "E" and a Corresponding gain to Army Officers of Seventeen men.

One of our Alumni, who now has his Commission, writes that the de-



Pfc. Geo. Dyson

SOUTH GATERS

Our latest softball victim was "C" at Rodeo. It was a stiff game and was won in the last half of the ninth only after Pfc. Meyer pinch hit a single with "Butter Ball" Joe Dowd on second. Joe ran the bases like a gazelle despite his 185 lbs. and came through with the winning tally by belly-wapping into home plate.

Our basketball team was challenged last week. Fortunately for "D" at Scott, they couldn't make

it. Since the South Gaters have shown their power on the hardwood floor, competition has ceased. WE DARE 'EM ALL!

Correction Please: The boys mentioned in the last issue play with the Fort Scott hardball team—not softball. We still want competition. For softball call Sgt. Hendriksen, Funston 81. For basketball, Cpl. Gugel, Funston 81.

'T' Sgt. Bob Heatley

"D" BARBETEERS

A great improvement was made by the battery in the recent tent pitching inspection held at the "condition area." Every other man was supplied with a small wooden mallet which did away with nicked rifle stocks, dented helmets and sore hands. In the Second Phase of the Training Program "D" knew what was expected of her and came through with laurels in all events.

When rubber shortage was a certainty the War Department started to plant weeds and trees for possible domestic substitutions. A certain Sergeant in this battery has foreseen a potato shortage. Now, every available patch of ground in these parts is the bearer of a potato plant.

Pfc. Hubert Rennie

NAME IS CPL. THRONUMOULOPOULOS

The Japs in the Pacific better stay away from Corporal Polycarpus Thronumouloupoulos. He wrote home from there 'recently saying that he has the longest name in the Army. He boastfully promised to make every captured Jap repeat his name a 100 times and yell "uncle."

The 'Yank'

Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps.

PROF. GOES ARMY

(Continued from page one) play. He should know what his country is up against in this struggle and the factors involved in bringing the war to a successful conclusion.

"A soldier should think for himself—that is one of the rights for which we are fighting. Radio and newspaper war analysts are not always correct in their estimate of a situation. A soldier must study and reason for himself; and with the aid of newspapers, radio reports and orientation lectures, learn the truth of our participation. That truth and the opportunity to investigate the truth (plus the best weapons) keep our fighting men head and shoulders above our enemy."

BUY A WAR STAMP AND HELP LICK THE OTHER SIDE.

WARNING

Organization commanders and military personnel stationed in the coastal area from San Francisco to Halfmoon Bay, are reminded that recent samplings of water supplies available in that area have shown to be unfit for drinking purposes without regulation chlorination.

Following are the only suitable drinking water sources in the area: William Large, Princeton. C.C.C. Building, Miramar. Betencourt Well, opposite High School, Halfmoon Bay. Miramar School, Miramar. Naval Training Station (north of Princeton).



DOGFACES watch the fight. At the extreme left is an MP bloke who appears to have been knocked into a lethargy. The others are amazed, excited, expectant, but one peaceful "jeep" in the center proves that nothing can disrupt his evening nap. With the low admission price (gratis) the free beer and smokes, the boys went away mumbling to themselves — "I don't believe it. 'Twas a buck-ten show easy."

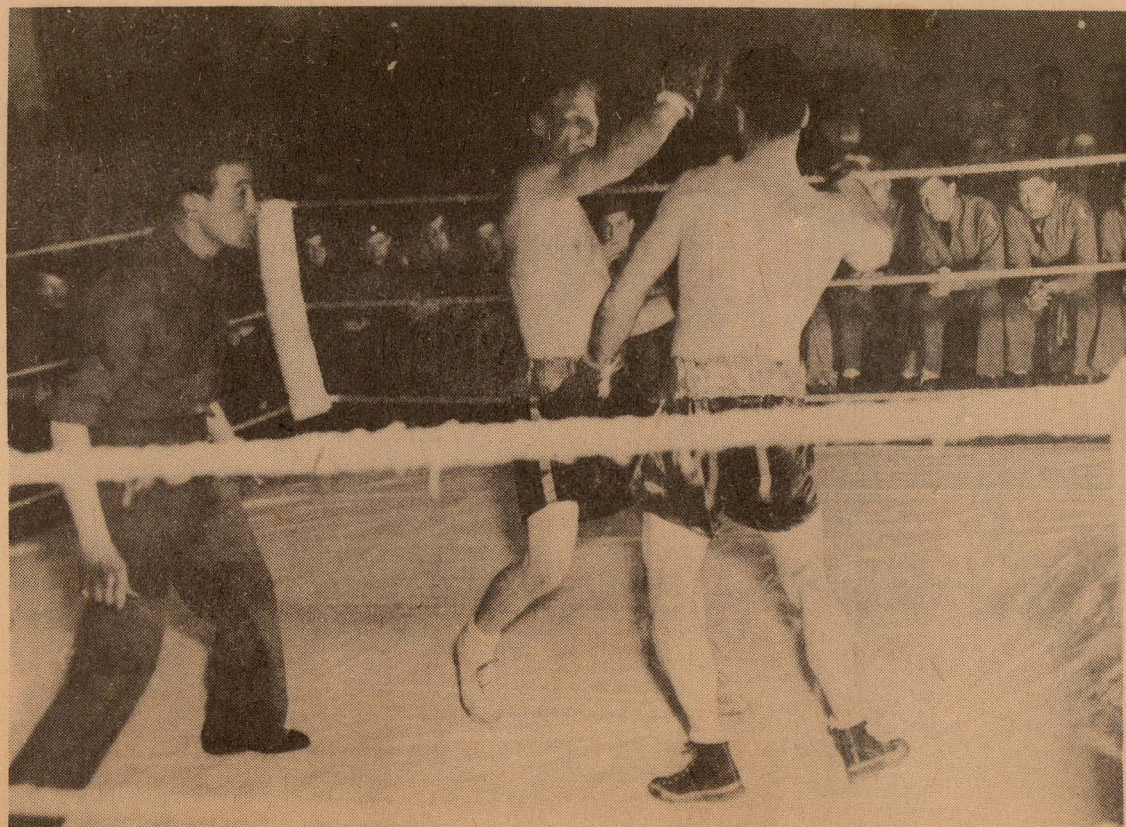


GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

Vol. II

Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Thursday, September 10, 1942

No. 7



—Photo By Signal Corps

"Red" Donalson, former "sour-dough" prospector, feints with a right and lands a meaty left into the mid-section of his worthy opponent, "Whilwind" Cox. Both men are HDSF

Coast Artillerymen and pushed leather before. Donalson won the decision. Cpl. Lou Jallo is the ref. (Other pictures of this fight fest, page 5).

Ogozoly, Stenberg, Donalson Cop Laurels In Scrap

"Socksational" is the word coined by a screaming, packed to the rafters HDSF audience as the first slam bang boxing show and smoker of the season went into its final rounds last Thursday night. The evening's banged-up noses, twisted toes and sore mid-rifs, augmented by free beer, pretzels and cigarettes, were sponsored by the Acme Brewing Company of S. F. through the HDSF Special Service Office.

MINER FINDS GOLD

This fistkrieg brought together some real scrapping Barry and Scott artillerymen. From CASC—Scott came Pvt. "Red" Donalson, who, according to Donalson, put the gloves on for the first time in 18 years. At 140 pounds, this mite of a gent showed superior tactics over his game opponent, Pvt. Roy Cox, Hq.-Scott in 3 rounds of punches, and jabs. Before entering the service, Red was a gold mine prospector, and, according to Red, he has a gold mine "somewhere". He now has a gold medal to go with it. Acme furnished the winners with gold medals; the losers with silver medals.

In three rounds of fast and furious taking it on the chin, Sgt. Harry Stenberg, Galloping Gophers, edged a decision over Pfc. Ernest Trivino, G-Barry. Both boys at 160 lbs. gave all they had, and deserved the ovation accorded winner and loser alike.

A CLOSE ONE

Main eventers Pvt. John Ogozoly, M-Barry, and Pvt. "Frenchie" Jure, G-Barry, veterans of other ring scuffles, fought three furious rounds to a draw. These 155 pounders continued operations in a deciding fourth round. Ogozoly got the nod in this close-quartered, evenly matched slug-fest.

Every bout and every punch brought the audience to a higher pitch of excitement. These soldiers battled with everything they had—and they had plenty. Because of their wonderful showing, future events with other posts are being planned. "T." Cpl. Lou Jallo, (Continued on page two)

FORETHOUGHT

Reprinted from the Reader's Digest, August Issue: A noncommissioned officer wrote this in an essay: "It is commonly supposed that the first duty of a good soldier is to die for his country. This is a mistake. The first duty of a soldier is to make his enemies die for theirs." —David Goldberg, Chicago Sun.

Army Men Exhibit Works at Museum

Paintings and drawings by Privates David Hammer and W. H. Yeisley are on exhibition at the M. H. de Young Museum, Golden Gate Park. Pvt. Hammer, stationed in this city, is of Polish birth and came to the United States in 1938. He resided in Minnesota until his induction a year ago. In that State he received a painting scholarship at the St. Paul School of Art and was represented in various exhibitions in St. Paul, Minneapolis and Kansas City. Recently, Dave fulfilled a commission from the Minnesota Historical Society to paint in the Bay Area.

The second half of the soldier artist duet, Pvt. W. H. Yeisley, recently joined his Regt. after finishing a drawing here. Until his enlistment in January, 1941, Pvt. Yeisley resided in New York where he was a free lance painter and designer and executing murals from churches to cocktail lounges. He received his art training at Ohio State, from which university he was graduated in 1935.

It is through the effort of Mr. Charles Cooper that this joint showing of the works of Pvt's. Hammer and Yeisley is conducted. The exhibit is unusual, and is of particular interest to those who have been wondering about the role of art in Wartime.

The immigration officer demanded: "Name?"

"Sneeze," replied the Chinese proudly.

The official looked hard at him. "Is that your Chinese name?"

"No, Melican name," said the Oriental blandly.

"Then let's have your native name."

"Ah Choo."

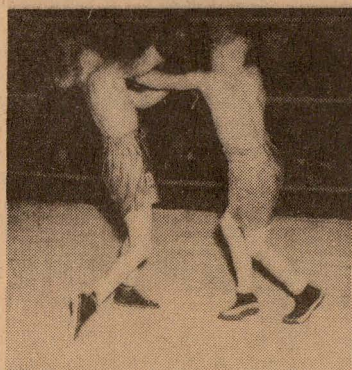
BUY A WAR STAMP AND HELP LICK THE OTHER SIDE.

NICKLE'S WORTH

On the PX counter is the all Army newsie YANK — written especially for us guys by G. I. scribes. Every Army man should scan this weekly with its well written breezy articles, its eye appealing photo content, its unusually fine cartoons and its new items.

YANK does not compete with the GGG or any other camp newspaper. Some of the finest writers, cartoonists and photographers are on the staff, and their reportorial news covers every fighting sector where the boys are in action.

Six bits will bring YANK to your bunk for six months. We repeat — it's a good deal.



THESE UP AND COMING contenders for the heavy-weight championship of the Pee-Wee class are no slouches. They're brothers, and like brothers, they are always fighting. Why don't pa do something about it? He seconds one of the slug-gers while their uncle refs. They made a big hit at the ring classic.

REVERSED

Farmer: You must be a brave man to come down in a parachute in a 60-mile gale like this.

Soldier: I didn't come down in a parachute, I went up in a tent.

Military Relics To Blitz the Foe

Cannons and cannon balls used for decorative purposes in many HDSF posts will be salvaged shortly and delivered to the enemy as surprise packages in the shape of block busters and shrapnel bombs.

Most of the military ornamental pieces were once guarding the Golden Gate at old Fort Point, the original Fort Winfield Scott, but were never used in hostile action. Now, after almost seventy years, these instruments of destruction, manufactured by Americans of another warring age, will be used in offensive action against other enemies of democracy.

It is estimated that over thirty ton of the finest war metals will be salvaged through this area and will be treated with newer metals for modern warfare purposes. Only items of the greatest historical value will be retained.

Coupons Good As Cash We Learn

Comes toward the end of the month and Sir Jeep has no mazume. The situation is bad and the makin's are running low. "Why," he wails, "ain't there no more PX credit — or any credit for that matter?"

So, his buddies sympathize and toss out a few jits to the poor soldier.

There is nary a one of us who doesn't go broke at one time or another. The only difference is that we are smarter. We bought a PX coupon book right after payday and when things went their usual way, we took "old faithful" out of the foot locker and went on our usual spending spree.

We bought our ice cream, our cokes, our beer, saw the regular movies, bowled, and rode the PX bus, and all with the thrill of cold cash.

But then of course we were smart.



The "Brass Hats" get a load of flying mitts as the boys do their stuff at the recent ring show. They stomped and yelled with the dogfaces. Shown are, left to right: Capt. Beecher Danford, Lt. Col. Lewis E. Goodier, Jr., Major Hoyt C. Stevens and Capt. Wm. E. Barkman. More and more "Brass" is expected at future events.

Soldiers at Sea Lay the Seeds Of Doom

"STAND BY TO TRIP!" At this command, issued by the skipper of a mine laying flotilla, thousands of pounds of TNT fused and deadly, are dropped into the Pacific. Hardened Coast Artillerymen, known as the Mine Planting Section, are accentuating the words—"No Enemy Ships Shall Pass Through the Golden Gate."

Khakimen like Osborne, Ballow, Malinowski, Polowy, Sanchez, Kipf-miller, Lopez, Nelson, Sharfenberg, Thomen, Caudill, Kenne and Hooven—but to mention a few—lay the seeds that spell "S-O-S" for Hirohito's fleet if and when an attempt is made to invade the waters of the San Francisco Bay Region.

Among these sea-going soldiers are found a former student of anthropology, a San Pedro stevedore, an experienced sub-forman of a gasket company, a farmer, butcher and sports reporter. All work together in dungarees—a former Saginaw butcher gives commands to a former Detroit brakeliner; a former Mexican peon, gives most of the work orders.

Orders are given in short curt tones and executed swiftly, with precision. These artillerymen are good sailors—they have to be. Even the sturdy Mine Layer, operating in the rough briney drink, pitches like a bronc. When handling the swing hooks, hoist, heavy chains, thick wire rope, underground cable, grappling hooks and similar pieces of equipment, these men demonstrate their real salt. In 94 minutes they have been known to fuse, drop and anchor 19 "big babies."

War, for the invaders of San Francisco, will be terrifying, ugly and expensive. From above they will be showered with shells from coastal guns manned by men who have been trained for months and know their business. From below they will be shattered by mines planted, cared for and controlled by soldiers of the sea.

(Pictures on Page 4.)

SO YE SHALL KNOW

Most of the pictures in this issue and the issues before are from the expert shutter work of the Signal Corps Photo men.

They—Kempfer, Moore, McVey, Seipolt, Tuttle—know their business. A few were metropolitan news photographers; some had their own portrait studios; some schooled under the prize photo men of the country, and on the job they always strive for prize shots.

The Signal Corps photos in this issue are from the alert Speed Graphic lenses of Cpl. "Mac" McVey and Cpl. "Hank" Seipolt.

THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

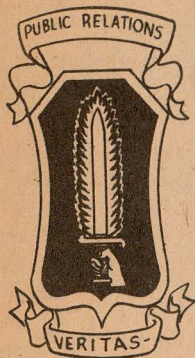
VOL. II

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MILLER RYAN, Capt., CAC, Officer In Charge



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and guest contributors

News matter published in the Golden Gate Guardian is available for general release.



Once there were three gents—Adolph, Ben and Togy. Some said they were born in various social stations, others claimed they were all born with glandular troubles, but the majority of people stick to the belief that these hybrids were spawned from the mire of the local sewers.

For their beer and pretzles they snatched apples off push carts, took dimes out of tin cups, beat up newsboys (when re-enforced) and engaged in similar hilarious tactics. But they were always broke.

Togy one day suggested taking a swat at wealthy Uncle Samuel, who resided on the other side of town, just across the big creek. Adolph thought it was a good idea as he was messing around with a walrus-mustached fellow and getting nowhere fast. Ben was silent. No one asked his opinion, and all in all—he was sad about the whole thing.

Samuel was a docile old gent with a white goatee and high hat. He looked like a snap for Togy, who started out by hitting Samuel in the back with a rock. But Uncle Samuel soon caught on and gave Togy a merry chase. In fact, Togy lost not only his face, but lost his pants, too. Togy's berserk.

ABOUT OUR ENEMIES

It is easy to say, when we look at our American soldiers, that the American is a match for 10 Germans or 10 Japs.

It is easy to say, but it is not the truth.

It is easy to say, when we look at our production figures of tanks and airplanes and weapons, that we will smother our enemies under a flood of war machines.

That is easy to say too; but it is not the truth. We are fighting a war against highly efficient, highly trained armies, equipped with some of the best weapons of war this world has ever seen. Against armies that have acquired the habit of winning; that have not yet learned defeat; and that will learn it hard.

It is not going to be easy to win this war.

We will win it of course; but we will not win it by beating our breasts and boasting.

And before we win it, we shall learn some bitter lessons. These enemies of ours want to win this war, too. They believe they will win it.

They will not hold back their air power, nor their sea power, nor the steel of their armies for fear of what we will do to them in return.

They mean to crush us; to invade our country, and to force us to our knees in the worst, the most humiliating, the most horrible defeat that the mind of man can conceive.

They believe that they can, and will do that. And we hear people sneer at the Japs and the Germans and the Italians.

This editorial is from the vibrant radio program—"THE ARMY HOUR."

PIGSKIN WARRIOR



One-striper Steve Nagy tosses hundred pound armor piercing projectiles into the breech of a heavy coastal gun as if he were handling the laced side of a regulation sized football. For three years Steve played crack-up football for the University of Indiana as a running guard. While on the team, this Funston South Gater played many a 58 minute tussle, and under the seasoned eye of Coach Bo McMillan was destined for big things. Several of his long games were played against Big Ten luminaries.

Steve is the only known Artilleryman in the HDSF to be a candidate for the All Army Football Team. His ambition is to get in the Pacific line-up and perform in some of the coming classics. Fifteen months a soldier, Nagy appears to be in excellent shape for any kind of pigskin deal—or any deal where Jap-skinning is involved.

The projectile-footballer is a Hoosier from way back, having been raised in Whiting, Indiana, and attending high school there. Steve is also said to be a demon on the hardwood floor and a star on the baseball diamond.

Servicing the Service Man

G.I. art enthusiasts are urged to make most of the novel facilities now being offered at USO Clubrooms, III O'Farrell street.

The new policy high lights evening visits by professional art personages to the Center. The visits culminate into entertaining and informative sessions for the pleasure of all men in uniform. Free portraits in various mediums, amusing chalk talks and candid photo demonstrations are given to the serviceman by these professional artists.

Headlining the September schedule is the Sept. 19 appearance of Patri, noted S.F. Chronicle artist. Mr. Patri's novel endeavor will be composed of a musical chalk talk

based on a favorite Carl Sandburg poem. Editorial cartoonist Swiebert, also of the Chronicle, slated for the night of Sept. 14.

Soldier camera bugs are informed of the new dark room at their disposal with developing solutions hyo, enlarger, tanks and safety lites included — also at the O'Farrell Street Club.

HDSF SOCKEROO

(Continued from page one) coached and refereed the fights. The judges were 1st Sgt. "Buck" Bachmeier, M-Barry, and Master Sgt. "Jay" Kelly, HDSF Sgt. Major.

ACME IMPORTS TALENT

Acme brought on some exhibition bouts of their own plus two wrestling matches with Mr. Douglas Park, Olympic Club wrestling coach, refereeing the grunt and groan session. One of the guest highlights of the evening was a snappy two round affair between Slug and Dan whirlwind 7-year-old paper weights. They threw leather around like a couple of pros. Tony Bosnich, leading heavyweight contender, seconded one of the fighters.

With the rhythm and grace of a riveting machine, Sam Slavich, 54 years young and for 25 years a "fire-eater" for the S. F. Fire Department, demonstrated how the World's Champion Punching Bag artist works. The grand finale was Sam punching out "Yankee Doodle" on a fast bag with the undraping of the Stars and Stripes.

CHAPLAIN CHATS



with CHAPLAINS of the HARBOR DEFENSES of SAN FRANCISCO

WHAT MEN LIVE BY

By Chaplain Homer H. Elliott

Many men these days are trying to find a reason for their faith in the moral and spiritual realities of the world. In this world of concrete realities often times we are more concerned over the visible things than we are the realities of the moral and spiritual world. But the unseen realities are just as real as those we see, and feel, and taste. The Law of Gravity is a force that we cannot see but know is real. Electricity is an unseen power, yet none of us would deny its reality. Imagine a test tube of patriotism, or an ounce of mother's love. Loyalty, courage and devotion, are all real forces, and yet, unseen. Thus it is just as conclusive that amidst all the seen realities in life the unseen are just as valid, and of real value.

Now this brings us to the conclusion that the basis for religious and spiritual life is just as real as the fact that these forces mentioned above are real. Yes, God and the spiritual power about is unseen with the human eye, and yet is a most real and vital force.

In these days when life is shorn of the temporal and material realities, and our souls are hungry for something that is permanent and indestructible it is well for us to look behind the veil of this material world and find the meaning of these unseen realities. What a man has and owns in this world are a part of his existence, but what he is in character and faith is something that spans time and space. That is the world of spiritual reality.

Build on that and no matter what happens your spiritual wealth is indestructible. May we have more men of faith in these great realities of life. It is the essence of the American Way of Life and God — and finally, what great men live by.

LONG ISLANDERS

Anyone serving in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco who originally came from Freeport, Long Island, New York, is requested to get in touch with the Public Relations Office, Fort Scott (3687). Information received will be used for publication purposes.

'TYPICAL' SOLDIER WARDELL



Pfc. Jimmy Wardell, "F" at Miley, is about to throw a cartridge in the chamber as word comes that "unidentified" planes are in the vicinity. His is a job shared by thousands of men in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. If "unidentified" planes turn out to be Zeros or Messerschmitts, these fellows will bring them down.

Jimmy worked on a 396 acre farm in Ipava, Illinois, but feels right at home in a five foot square machine gun pit. He is an expert machine gunner and observer and has been wearing khaki for 20 months.

On off hours Jimmy attends to his hobby—photography. He has his own developing equipment downtown and specializes in portraiture. When the war is over he intends to tour California "shooting" scenery. He infers that his present job of "shooting" is more important at the moment.



—Photo By Signal Corps

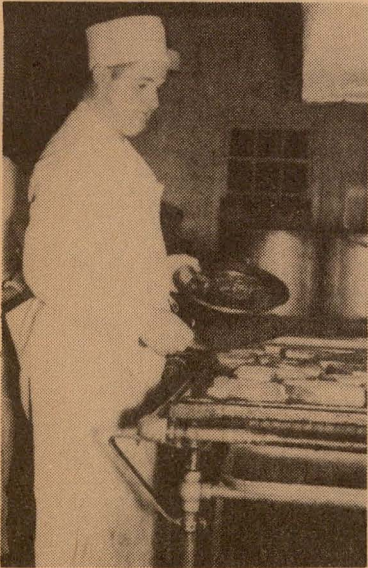
TIRED OF G.I. BEANS? Try the G.I. beanery where they feature the Colonel Lafrenzbarger (don't forget the bacon), chocolate malteds and club steaks (genuine top sirloins) for 50 cents with coffee. Here it's not—"Heh, Joe, pass the acid!" But—"Miss, may I have my coffee now?" They go in for pleasant surroundings, too. Note the drapes on the windows and the venetian blinds. Scott PX Grill officials are also aware that a winsome smile boosts business—as well as morale.

GOLF DEAL

Soldier golfers — fairway fanatics, in-the-rough residents, nineteenth hole prize strokers, nibble busters and men of mis-putts and slices — the Presidio Golf Club invites your presence on their exclusive 18 hole golf course. Not only are you invited to tear up their beautiful greens, but golf clubs and balls will also be furnished upon request. Soldier must supply his own caddy.

There are other public and private golf clubs in San Francisco and vicinity that offer golfing opportunities gratis. This department is investigating the situation and will print a list of free golfing spots for servicemen in the next issue.

S.O.S. Specialist



Poor misunderstood hash slinger, who receives icy stares when casserole de jaudice is served minus that certain dash, is surveyed at his employment making French (Free) Toast out of GI baked bread. "T" Cpl. Boyd E. Ring is the masterful gent. Sometimes he wishes he were back in the serenity of his farm in Bridgeport, Nebraska. "Tis many times more soul aspiring to feed hogs," Boyd divulged, "and the grunts are not all gripes."

RAIN ON PUSS

"What did the rain drop say to the kitten?"
"Hi, drizzle puss!"
—Letterman Fog Horn

Brown and Baby New G.I. Citizens

"It's a great feeling — plenty great," said two HDSF Artillerymen upon receiving their certificates of citizenship last Saturday. The soldiers, Cpl. Doug Brown (B-Wolf Ridge) and Pvt. Vince Baby (Miley Observers) were two in a group of ten khaki men, who took the oath in the morning session of the Court of Naturalization, S. F. Post Office Building.

Doug, a Canadian subject, was inducted from Rochester, Michigan. Born in Poland, Pvt. Baby entered the service from Detroit. Both men entered the service January, 1941.

Witnesses for the HDSF men were Sgt. Major Ira H. Walker and Cpl. Dave Robinson, both from the Unit Personnel office.

BOWLING

Fort Scott bowling alleys were scorched last Thursday, August 27th, when the newly founded HDSF Bowling Team blazed to an initial triumph over a crack Letterman Hospital Five, 2738 to 2480.

The first lines bowled found the Artillerymen with an amazing 1014 score. High men were Pvt. Wojciechowski of the M.P.'s (244) and Q.M.C.'s Cpl. Bomarrito (242).

An impromptu meeting before the match elected 1st. Sgt. Schmidt (N-Scott) as the team's manager and captain. The pin men are signed for stiff competition in city tournament play. The member's and game averages are: Pvt. Wojciechowski (M. P.) 184, Cpl. Bomarrito (Q. M.) 192, 1st Sgt. Schmidt (N-Scott) 178, Cpl. Lyford (M. P.) 191, and Cpl. Marino (A-Scott) 191.

Mail Found in Pacific Delivered by Postman

Water-stained letters from the Philippines, long delayed and now safely delivered to the addresses, tell the story of a mail pouch recovered from the waters of the Pacific to brings news of the last days of Bataan and Corregidor.

According to the War Department, the mail left the Philippines in March, probably by way of a submarine which transferred it in a mail pouch to a small freighter. The ship was torpedoed. It was forwarded to the Army Postal Service of the War Department and finally delivered to the addressees.

Grill Facts

Food prices have soared. Eggs are now close to 50c a dozen from 28c a few months ago; fresh vegetables are at a premium; New York steak cuts are unobtainable; sirloin beef, from which club steaks are taken, costs 49c per pound; sugar ('nuff said); butter, cream and coffee, bread, sweet rolls and pies are all listed on the "higher cost of living."

Yet, the PX Grill at Fort Scott, known as the classiest G. I. hamburger palace on the Pacific Coast, maintains its original prices on most palatables. And they serve ONLY the best quality foods, according to the Grill manager, Mr. Walter "Walt" Cameron.

The place is inspected from stem to stern by Medical Officers at least three times weekly and has been conforming to rigid Army sanitary regulations.

All excess profits derived from the sale of food in the Grill are turned back to the soldiers in the way of more chow at lower prices.

Plastic Plane Tested, Okayed

Successful test flights of a plastic bonded plywood military primary trainer airplane were completed recently, according to an announcement of the War Department.

The new plane, known as the PT-25, is believed to have achieved the nearest approach to complete elimination of strategic materials in military aircraft reached so far. The only aluminum alloys used are in the engine cowling, constituting less than 2% of the total weight. No forging, castings or extrusions are employed, nor are critical steels used for fittings or structural parts.

The PT-25 is a two-seater open cockpit plane, equipped with dual controls and instruments, new in designs, construction and materials. It is powered with a 185-horsepower Lycoming six-cylinder horizontal opposed air-cooled engine. It is fully streamlined.

Pitching Whiz Found At Miley Outpost

Miley claimed a notch in HDSF baseball history when "F" At Miley routed "H" At Barry by the tune of 6-0 behind the whiz pitching of Sg. Orman Smith. Sarg Smith, former Congerville, Illinois farm lad, is claimed by 1st Sgt. Henry Albrecht as being a baseball find.

Smith never played pro or semi-pro ball before his enlistment, but those that have seen his fast ball say the boy is big time. Scouts from the HDSF junior league will be spotting Smith in his next try.

HDSF Post Exchange Downs Cost of 62 Popular Items

While nationally advertised products are zooming in cost, the HDSF Post Exchange has scalped the purchase price of many of these items. To bring these bargain basement prices to the attention of all khakimen, the GGG is printing a list of sixty-two popular items with the new prices now in effect.

There is a saving of 1 cent to 8 cents on unit purchases from former PX prices. The saving, as compared with the civilian market, is even greater. One of the most popular of all new prices is that of gasoline—Regular 12c; Ethyl 13c.

TOOTH BRUSHES

Dr. West—.18
Pepsodent—.29
Professional—.15
Tek—.15

TOOTH PASTE

Colgates—.17
Ipana—.31
Listerine—.17

TOOTH POWDER

Dr. Lyons—.17
Pepsodent—.17
Revelation—.08
Colgates—.17

DENTAL FLOSS

J & J—.06

SHAVING SUPPLIES

Rubberset Brush No. 100—.70
Burma Shave—.21
Colgate Cream—.21
Ingram's—.23
Life-Buoy Comb—.08
Mennens (50c size)—.31
Palmolive—.21
Williams—.23
Colgates—.08
Palmolive Shave Lotion—.28
Williams Shave Stick—.28

HAIR & SCALP SUPPLIES

Bay Rum—.08
Fitch's Brilliantine—.08
Prophylactic Hair Brush—.70
Comb, P 1172—.09
Comb, N 2193—.07
Fitch Tonic—.35
Kreml, Small—.43
Vaseline Hair Tonic No. 1—.31
Vaseline Hair Tonic No. 2—.53
Wildroot—.69
Jeris Oil & Tonic Deal—.52
Shampoo, Fitch—.43
Soap Boxes, Celluloid—.16
Soap Boxes No. B 1750—.12

TALCUM POWDERS

Mennens—.17
Palmolive—.19

LOTIONS

Jergens Lg.—.36
Jergens—Sm.—.18
Aqua-Velva—.35
Mennen's Skin Balm—.35
Mennen's Skin Bracer—.35
Hand Lotion Brush—.18

FOOT AIDS

Blue Jay—.16
Quinsana—.30
Ridd—.47

COUGH DROPS

Vicks—.07
Ludens—.05

DEODORANTS

Arris—.50
Mum—.40

SHOE POLISH

Dyanshine Liquid—.18
Griffin Cream—.15

RAZOR BLADES

Gem, DE 5's—.23
Gem, SE 5's—.17
Gillette 10's—.27
Gillette Blue—.18

GASOLINES

Regular—.12
Ethel—.13

Prisoner Relief From ARC Started

American military and civilian prisoners of war in Japan and under Japanese guard in occupied territory are soon to receive relief supplies in the form of food, clothing, medicine and tobacco direct from the exchange ship Gripsholm under the direction of the American Red Cross, according to a special dispatch reaching this office.

Many difficulties and complications arise in the effort of dispatching relief to prisoners of war, and it took the American Red Cross several months to complete the negotiations necessary to assure prompt and safe arrival of the relief ship.

At present, the Red Cross informs the public that it has ample resources at its disposal to finance relief operations. Relatives and friends of American prisoners of war, who are desirous to aid in this work, will be notified by the American Red Cross when their contributions will be needed. Information will be given to them by the Red Cross or agencies of the government at the earliest possible time.

According to evolutionists, it took nature millions of years to make man of a monkey but a woman can reverse the process in a few hours.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS.

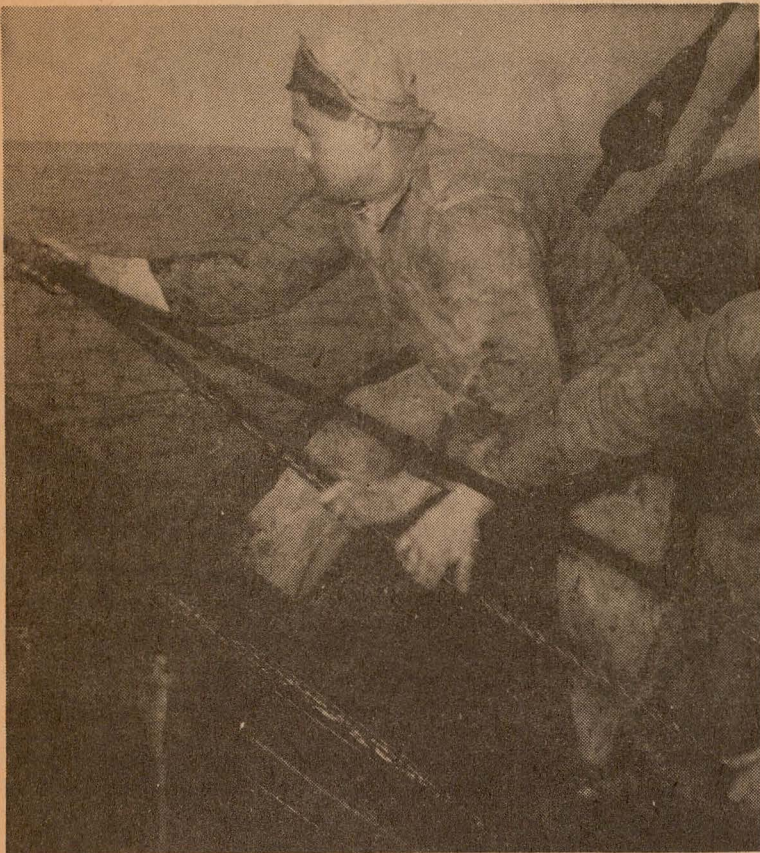
PAYDAY PANORAMA



—Photo By Signal Corps

The boys got dough. It jingles in their jeans and they're out to buy the monthly supply of tooth paste, shoe polish, razor blades, shaving cream, lotions, soaps, cigarettes, and Bull Durham. Then they look around and buy mother a Coast Artillery designed scarf, sweetie a compact, dad a pipe, and a fountain pen set for sis. With the pennies left they plunge in for a new tan tie, book of postage stamps and 3 bars of Snickers for 12 cents. They still have money left for the GI movie palace and a bottle of 3.2. With the pay boost they won't have to mug for a slug till along the twentieth. New PX savings, now in effect, may stretch that to the 24th.

HEAVE—HO!



—Photo By Signal Corps

Chief Mine Planter Staff Sgt. Arturo Lopez, typifies the experienced mine planter. He not only tells his men how it's to be done, but does it with them. Arturo has been engaged in anchoring mines in the Golden Gate area for ten years. (Story page 1).



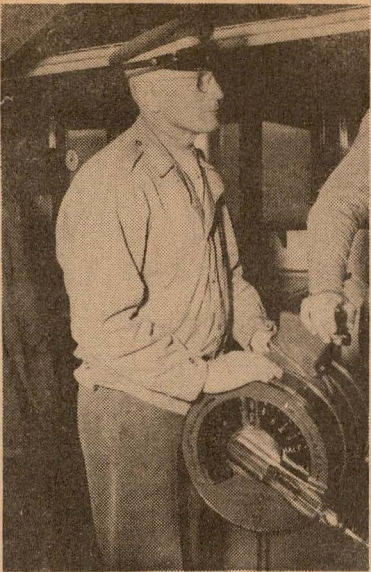
—Photo by Redwood Empire Association

GUARDIAN CHARMERS or prize WAAC material, these riflegals are plenty sharp. Trim, slim and beaming they are more than a match for clay pigeons or the gay bird with the zuit-suit. Soldier, take a squint at the creatures, and see what they mean by "California SUNSHINE."



CHOW TIME for a hard working mine laying detail somewhere on the Pacific. (Story Page 1.)

"The creation of doubt is an enemy weapon, exactly as deadly as a gun."
—Major General Levin H. Campbell, Jr.



WHILE AT SEA Chief Warrant Officer Carlson, 35 years a sea dog, is the man in charge. Like any skipper of any boat afloat, his word is law. His crew consists of engineers, navigation experts, electricians, mechanics, deck and galley hands—all soldiers of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. Mr. Carlson's expert handling of the Mine Layer and auxiliary boats, is responsible for a countless number of successful and safe mine laying operations. 1st Lt. M. R. Wood, graduate of the University of Washington, is the organization commander.

CRONKHITE TALKS
By Pvt. Martin Abramson

Shades of Babe Ruth, Walter Johnson, Matty, Hub and Di Mag! Here the Yanks are in and the Dodgers practically in and Cronkhite still hasn't got a ball team. Pvt. Abe Rood reports that his proposal to organize basketball competition on the Fort Barry court has been met with an instantaneous burst of apathy. Come on Cronkhites, where's that old Yankee sporting spirit? Get hep, fellows, get hep.

The Good Ship Cronkhite, (a very fancy name for a very unfancy row-boat) has been floating around the lagoon of late despite the whisper that the vessel sprung a leak the other day and sank.

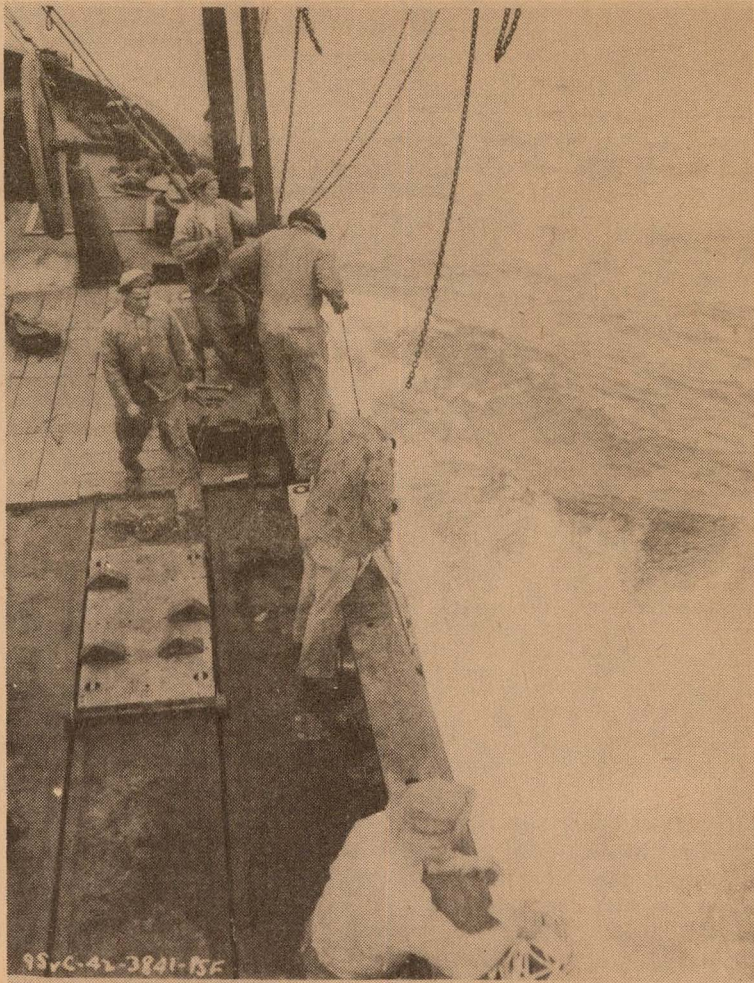
What do they do when they get to Frisco? Pvt. Phil Hanna has earned himself a reputation as a fancy roller skating figure at the Collision Boat. Pvt. William Dynner attends art classes for men in the service at 450 Grant avenue, in the heart of Chinatown. Dynner also whiles away his idle time writing lyrics for a song entitled, "There Isn't Anything Wrong With Me That A Gal In Town Can't Fix."

Coming along to the social side of the news, Cpl. Leo Gagosian reports a bit sorrowfully that his woman has left town for parts unknown. "She'll get in touch with me, though," insists Leo. "They always do, you know." . . . Pvt. Jerro is the one soldier whose wife need have no fears. He kisses her picture twice each day and three times on Sunday.

What with a dance last Saturday and another one Sunday, Cronkhite is really getting social conscious. The Saturday shindig featured about 8 soldiers to every girl and 10 cut-ins per dance, which is certainly some kind of record. Pvt. Pirozolla is a bit put out. As a member of the Dance Committee he was too busy to promote himself romantically.

Battery "F" is preparing an amateur show which will feature Pvt. Edgar Montovoni who developed his talents watching Eddie Cantor, Edward G. Robinson, Dotty (I wear a sarong) Lamour, Lily Pons, Henry Fonda and others. Monty used to wait on them in Longchamps in the B. H. (Before Hirohito) days. A whopping number of promotions

GREETINGS, DAVEY JONES!



—Photo By Signal Corps

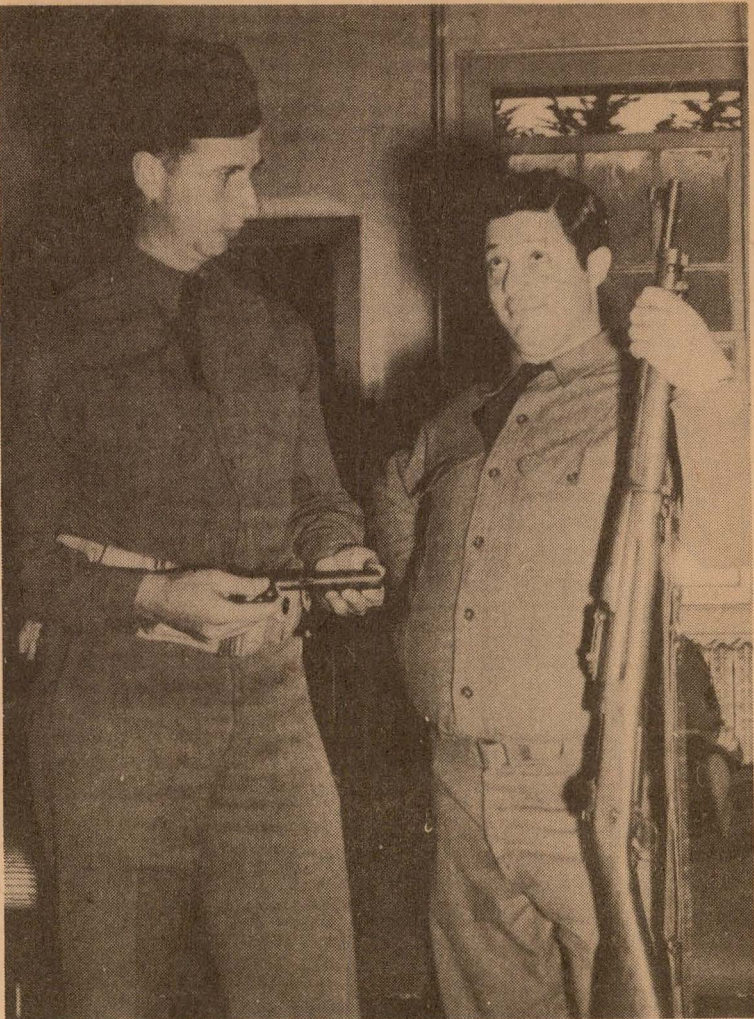
Another dynamite charge is thrown into the sea. Capped and fused it is ready to help some honorable gentlemen join their honorable ancestors in Davey Jones' locker. The soldiers of the sea shown in action are HDSF artillerymen. (Story page 1).

have been made in the past two weeks and the stripes are just blooming. And it's "Heigh Ho, Off to Seacoast Officers School I Go" for Cpl. Dick Chalmers.

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS
LICK THE OTHER SIDE

CUTTING DOWN
In accordance with its policy to simplify Army paper work, the War Department recently announced revision of Procurement Regulations which compresses 1,500 pages of regulations into a single volume of 100 pages.

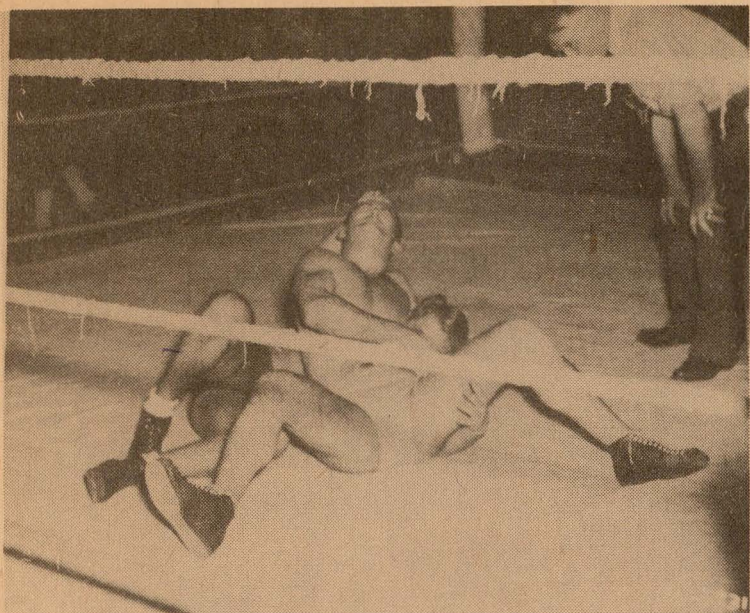
ABBOTT AND COSTELLO



—Photo By 'T' Sgt. Joe Meo

"What 'tis?" asks Pvt. Hank Abbott, assistant Master Gunner, of his learned friend. "Looks familiar," replies Pvt. Tony 'I'm a Bad Boy' Costello, clarinet playing band member. "Now, let's see, you're sure it ain't a military secret?" "No." "Hmm, couldn't be a cwacker-snappew, could it?" "No." And so it goes back and forth. These blokes are said to be the only genuine G.I. counterparts of the famous comedy team of the same name. Costello got in the last word with—"Aw wight, what if it is a bolt. That was only the \$2 question anyhow."

GOOD CLEAN FUN



This appears to be a gruesome way for two grown men to eke out a livelihood. These grapplers, students of Coach Douglas Park, who is bending over them, pleased the crowd with their groans and grimaces. This was one of the exhibition events sponsored by the Acme Brewing Co. of San Francisco, who also gave out with free beer and smokes. (Story Page 1).

LILTING LORRAINE



Artillerymen at Barry and Cronkhite climbed out of their dug-outs recently to listen to charming Lorraine Elliott. Lorraine, who vocalizes for Ray Noble and his orchestra and the National Broadcasting System, is a University of Michigan graduate and a talented trouper of many seasons. Upon leaving the HDSF, she said—"What a grand bunch of fellows to sing to. Thanks for inviting me out." **THANK YOU, Lorraine—you were swell!**

WORK FOR WAR WIVES

Wives of service men who seek employment in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco may inquire at the Special Service Office, Fort Scott theatre—phone Scott 3827. Types of employment include light housework and tutoring and caring for children.

Just as the Reader's Digest has "Patter"; just as the S. F. Examiner has Mark Hellinger; just as Hollywood has Mickey Mouse and Orson Welles—so does the Golden Gate Guardian bring to its readers something flavory—a sprinkling of wit taken from the front pages seasoned with a G.I. slant. Nothing glorified or hilarious—nothing wormy or stale—nothing Joe Miller or Shakespearian. Read and offer ideas and suggestions: We'll use 'em.

Everytime an artilleryman goes to town, he is engulfed by some civilian chatterer anon the acute rubber shortage. We suggest the mad search for a synthetic substitute would be abolished if the perusing professors stopped in for a casual look-see at the Cooks and Bakers School. The initial dough an embryo G.I. baker kneads puts Mr. Goodyear's best efforts into a decade second.

We are told barrel tumbled, rasy throated, movie comic Andy Devine is aiding the war effort with an important job in the Ninth Service Civil Air Patrol. Army Classification experts burn. They visualized Andy's rotund physique as ideally suited for a lofty berth in a Barrage Balloon outfit.

Walt Disney and his associates lost a cool million on "Fantasia," another million on "Pinocchio," another million on the "Reluctant Dragon,"—all in all Walt lost millions. According to Box Office, movie trade mag, Donald Duck's boss doesn't give it a thought. Wait till he starts rolling his own and

MAMA'S BOY

(Authors Unknown)

You say he can't stand the army,
(The life is to rough, how sad)
Do you think that he's any better
Than some other Mother's Lad?

You brought him up like a baby,
He doesn't smoke or drink, is your brag,
If all the others were like him,
Well, what would become of our flag?

You say, let the roughnecks do the fighting,
They are used to beans and stew,
But I'm glad I'm classed with the roughnecks,
Who fight for the Red, White and Blue.

You say his girl couldn't bear to send
Her sweetheart out with the rest,
Do you think that she'll be proud of him
When she feels the Jap's breath on her breast?

You can thank God the stars in Old Glory
Are not blurred with any such strains,
Because there are ten million roughnecks
That carry red blood in their veins.

They go to drill in bad weather,
Come in with a grin on their face,
While your darling sits down in the parlor
And lets a man fight in his place.

You're right, we do smoke and we gamble.
But we fight as our forefathers did,
So go warm the milk for his bottle;
Thank God, that we don't need your kid.

The above poem was published in the Camp Shelby, Miss., newspaper, "Reveille."

Learn Jap Talk, Be a Social Star

Learn the Jap lingo and cuss Hirohito's henchmen in their own language! This is the offer set forth by the Galileo Evening High School, who have started teaching the Japanese language each Tuesday and Thursday between 7:00 and 9:15 p.m.

Officers and enlisted men of this command are invited to take advantage of this special course. You can't beat the buggers by talking to them, but you may be able to puzzle 'em with—"What's cookin' snodgrass?"

IT SEEMS—

... there once were two rookies;
now there are MILLIONS of them.
MIKE.

runs out of PX coupons the fifteenth of the month. He'll give it a thought.



ON THE KISSER

Pvt. "French" Jurie gets a not too gentle love-tap from the 12-ounce glove of Pvt. John Ogozoly at the recent boxing show. "Frenchy" doesn't like it a bit. In fact he is belligerent about the whole thing. It was an evenly fought scrap with Ogozoly copping the gold award in an extra round of resin, biffs and bangs. (See story, page 1).

VISITORS TO ALASKA

Because of transportation difficulties and subsistence procurement handicaps, the Commandant of the Thirteenth Naval District and the Commanding General of the Western Defense Command are discouraging visitors to Alaska, especially women and children.

The War and Navy Departments have issued orders prohibiting wives and dependents of military personnel from returning to Alaska once they have come to the U. S. Permission to return to Alaska has been granted only to those who were actual bona fide long-time residents of Alaska.

Don't like ya' cause your feet too big,
Don't like ya' cause your feet too big,
Your pedal extremities are collosol,
And make me feel like an old fossil.
When I take ya' out to tea
There's four of us—You,
Your feet, and me.

JOEBEK

I'M GOTTING GUARD DUTY

By Pvt. William E. Dynner,
Battery "F", Cronkhite

I'm getting guard duty two-tree times a week and the boys is wondering what's the matter I'm not hollering. The Corporal is telling the boys it looks like Dorfsky (that's me) is at last showing signs of being a good soldier. The army for me is right about face from what I was doing in the city. A successful bookie, I'm getting drafted right away with a winning number. In the army I am not agreeing with hikes and obstacle courses and K.P., but Guard Duty is something different.

Twenty-four hours guard, two hours exercise marching post with rifle like the one I once saw in a Rivington Street pawnshop. Then four hours relaxation. Nighttime it is beautiful to see nature go to sleep. Sometimes there is a London fog. In the sunrise nature is making colors in the sky and everything is waking up. Birds is peeping and going visiting from tree to tree. The grass is all kinds color green.

Everytime when comes the light Mr. Frog makes lovecroaks to a she frog who croaks back with a Schuman-Heinke contralto. They are batting the breeze like lovebirds. Yesterday I am walking easy like so Romeo won't hear me. I am sure I will see him because he is keeping up his basso profundo: "Coming here! Coming here!" Juliet trilling back, "Find me! Find me!"

Just then I'm hearing a noise in the bushes. "Halting! Who's going there!" I holler. Out from the willows comes Officer of the Day and I come to port arms and salute. "Private Dorfsky," he asks me, funny like, "May I ask what in the heck you doing?" And me, honest even from bookie days, I say, simple-like, even if my lips is stiff, "Sir, I am sneaking up on a bull-frog."

"Aha!" he says, looking down his nose and drawing the "ah-a" like the Indian Loving Call,—"I see," he says, "A Surprise attack! Soldier takes frog in marsh at dawn single-handed! Very good, Private Dorfsky, ver-r-y good!" He is making a gurgling noise in his throat. "You deserve a croix de guerra, Private Dorfsky."

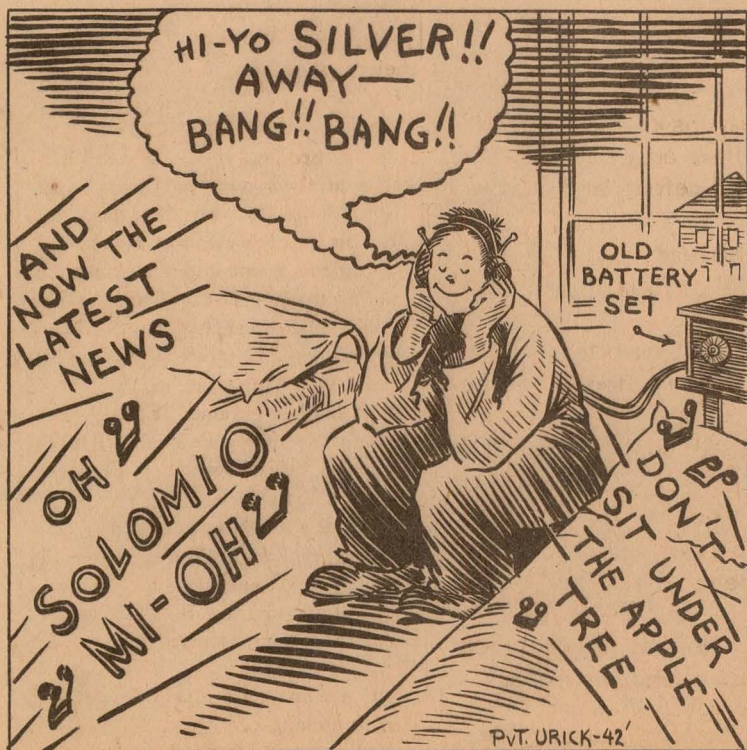
I am shaking and my shoes is full of water where I plotched in a puddle. The Lieutenant is shaking, too, and his face is screwed up like he would explode himself. Romeo has stopped croaching. I shoulder arms and resuming my march with my shoes squishing. Nature ain't so wonderful sometimes.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS.



THESE CRONKHITE TRAINEES are becoming sand hogs. They drill in sand, plant iceplants in sand, run through extended formations in sand and adopted as their theme song, "The Sandman's Lullaby." On their half mile Commando course, one of the toughie obstacles is a trench walled high with sand bags. Come what may, these rugged artillerymen will show certain belligerent people that to mess with Uncle Samuel's liberty is like getting neck high in quick sand—you're doomed.

PRIVATE BUTCH



—Drawn by Pvt. Urick, "L" at Barry

REPORTING REPORTERS



Dear ED: A while back I mentioned that "D" BARBET-EERS were regular readers of our paper. You voiced a doubt. Well, I am enclosing a snapshot taken on our return from the training area, which should prove my statement. This was no posed picture.

Your Reporter, Pfc. Hubert Rennie

Ed Note: We are finally convinced the rag is read. Thanx.

"E"—CRONKHITE

The men at Battery "E" 18th C.A. welcome a new Battery Commander, Capt. B. D. Silliman. Also 2nd Lt. Mervin Hall and 2nd Lt. Vincent Grasso. We wish them success in their new command.

HEADQUARTERS—SCOTT

It seems the boys in the AE stick together. One finds them usually at the same chow table, the same squad room grouped together after working hours chatting about the AE, AEF, WAAC and WAVE.

Hdq. Btry. regrets the departure of 1st Sgt. Noone who is now attending OCS, Chemical Warfare. Here is hoping him success.

Sgt. Ken Vandemergle was quite surprised to find a newspaper in his locker with the headline: SGT K. VANDEMERGLE CAPTURES 4 NAZIS SPIES SINGLE HANDED. Now "Vandy" is looking for the opportunity to do just that.

At noon meal, a timid private reached for some vittles. One of the older men with a little more experience claimed that he had first choice. He remarked to the younger man he was very fortunate not to

receive injury to his hand. A third person sounded off by telling of a happening where a man carelessly put out his hand, and when the confusion was over the man brought back his hand only to find a fork stuck in it. The timid private now looks both ways before reaching.

Sgt. Clayton Dey

FUNSTON CANNONEERS

RECORD—Our C.O., Capt. Kenneth Cooper celebrated the completion of his second year with our Battery; two years, from 2nd Lt. to "the old man." Not bad!

THE FIRING LINE — Highest score attained so far was 1st Sgt. Rose's 176, although Sgt. Schatz's score of a "sore shoulder" wasn't overlooked.

PROMOTIONS — Congratulations go to "T" Sgts. C. E. Dailey and J. C. Gebien, also "T" Cpls. T. E. Brown, T. O. Almenar, R. L. Floyd, M. L. Ostrega and I. H. Hite, (I smoke Van Dyke's fella's).

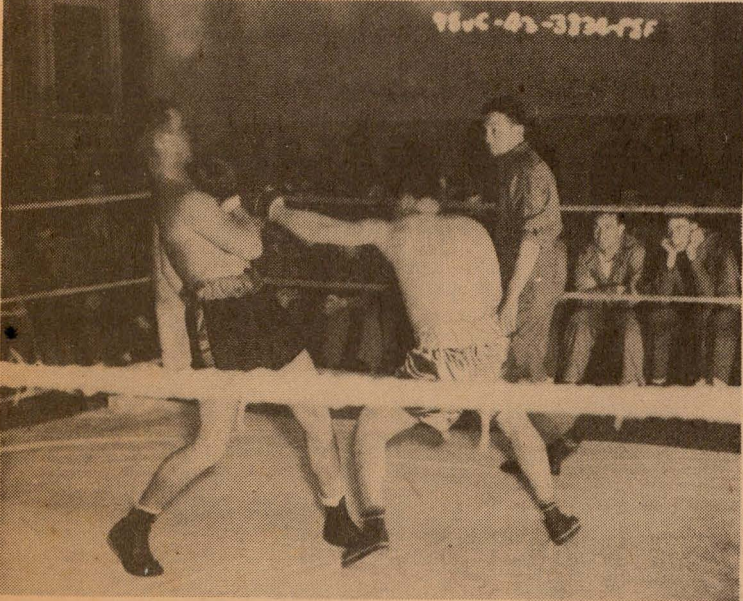
—Cpl. H. O. Arras

MILEY OBSERVERS

There are happy faces around camp at present. The boys look forward to 15 day furloughs, which they expect soon. Two have already left: Sgt. Bruser and Bukovich, and it is expected, upon their return, they will have some exciting tales, mostly about the salubrious weather they had in the "home state."

Our expectations from hashman Cpl. Powers announced in the previous issue of the GGG are being fulfilled to the point of satisfaction. He has really been dishing out some very tasty sand-

Lively Scrap



Pfc. Ernest Trivino jabs a left at Sgt. Harry Stenberg, which Harry neatly blocks, in the first bout of the evening. This was a rich, snappy affair and these lads did their stuff every minute of the three rounds. Each or both of these Artillerymen could easily be the mainstay of any scrapping team. (Story page 1).

CPL. POTTS IS TAKIN' IT RATHER HARD- SERGEANT HE USTA WRITE HIS GAL FREN TWICE A DAY FER THREE YEARS... NOW HE FINDS OUT SHE WENT AND MARRIED THE MAIL MAN

— AIN'T LIFE CRUEL AT TIMES ???

BOO HOO

SIR... WOULD YA CARE TO TOSS FER DOUBLE OR NOTHIN' ???

"BACK FROM THE DEAD" DEPARTMENT—

WHAT DID ONE BULLET SAY TO THE OTHER BULLET?

HI SLUG!

AT THE PAY TABLE—

I PERSONALLY INDORSE CEMENT-O SHAVING CREAM ... NO BRUSH- NO LATHER- NO RUB IN- NO SOAP- NO BOX- NO NUTHIN'— JUST BLOOD !!!

DARLING/ YOUR WAIST IS THE SMALLEST I'VE EVER SEEN—

OF CORSET IS—

"BLACK OUT" THE RISING SUN with WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

SMOKE AN EL WEEDO CIGAR THE ROPE WITH CHARACTER

POST EXCHANGE

"MIKE" MIKOS

wiches at the G-3 Grill. Good work pal, we enjoy your cuisine.

Pfc. Schwetzler has some fancy tales to tell about his many trips to the Ozarks. His best is the one told about the time he and his cousin were traveling in the hills and had made three different stops to inquire the distance to the next town. They traveled a distance of over 35 miles in this time and each time were given the same answer, "Twelve miles." Schwetzler remarked to his cousin, "At least we are keeping up with it."

Cpl. Hamilton brought back some of the good old lung power he used to have eight years ago while a track star in high school. He ran the mile in 6:5 while commando training last week. Those old limbs of his hadn't shrunk a bit for his five foot stride was still in action.

Sgt. George Shimel.

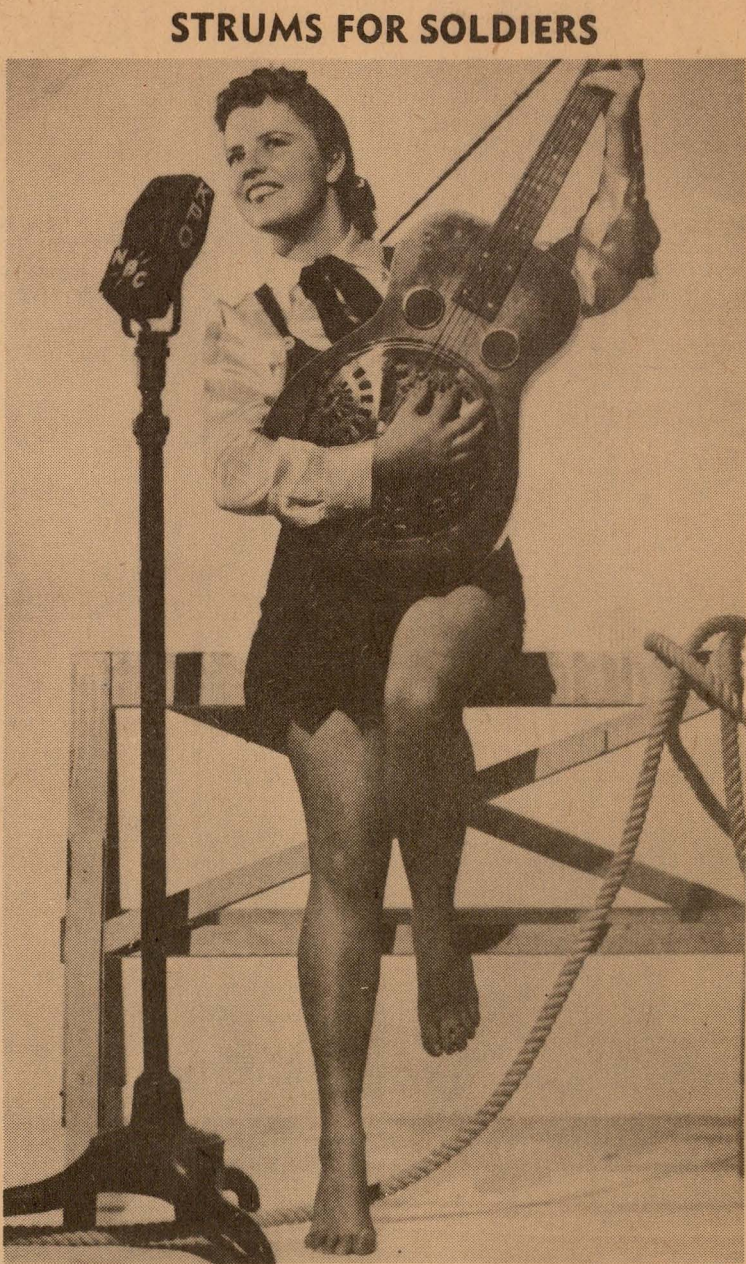
GALLOPING GOPHERS

Our Btry. Bugler, Harvey "Harry James" Caldwell has something to toot about. He has a brand new bugle. All through history people have become famous blowing brass horns. They say the dead will rise



when Gabriel blows his horn, and who wouldn't get up and dance when Harry James gives out on his trumpet? But I'm afraid when Caldwell blows his bugle, well, there's not much choice.

Cpl. Larry Potts



Rosie West, radio's hill-billy songstress, entertains the soldiers in the outlying harbor defense camp areas. She may not wear shoes, but authentic sources reveal she does not smoke a corn-cob pipe either.



Vol. 11 Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Friday, September 25, 1942 No. 8



DWARFED IN SIZE alongside a huge sixteen inch projectile, pretty 10 year old Virginia Gagos, 2301 28th Avenue, S. F., looks up in awe. Perhaps Virginia does not quite understand what over a ton of steel and dynamite means to her. Perhaps she is not quite aware at the moment of the importance this projectile means in the protection of these shores and in the future peace of her homeland. Mr. Gagos knows, and so does every

freedom loving citizen in the land know, what we mean when we say—"NO ENEMY SHIPS SHALL PASS THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE." These words are backed up with sixteen inch shells, twelve inch shells; the finest, most far reaching weapons in the world—in short steel, powder, TNT and WELL TRAINED manpower. Some day Virginia will understand.

Death Dealing Steel Shown At Ceremony

Bands played, gals marched, flags waved in downtown San Francisco at the ceremony dedicated to the opening of the impressive Union Square Garage. One of the main attractions was the demonstration of artillery projectiles under the direction of Major Arthur Kramer, Harbor Defenses of San Francisco Supply Officer.

Graduate of West Point and a Coast Artillery officer for almost a decade, Major Kramer is recognized as one of the foremost authorities on projectiles and propelling charges.

The highlight of this demonstration was the 2100 pound armor piercing projectile used in a sixteen inch gun and its little bloodbrother, the twelve inch, 1070 pound A.P. missile. Alongside these, the Major pointed out and explained the French .75 mm. shell, the 3 inch, .37 mm., and other blitzing products. The 80,000,000 candle power searchlight and new 75 mm. weapon was also on display.

Mayor Angelo Rossi officiated at the opening of the garage, which is capable of housing thousands of cars and is recognized as one of the finest bomb proof shelters in the country.

NOTE TO SCHICKEL AND BRETHREN!

A cat may have nine lives; rats but one.

More V-MAIL For Front-Line Men

Servicemen abroad send home five times more V-MAIL than they receive. Relatives, friends and sweethearts of soldiers, sailors and marines should know Post Offices throughout the United States have facilities for handling ten times more V-MAIL than they do.

V-MAIL letter sheet forms are available in every Post Office on every rural route in the United States — free of charge. This postal system, according to the fighting men themselves, is the most sensible ever devised. Not only is it possible for them to receive more mail, but the messages are delivered much more expediently than by ordinary mail.

V-MAIL is given absolute priority in handling and delivery by the Army and Navy. The result is that it is faster by days and even weeks than any other type of postal service, including air mail. This postal system also permits delivery of hundreds of thousands more letters to the men at the front because of tremendous saving in shipping space. Messages written on V-MAIL blanks are microfilmed and sent overseas in small cartons. Photographic reproduction are made in total darkness and the only ones to view the contents of the blanks are the censors who censor ALL incoming and outgoing mail.

The War Department regards this as the most confidential means of transporting messages, and microfilms important military information in the same manner as V-MAIL.

5-B in the draft: Baldness, Bridgework, Bifocals, Baywindow and Bunions.—Kansas City Times.

For Men Overseas, Yule Shop Today

For the khakiman overseas, "Do your Christmas shopping early," means — **RIGHT NOW!**

If the fighting man overseas is to receive his gift from home by Christmas, the package must be in the mails between October 1st and November 1st.

With all available cargo space needed for the transport of vital military supplies, it is urged that Yuletide packages be kept to a minimum in size and weight. Postal regulations provide that no package weighing over 11 pounds, or more than 18 inches in length, or 42 inches in length and girth combined, may be mailed. No more than one package per week may be mailed by any one person.

The Army Postal Service requests

Army All-Stars Down NY Grid Giants 16-0

The U. S. Army All-Stars downed the New York Professional Football Giants 16-0 Sept. 12, at the Polo Grounds, New York City. The game, played for the benefit of Army Emergency Relief and the New York Herald Tribune Fund was witnessed by 40,000 fans.

The Army team, made up of men who have been away from the gridiron for as long as three years, displayed power and strategy which was too much for the pros.

Capt. John Pingel, ranking officer of the team coached by Col. Bob Neyland, led the attack which scored two touchdowns, one of them via the air. Capt. Pingel hadn't played since 1939 when he was with the Detroit Lions.

BUY BONDS! BYE, BYE JAPS!

Fourth Phase Coming Up!

The Commando obstacle course run is still the most popular toughener in the special conditioning program now nearing the fourth phase. Individuals and batteries are rated in percentages tabulated from points made in the shot put, bayonet run, 100 yard dash, mile run, push ups, pull ups, sit ups, broad jumps and the obstacle course run. Sarge Tulley Ellis, B at Scott is still top "Commando" runner with 44.4 seconds.

Besides competitive events, every soldier is subjected to extensive field drills, boxing, wrestling, Judo, tent pitching and fierce hand-to-hand combat training. This is the real thing. Whether an artilleryman is a deflection board operator or pulls the lanyard of a massive cannon, he is taught to handle himself in rough company and to give the adversary a "bad time."

Prize battery percentages to date:

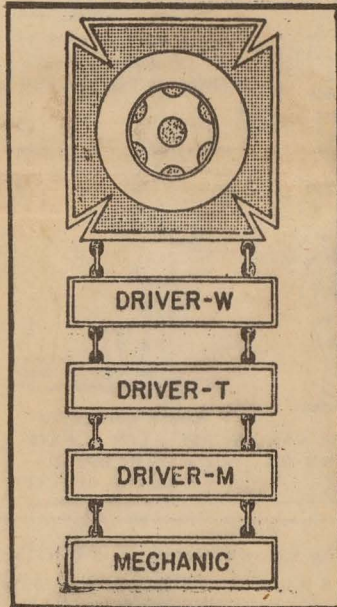
"C" Cannoneers, Funston—52.2 (1st Phase)
"G" Battery, Barry—47.2
"D" Barbeteers, Scott—44.5
"C" Cannoneers, Funston—44.4 (2nd Phase)
"C" Cannoneers, Funston—43.3 (3rd Phase)
"M" Battery, Barry—38.0
"D" South Gaters, Funston—33.5
"K" Battery, Barry—30.5

Prize individual percentages to date:

W. R. Meyers, G-Barry, 69.1	Plaughter, K-Barry, 64.3
Hendriksen, D-So. Gaters, 67.1	Lipczynski, K-Barry, 64.1
Kelly, D-South Gaters, 66.4	Parsons, K-Barry, 64.1
Lacey, K-Barry, 66.4	Mohar, D-South Gaters, 63.6
Kushjon, K-Barry, 66.1	Leach, D-South Gaters, 63.3
Sulewski, D-Barbeteers, 65.8	Laytem, K-Barry, 63.2
Dowd, D-South Gaters, 65.5	Holmberg, D-So. Gaters, 62.4
Maddux, K-Barry, 65.4	Hughes, C-Cannoneers, 62.2
Luplow, K-Barry, 64.5	Stocking, D-South Gaters, 62.0

These are the only bonified high scores tabulated into percentages by the Special Service Office to date. Each issue of the GGG will endeavor to print the highest scoring batteries and individuals. Names omitted, new records broken, or any other news that may have been overlooked should be brought to the attention of the Special Services Office.

Badges of Merit To MTO Soldiers



Approximately thirty-five mechanics, drivers and administration men detailed to the HDSF Motor Transportation Office will receive "Qualification Badges" for showing outstanding ability, according to 1st Lt. Wayne F. Ulrey, HDSF Motor Transportation Officer, and 1st Lt. James R. Donovan, Baker Det. Officer.

Those entitled to all four bars, designating them as qualified for any transportation task in the Army, are Master Sgt. George Robinson, Tech. Sgt. Paul C. Vickery, Sgt. Lester Ratcliffe, Staff Sgt. John Flaig, Sgt. Joseph Dews, Cpl. Herman Amort and Cpl. Paul Herman.

To merit any award, the artilleryman must demonstrate outstanding qualities as driver, mechanic, dispatcher or maintenance man, as well as being a meritorious soldier.

Recorded Personal Messages, Army Ban

Transmission of recorded personal messages between troops in overseas stations and relatives or friends in the United States, whether by short-wave, radio broadcast or transportation of disks, will be discontinued, the War Department recently announced.

This method of communication is dangerous to the national security and is unsatisfactory in that there is no assurance the message will reach the person for whom it was intended.

Meteorology Men Gather the Dope That Make Hits

Watching the ascent of this balloon are three artillerymen. One observes the action of the inflated rubber, another records the data received and the third plots this information on a chart. On a clear day or night it is watched for as long as 49½ minutes. At night a lantern is sent along with the balloon. The information accumulated—surface atmospheric pressure, ballistic density, wind velocity, humidity, temperature and wind direction are sent by special messenger in code to a central station.

From this station, the data is transmitted to every gun battery and emplacement in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, also in code. Wind component board operators adjust their board accordingly as do the deflection and range percentage corrector board operators. This information is carefully transferred to all charts and instruments that send final firing data to the big guns.

A thousand pound armor piercing projectile, rotating towards its object, is effected by ballistics, the same as that of a cartridge from a .22 rifle. The missile passing through different atmospheres may be slowed down or speeded up by the density of the air through which it passes, the winds encountered, the temperatures of the zones, the tide and the atmospheric pressure.

During alerted periods, this information is sent to the guns at frequent intervals. Without this meteorological data in the plotting rooms of the gun batteries, the chances of striking a hostile vessel or bringing down an enemy plane would be considerably lessened.

Those engaged in the meteorology station in these defenses are "T" Cpl. L. E. Harvey, Owosso, Michigan; Pfc. Mike Vitale, Chicago; Pfc. Alton Blackman, Flint, Michigan; Pvt. Harold Amundson, Northern Wisconsin and Pvt. John Angnus, Boston. Each man is capable of handling any task in this department. Information needed to put the projectile in the enemy's lap.

(Pictures, Page 3)

THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

VOL. II SEPTEMBER 25, 1942 ISSUE NO. 8

The Golden Gate Guardian is published by and for the personnel of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco and associated camps.

MILLER RYAN, Capt., CAC, Officer In Charge



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News matter published in the Golden Gate Guardian is available for general release.

All photographs appearing in this issue are by the Signal Corps, unless otherwise designated.

General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, U. S. Army: "No matter how fine the equipment, no matter how abundant, if we don't have morale, we have nothing! Morale is the most important, the most vital factor in any army anywhere."

G. I. PROFESSIONS

The Cigarette Mocher



BOOK Re-Marks

RUSSIANS DON'T SURRENDER, By Alexander Poliakov. New York, E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., 1942. \$2.50.

According to Pierre Van Paassen, RUSSIANS DON'T SURRENDER is more than literature. It is also more than just a human document. It is the voice of the Soviets' Unknown Soldier on the vast steppes of Russia, fighting stubbornly against Hitler's perfectly equipped bandits and battling exultantly for his national freedom.

The book is illustrated with 58 action photographs from Sovfoto.

MECHANIZED MIGHT, By Major Paul C. Raborg, New York, Whittlesey House, 1942. \$2.50.

The elements of military strategy and the degree to which an Army must be synchronized to produce an effective blitzkrieg are fully described in MECHANIZED MIGHT. Author Raborg, who has served both as an enlisted man and an officer, tells of the first effective tank sponsored by Winston Churchill; the differences between mechanized and motorized divisions; the use of radio in modern warfare, and the similarity of the tank of today to the cavalry of yesterday. Graphic descriptions of actual battles, ancient and modern, add to the book's interest.

The following epitaph is inscribed on a stone over the grave of a famous Army mule in France:

"In memory of Maggie, who in her time kicked two colonels, four majors, ten captains, forty-two sergeants, sixty-one corporals and four hundred and thirty-two privates AND . . . ONE MILLE BOMB."

—Author buried with Maggie ('Sound Off'—Ft. McPherson, Ga.)

WANTED!

Any HDSF G.I. gentleman with a nose for news. Any aspired journalist who knows his five W's, and who would like to keep in news writing practice or gain further experience in newspaper work. His efforts will be expended after his regular working hours or at such times that he can be relieved from his regular duties—for the present at least.

He must be willing and able to write a one hundred word story and see it slashed down to ten words without committing hari-kari. Notes and story material will be furnished him, besides a banged up Underwood, old typewriter ribbon and work paper. There won't be any pay so don't ask for any. Whether you be Master Sarge or a 90 day wonder yardbird, treatment will be rough—but just.

The Golden Gate Guardian office is in Post Headquarters, Fort Scott. Come in anytime and we'll give you a try — or maybe you'll give us a try.

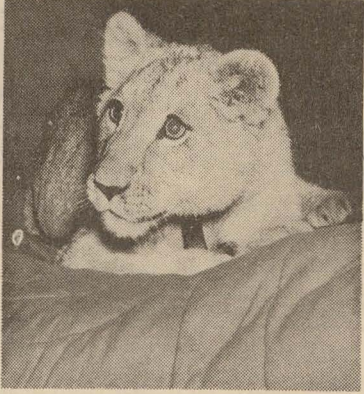
Judy, Former Barry Recruit, Stars Opposite Simon Simone

JUDY was like that — grown, lithe, supple, womanish and catty. As a Fort Barry "recruit", long before WAAC or WAVE was organized, Judy gained fame by snapping at a reporter's trouser seat, gashing a medical officer, and posing for a Signal Corps photo man without Max Factoring her puss. She made front page when she practiced judo with her Battery "T" buddies on the Barry hills.

Then Hollywood heard of Judy, the attractive African lioness.

Talent scouts from RKO movie studios gave Judy a screen test, and she now stars opposite Simon Simone in an RKO squawkee, yet untitled. Sgt. Joe Bosi, Judy's recruit instructor, says Judy dyed her hair black for the film so she can look like a panther and most of the action takes place in the New York Bronx park zoo.

Bosi is engaged at the moment in



Judy, feline charmer, received her recruit training and manners in the HDSF from Sgt. Joe Bosi. She now stars in Hollywood opposite Simon Simone.

grooming another future Hollywood starlette — Miss X, the tigress; age, 2 months; frisky; temper of Bette Davis; appetite of Man Mountain Dean.

Smatterings

Three recreation buildings, costing \$53,000 may soon be authorized for erection in the HDSF. One building will be put up adjacent to the Baker Hospital, another in back of the Funston Bachelor Officers' Quarters and the other next to the Fort Scott theatre.

GOLF: San Francisco Golf Club, San Mateo County; Crystal Springs Golf Club, San Mateo County and Presidio Golf Club, Presidio of San Francisco, offer free playing privileges to servicemen.

Negotiations are under way for 1,000 luxurious theatre seats for the Fort Barry theatre.

The S.F. Police Department is training several HDSF officers and men in "Juwarlia," which is the science of "nerve wrestling." Eventually, every man in the defenses will be acquainted with this type of combat technique.

New shelves have been built for the BOOK-MOBILE. Over 1,000 volumes, most of them brand new, including late novels, fiction, non-fiction, westerns, detectives, math courses, etc., are available.

BOB HOPE is expected to perform at the Scott theatre about October 5th. He will perform here before any other camp in this area,

according to the Public Relations Officer, who made the contact.

The Scott gym has enlarged its powder room, built showers and is preparing for the basketball season.

Scott theatre is now being equipped with footlights and dressing rooms.

Reliable sources reveal that the PX Grill will be enlarged shortly. It will occupy one complete floor of the building it is now in and may be transformed into a cafeteria.

School Marm Predicts Bars for Math Studes

Reports from Miss Owen, algebra and trig instructress, reveal that the majority of her HDSF studes enrolled since July 22, are well enough along to pass the entrance examination for OCS, Coast Artillery branch.

Miss Owen has prepared men in math for West Point, Annapolis, the Air Corps and several military schools. During World War I, Miss Owens also assisted enlisted men in getting commissions, and is familiar with the short cuts that shorten study time.

Classes are conducted nightly except Saturday and Sunday from 1900 to 2200, and Sunday afternoons in the rear of the HDSF Chemical Warfare building by the Quartermaster barracks, Fort Scott.

Be the strong SILENT type.



MEEKNESS

By Chaplain John T. Curd

We think of him who is meek as being gentle, submissive, mild of temper, patient.

This meek man had a temperament which was not placid or tame. "He was quickly and violently provoked by ill-doing, when others were the object of it, and warmly resented injuries done either to man or to God," it was once said of him. This does not seem to fit our idea of meek. This character would fight when others were wronged."

Why did he become known as the meekest man? It was only in his own case, when he was individually concerned, that he was meek, that he did not resent wrong-doing, or inflict punishment on the wrong-doer. This man lived an unselfish life. He did not seek greatness; gave up his princely rank in Egypt; lived as a shepherd in Midian; tried to evade God's call; caused his brother to become a leader in his stead; declined to become the father of a nation; and prayed that his name would be blotted out of history, if tolerance to his people failed.

We see how meek he was from the following words: "Forced to the front himself when troubles thicken, he assumes no state, takes no titles of honor, claims no position for his sons, either in his own lifetime or afterwards; assigns the succession to a stranger. An ambitious man, a self-seeking man, would, in the position which he occupied, have established a dynasty."

MOSES was known as the meekest man.

ALASKA REPORTS VOGUE

From the KODIAK BEAR, Fort Greely, Alaska, report comes that OD will be in style again this fall. How novel. We understand drapes, multicolored skirts, pleated vests, twills and tweeds are not to be anticipated. The BEAR intimates perhaps the traditional black tie will disappear into the limbo of a forgotten age. We hope so.

YAPS FROM SAPS HELPS THE JAPS.

THIRSTING TO BLITZ THE FOE



Here is Pfc. Sam Gannucci, "D"-Funston (AA), setting the fuse on a three-inch AA high explosive shell, which may someday meet certain gentlemen in the skies and very unceremoniously unite them with their honorable ancestors. Sam, formerly a cook, professional simonizer, and who has fought in CYO boxing tournaments in Sacramento, is a sturdy 5'-4" khakiman of almost two years standing. Shown with Sam on the firing line are Pfc. James Connelly, Philadelphia; Pfc. Walter Pondell, Chicago; and Pfc. Leo Hegman, Kelso, Washington. All prize warriors.

According to Staff Sgt. "Augie" Lager, Chief of Gun Sections, Sam Gannucci is one soldier who can always be depended on to be on the job and DO the job when it has to be done. Sam has had experience with other coastal armament and feels at home at the

breech of mortars or rapid fire guns.

One day, when Sam had about completed his recruit training, he slammed shut the breech door of a heavy cannon. At the time of closing, the gun was set in motion for firing and the breech fell in place too fast. Sam could not get his hand away in time and his fingers were crushed against the handle and breech door.

Sam Gannucci spent weeks in the hospital, during which time he lost the upper joint of one of his fingers. Undaunted and full of fire, Sam returned to his organization, and after much pleading was placed once more on the gun crew—as No. 1 breech man. He made good.

It is this stuff that points out a 'Typical' soldier in the Coast Artillery, U. S. Army.

TKO'S APLENTY

Sportsmanship Predominates In All HDSF Ring Battles

HDSF Boxing is here to stay. Never in the history of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco has there ever been so much enthusiasm as when G.I. scrappers get in there and do their stuff.

Brooklyn artillerymen from Cronkhite; swarthy skinned C. A. rookies from the coal fields of Pennsylvania; seasoned observers, MP's, KP's, gunmen and plotters from the Middle-West, representing every post and gun emplacement in the HDSF, pit their virility, strength and caginess against each other on the resin powdered canvas.

There have been knockouts, TKO's and decisions. But through it all, one factor predominates in all scraps — sportsmanship. Never was a man fouled purposely, nor did a battle end without each fellow complimenting the other for his performance. Winner and loser alike are cheered from all sections. Each fight is a healthy, honest-to-goodness sincere fracas, and blood is drawn at least once an evening. There are no fakes and no "slap-happy" johnnys.

It's all on the level and as good a boxing show as can be put on anywhere.

In the September 10th show, Lou Jallo was ref; Lt. Col. Benjamin Hawkins, Capt. Beecher Danford and Sgt. Chas. Teitel, judges; Capt. Chas. Harband, timekeeper; Sgt. "Mike" Mikos, announcer. Place: Scott Gym. Attendance: Good.

Winner of the first bout, Pvt. Ross Guard, Hq.-Scott, over Pvt. Roy Cox, same battery. Guard's infighting blows won him the close decision. Welterweights.

Pvt. Jim Adams, QM-Baker, won a TKO over Pvt. "Red" Donalson, SCU, with a lace cut over the left eye in the first minute of the first round. Lightweight.

In the middle-weight division, Pfc. Bill Myers won a decision over Pfc. Earl Currie, both G-Barry artillerymen. These lads fought furiously, but walked out with their arms round each other.

Cpl. Jimmy Fowler, G-Barry, slugged it out with Pfc. John Seja, Barry Pill-roller, to a decision. Fowler looked fancy. Middleweights.

A light-heavyweight classic was fought between Cpl. Dave Wilson and Pfc. Ray Rostek, both of

B-Scott. Wilson won the honors in a decision.

The liveliest tussle of the evening was that between hard-hitting Pvt. Juan Gomez, M-Barry and Pfc. Mike Martire, B-Scott. Gomez, an El Paso, Texas product, won by TKO in the 2nd round. Welterweights.

The final bout of the evening was an exhibition bout between Pfc. John Ogozoly, Scott pro, and Pfc. Marty Adams, M-Barry.

Monday, September 14th, HDSF men invaded the Alameda Air Base for a series of exhibition bouts. Those who will receive silver gloves for their efforts of the evening are Pvt. Jim Adams, QM-Baker, Pvt. Ross Guard, Hq.-Scott, Pfc. John Seja, Medics-Barry, and Pvt. Bud Lewis, SCU-Signal Service.

THURSDAY'S RESULTS

The Scott gym was crammed full with a yelling audience last Thursday. Cronkhite and West Portal brought along their own cheering section, besides furnishing some furious battles. West Portal also brought along Lt. Ralph Brendler, Recreational Officer and Pvt. Lenny De Andrea, Fight Captain.

Judges: Lt. James I. Wise, MP-Scott, and Mr. Walter Cameron, PX Grill manager. Timekeeper: Master Sgt. L.M. Epstein, RSO. Announcer: Sgt. Mike Mikos, GGG Art Editor. Referee: Cpl. Lou Jallo.

1st Bout: Lightweight. Pvt. John Arsenault, E-Cronkhite vs. Pvt. Tony Galasso, C-West Portal. Decision to Galasso in very fast tussle from bell to bell. Galasso is from Philadelphia, Arsenault from Mexico, Maine.

2nd Bout: Lightweight. Pvt. Jimmy Adams, QM-Baker, TKO'd Pvt. Frankie D'Arangio, C-West Portal in first round. "Pee wee" Frankie was game, but no match for hardhitting Jimmy. D'Arangio from Dunmore, Pa., Adams, Oregon.

3rd Bout: Welterweight. Draw between Pfc. Fred Herrera, A-Scott and Pvt. Joe Ryan, C-West Portal. Toe-to-toe slugging from beginning to end. Herrera, San Bernadino, Calif., Ryan, Clark, Pa.

4th Bout: Welterweight. Pfc. Paul Flowers, A-Scott, winner by TKO over Pvt. Rosolino Notari, B-West Portal. Flowers from Porterville, Calif., Notari, Old Forge, Pa. Flowers is plenty fast and shows promise of being an HDSF top notcher.

(Continued on Page Five)



MAJOR ARTHUR KRAMER explains to an almost all male S. F. audience, the difference between a 30-30 buckshot missile and the high powered coastal projectiles shown here. During the two days of the demonstration at the foot of the newly opened Union Square Garage, Major Kramer, HDSF Supply Officer, was swamped with thousands of questions. The Major was stumped once when an eager observer asked —"Which bullet, Major would you recommend for grouse shootin' . . ." (Story Page 1)

Cinematics For Cinema Addicts

G.I. CANDID SHOT OF G.I. THEATRE AUDIENCE ENJOYING THE G.I. COMFORTS OF NEWLY INSTALLED G.I. UPHOLSTERED SEATS—



At the Scott cinema palace, every patron is assured a "soft" seat. Wooden benches, like the wooden Indian, for GI movie-goers is leaving the American scene. Barry and Baker theatres are going for comfy seats too, it has been reported.

The new recreation building speculated for Funston may be used as a film house as well as jive joint, spiff bar and lounging parlor.

Four first chapters of rip-snortin' serials were previewed at the Scott house recently. JUNIOR G-MEN OF THE AIR with the East Side Kids, Dead End Kids and Lionel Atwill will start soon. Twelve chapters of blood, thunder and kidnappings; it was selected because it has laughs.

Two of the best "quackies" to be G.I. screened soon — Disney's Donald Duck in DONALD'S SNOW FIGHT and DONALD'S GARDEN. Most of the Superman cartoons have received prize ratings with dogface audiences.

Coming to the local "shootin' galleries" soon—

WAKE ISLAND with Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston and Walter Abel. This pic has created more comment than any action epic since SARGE YORK. A stern, human drama of the Marine's heroic defense.

Soon to be divorced Mickey Rooney, in A YANK AT ELTON with Edmund Gwenn and Ian Hunter has been given the go-ahead by the experts. This juvenile glamour boy always puts on a good show.

Sgt. Clark Gable before taking to the Air Corps, gave Lana Turner the usual blitzing in SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU. Clark and Lana always did wrinkle up the screen in scintillating fashion. This one, according to the raves, is up to par.

Mrs.—"I want to drive downtown with you today to do a little shopping."

Mr.—"I see your strategic plan. The drive is to be followed by a counter-attack."

Lawyer for the defense—"Do you drink?"

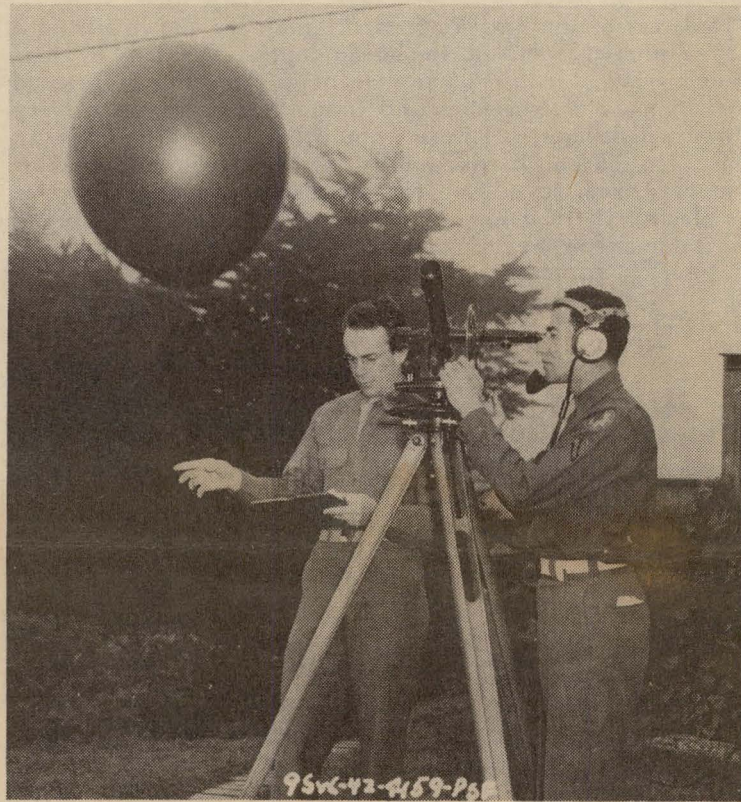
Prosecution witness—"That's my own business."

Lawyer—"Do you have any other business?"

It it's true about drafting heads of families, guess dad will have to learn how to cook and keep house.—Bakersfield Californian.

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

GAS BAG INFO



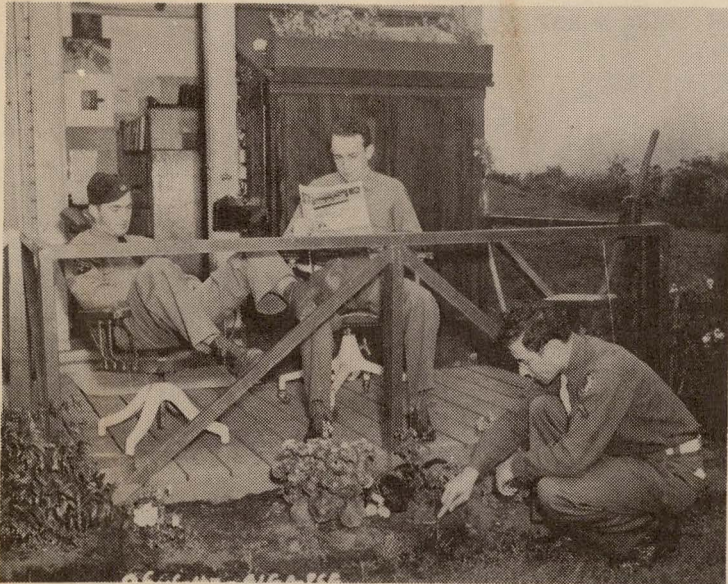
Pfc. Alton Blackman, former Flint, Michigan, factory foreman, releases a gas inflated balloon. Pfc. Mike Vitale, a Chicago technical school graduate, watches the balloon's ascent through a theodolite. As the balloon rises, it expands, and readings received by Mike are telephoned to a plotter who draws a graph of the balloon's path from the data received. From this data, temperature, wind velocity, humidity and other factors involving projectile ballistics are computed and sent to every gun emplacement in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco.

These balloons, according to 'T' Cpl. Harvey, plotter, are purchased from the firm of Sally Rand, famed nude theatre and night club performer. They gotta be good! (Story, Page 1)

AWwwwwwwwww . . .



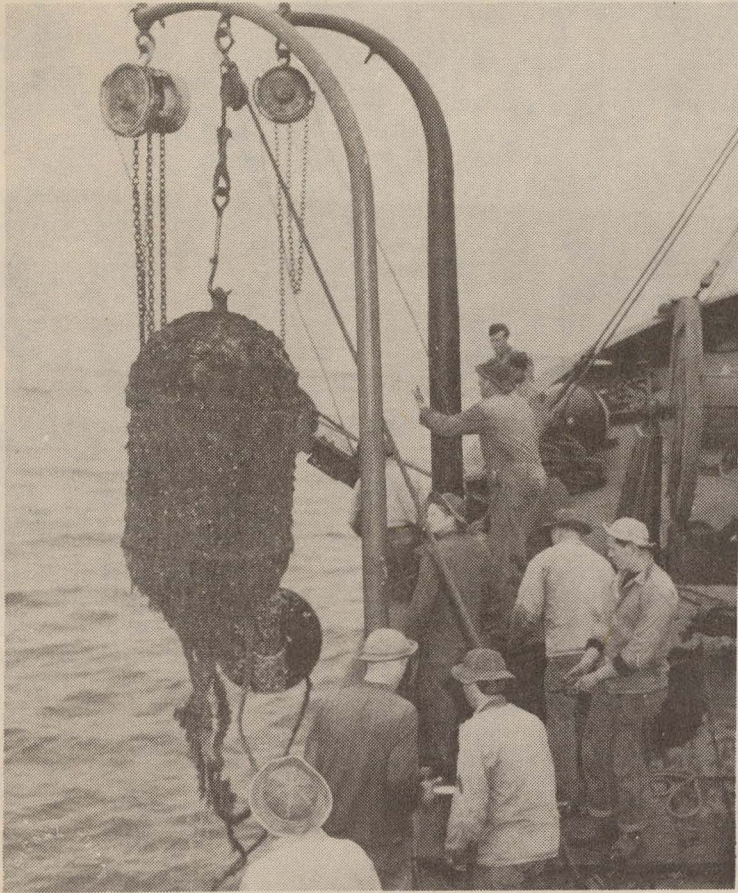
Ain't he cute! Teddy, the pooch we mean—not Pfc. Mike Vitale, who with his meteorology buddies, feeds, pampers and spoils this frisky little mutt. Everything in the HDSF becomes camouflaged and Teddy's doghouse comes in for the same treatment. Mike refuses to let Teddy congregate with other G. I. personalities. He's afraid Teddy will become a chow-hound.



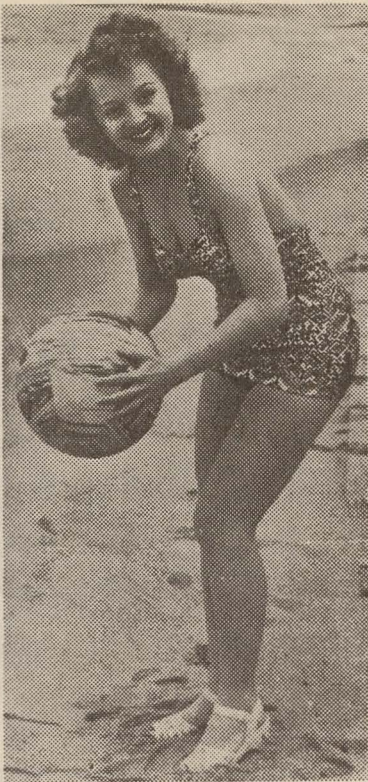
THEY TOOK A SHACK AND MADE A BUNGALOW. The boys in the "Met" station, not content with the barn-like structure used as the Meteorology Station, built a porch, cultivated a flower box and here we see Pfc. Mike Vitale hoeing what appears to be the start of a Victory Garden. Pfc. Alton Blackman relaxes with the GGG while 'T' Cpl. Len Harvey just relaxes. Ted, the pooch, watches Mike from behind a cabbage plant.

The boys sit on old dental chairs, cut the grass once a week, listen to the hottest bands in town on their radio set, maintain their own library of books and magazines and take turns in buckin' up the joint. All is not honeysuckle and roses, though—these Artillerymen have an important job to perform. They do it RIGHT.

BARNACLE BILLS



Soldiers of the sea, these HDSF men are shown lifting a heavy mine charge from the ocean depth. "Dressed" in Neptune's array, this mine, five months in the drink, is covered with fringes of barnacles and fungai while billions of tiny shrimp, fish eggs, eel worms and other sea matter cling to the sides. These "Barnacle Bills" of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco wear "E's" for their sharpshooting activities in placing these dynamite charges where they can do the most damage in the 'mostest' places to the enemy.



THIS LASS NEVER sang in the hills of Barry or on the shores of Cronkhite. She passes out neither Red Cross cigarettes or USO cookies. This is Sharon Douglas, NBC actress, who smiles at the HDSF artillerymen as a means of introduction. They say Sharon cuts quite a figure in the radio world—from curve to curve, we're inclined to agree.

PVT. BLURP TAKES A LOOK SEE



He's been in the Army 16 days, Pvt. A. Blurp. He's been KP 15 days, one day latrine orderly. Blurp is that rarest of species called the "individualist." He refuses to bend his will to that of the militarists without consulting his conscience. From Reveille to Reveille he hates all Sergeants except Sgt. York, as played by Gary Cooper. When the top kick tells him never to look a shootin' iron in the shnozzle, Blurp's gotta look. Pens and pencils are not allowed to be exhibited outside shirts—Blurp shows his. He also needs a shave. Blurp's an individualist. Someday they will write of him— Here lies Pvt. Antimony Blurp, Not so smart, perhaps a jerk. By retaining his individuality, He became a G. I. fatality. (Posed By Pfc. Bob Miller, Signal Corps)

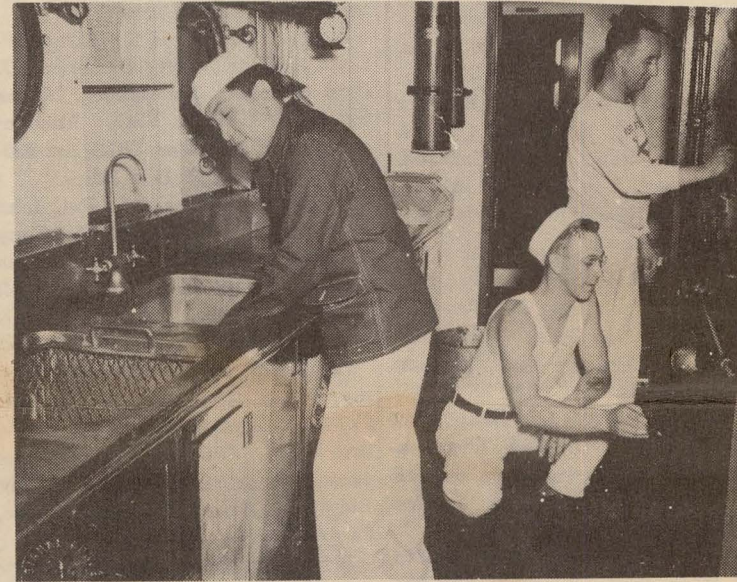
USO Revue Hits On All Sixes

It was a USO SHOW! And from beginning to end a wow! "Hunky Dory Revue" was dished out to a packed Scott theatre last Monday amid howls and cheers. Dancing, singing and comedy was sprinkled out lavishly.

Benny Ross as MC and straight comedian, kept the show going at a lively pace with his snappy introductions and skits aided by acrobatic funny-gal, Maxine Stone. Ross played leading theatres in the country and recently finished a run at London's famed Embassy Club.

THREE SMART GIRLS, two blondes and a brunette, tapped out some fancy rhythm and showed off some fancy gams; Sid Marion, vaudeville comedy star, who was featured with Al Jolson in last year's show, "Hold On To Your Hats," did a novelty drunk act among others, that brought down the house; THE FOUR SAMUELS, two gals and two fellas tap-dancing specialists, were hilarious with their novelty military fun act; Annette Ames, sang, danced and heckled the MC.

Music was furnished by a visiting Infantry unit. We're looking forward to the next USO show.



"TREES" I think that I shall never see A girl refuse a meal that's free; A girl with hungry eyes not fixed Upon the drink that's being mixed; A girl who doesn't like to wear A lot of junk to match her hair; Girls are loved by guys like me— 'Cause we don't like to kiss a tree. —Brookley Bay Breeze.

AIM YOUR SCRAP AT TOJO'S MAP.

IN THE HOLD of the Niles, these galley slaves put out poi. Whimms of fate have set the soldier-sailors into the kitchen of an HDSF Army going vessel. On the left, dreamy-eyed Cpl. Tony Torres, a former Los Angeles short order hash slinger, has his hands in the wash basin; Cpl. Ernest Holmes, chief cook delicately stirs the stew—he's from Boston; Pfc. Bob Moon, former merchant marine from Bayfield, Wisconsin, closes the oven with the satisfied look of an "artiste grande," as the French Gourmet Society would put it.

ON THE H.D.S.F. SPOT by "MIKE" MIKOS

AS IRISH AS HIS 30 YRS IN THE SERVICE IS....

MASTER SERGEANT JAMES KELLY H.D.S.F. "SGT. MAJOR"

ENTERED U.S. ARMY IN 1911—HAS ALWAYS BEEN WITH THE COAST ARTILLERY CORPS — SERVED AT FT. WILLIAMS, ME, FT. HANCOCK, N.J.—FT. MONROE, VA, HAWAIIAN DEPT. (SIX YEARS) AND NOW IN THE H.D.S.F.

SERVED IN FRANCE FOR 18 MOS. IN WORLD WAR NO. 1

HAS BEEN A SERGEANT MAJOR FOR TWENTY ONE YEARS

"THE WOTTA MAN RIBBON"

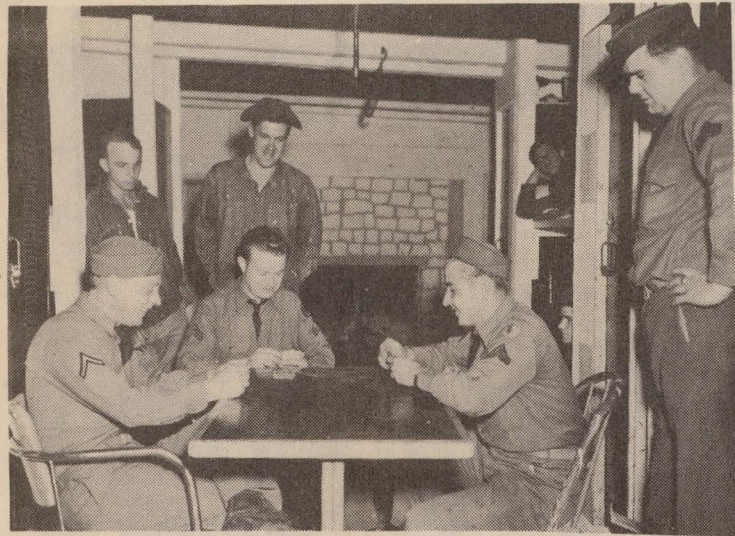
HIS WORDS FOR THE SOLDIER OF TODAY "LOYALTY ALWAYS"

WHO IS THIS GUY EDDIE CANTOR? FATHER OF THREE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS

DRAWN BY "MIKE" MIKOS

Elbert Hubbard, businessman and philosopher: "Creeping into lives of men everywhere is the thought that co-operation is better than competition. We need one another. And by giving much, we will receive much."

UNDERWORLD SESSION



At "D"-Funston, the artillerymen shown here, built this classy living quarters **underground**. Equipped with brick fire-place, Persian rug, steel-chrome chairs (where they could find them) and a couple of decks of cards, the boys now have a bunk room with Class A dayroom facilities. Card players Pfc. Preim, Cpl. Baxa and Cpl. Rucek smile as the paste-boards unfold before them. Baxa and Rucek must have aces full, but Preim has reason to beam even more—he's holding four of a kind—all aces. Kibitzers are 'T' Sgt. Wells, Pfc. Melbye and Sgt. Knoll.

TKO'S APLENTY

(Continued from page three) 5th Bout: Welterweight. Pfc. Benny Heinrich, E-Cronkhite, TKO'd Pvt. Ross Guard, Hq.-Scott in 1:15 minutes of 1st round. Heinrich, New York City slug-fester, was too much for Southern Idaho bred Ross Guard.

6th Bout: Middle-weight. Pvt. Bill Wilson, E-Cronkhite, TKO'd Pvt. Mickey Langello, B-West Portal, in the third round. Bill, from Portsmouth, Virginia, is more experienced and admired the spunk of his game adversary from Philadelphia.

There were two exhibition bouts sandwiched in — Cpl. Jimmy Fowler, G-Barry vs. Pvt. Harry Panvani, B-West Portal; Pfc. John Ogozaly, Scott vs. Pvt. Len De Andrea, C-West Portal.

These bouts are preliminaries to a Harbor Defense of San Francisco weight division tournament planned for this autumn.

Wrong words from saps helps the Japs.

ON THE WAY



They're still running, jumping and climbing. No one knows where they go because they invariably end up right where they started from. There is a guy at the end of the beginning who shouts: "Time—64.7!" and the lads squirm in line for another crack at busting the HDSF Commando Course record. These boys from the North Bay area are not fooling. Their aim is to get tough to treat the Nipponaxis rough.

TKO'S APLENTY

Sportsmanship Predominates
In All HDSF Ring Battles

HDSF Boxing is here to stay. Never in the history of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco has there ever been so much enthusiasm as when G.I. scrappers get in there and do their stuff.

Brooklyn artillerymen from Cronkhite; swarthy skinned C. A. rookies from the coal fields of Pennsylvania; seasoned observers, MP's, KP's, gunmen and plotters from the Middle-West, representing every post and gun emplacement in the HDSF, pit their virility, strength and caginess against each other on the resin powdered canvas.

There have been knockouts, TKO's and decisions. But through it all, one factor predominates in all scraps — sportsmanship. Never was a man fouled purposely, nor did a battle end without each fellow complimenting the other for his performance. Winner and loser alike are cheered from all sections. Each fight is a healthy, honest-to-goodness sincere fracas, and blood is drawn at least once an evening. There are no fakes and no "slap-happy" johnnys.

It's all on the level and as good a boxing show as can be put on anywhere.

In the September 10th show, Lou Jallo was ref; Lt. Col. Benjamin Hawkins, Capt. Beecher Danford and Sgt. Chas. Teitel, judges; Capt. Chas. Harband, timekeeper; Sgt. "Mike" Mikos, announcer. Place: Scott Gym. Attendance: Good.

Winner of the first bout, Pvt. Ross Guard, Hq.-Scott, over Pvt. Roy Cox, same battery. Guard's infighting blows won him the close decision. Welterweights.

Pvt. Jim Adams, QM-Baker, won a TKO over Pvt. "Red" Donalson, SCU, with a lace cut over the left eye in the first minute of the first round. Lightweights.

In the middle-weight division, Pfc. Bill Myers won a decision over Pfc. Earl Currie, both G-Barry artillerymen. These lads fought furiously, but walked out with their arms round each other.

Cpl. Jimmy Fowler, G-Barry, slugged it out with Pfc. John Seja, Barry Pill-roller, to a decision. Fowler looked fancy. Middle-weights.

A light-heavyweight classic was fought between Cpl. Dave Wilson and Pfc. Ray Rostek, both of

B-Scott. Wilson won the honors in a decision.

The liveliest tussle of the evening was that between hard-hitting Pvt. Juan Gomez, M-Barry and Pfc. Mike Martire, B-Scott. Gomez, an El Paso, Texas product, won by TKO in the 2nd round. Welterweights.

The final bout of the evening was an exhibition bout between Pfc. John Ogozoly, Scott pro, and Pfc. Marty Adams, M-Barry.

Monday, September 14th, HDSF men invaded the Alameda Air Base for a series of exhibition bouts. Those who will receive silver gloves for their efforts of the evening are Pvt. Jim Adams, QM-Baker, Pvt. Ross Guard, Hq.-Scott, Pfc. John Seja, Medics-Barry, and Pvt. Bud Lewis, SCU-Signal Service.

THURSDAY'S RESULTS

The Scott gym was crammed full with a yelling audience last Thursday. Cronkhite and West Portal brought along their own cheering section, besides furnishing some furious battles. West Portal also brought along Lt. Ralph Brendler, Recreational Officer and Pvt. Lenny De Andrea, Fight Captain.

Judges: Lt. James I. Wise, MP-Scott, and Mr. Walter Cameron, PX Grill manager. Timekeeper: Master Sgt. L.M. Epstein, RSO. Announcer: Sgt. Mike Mikos, GGG Art Editor. Referee: Cpl. Lou Jallo.

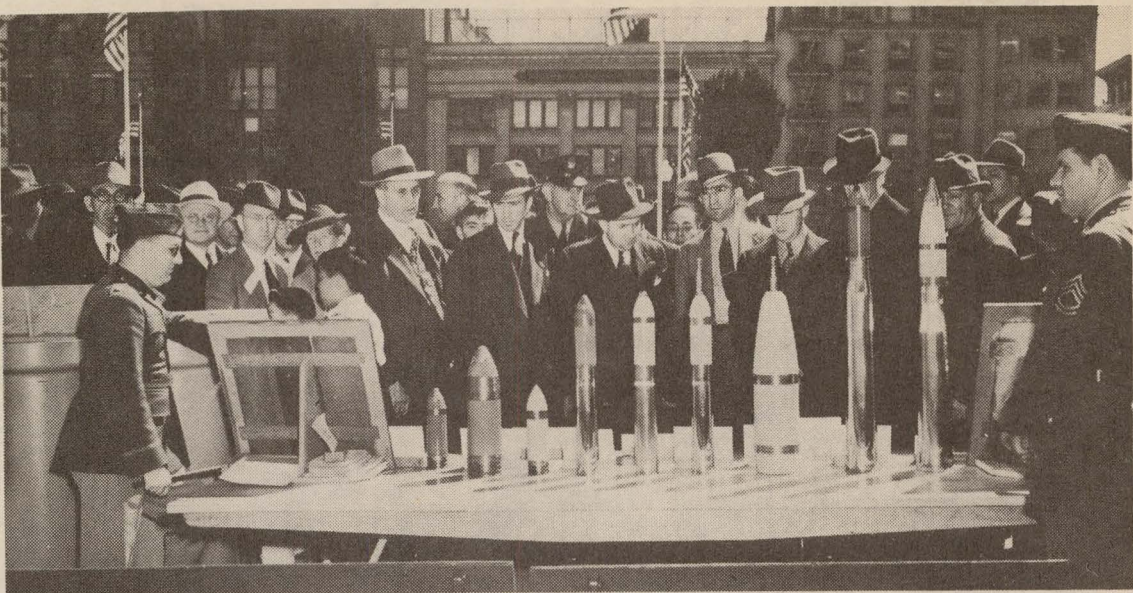
1st Bout: Lightweight. Pvt. John Arsenault, E-Cronkhite vs. Pvt. Tony Galasso, C-West Portal. Decision to Galasso in very fast tussle from bell to bell. Galasso is from Philadelphia, Arsenault from Mexico, Maine.

2nd Bout: Lightweight. Pvt. Jimmy Adams, QM-Baker, TKO'd Pvt. Frankie D'Arangio, C-West Portal in first round. "Pee wee" Frankie was game, but no match for hardhitting Jimmy. D'Arangio from Dunmore, Pa., Adams, Oregon.

3rd Bout: Welterweight. Draw between Pfc. Fred Herrera, A-Scott and Pvt. Joe Ryan, C-West Portal. Toe-to-toe slugging from beginning to end. Herrera, San Bernadino, Calif., Ryan, Clark, Pa.

4th Bout: Welterweight. Pfc. Paul Flowers, A-Scott, winner by TKO over Pvt. Rosolino Notari, B-West Portal. Flowers from Porterville, Calif., Notari, Old Forge, Pa. Flowers is plenty fast and shows promise of being an HDSF top notcher.

(Continued on Page Five)



MAJOR ARTHUR KRAMER explains to an almost all male S. F. audience, the difference between a 30-30 buckshot missile and the high powered coastal projectiles shown here. During the two days of the demonstration at the foot of the newly opened Union Square Garage, Major Kramer, HDSF Supply Officer, was swamped with thousands of questions. The Major was stumped once when an eager observer asked — "Which bullet, Major would you recommend for grouse shootin' . . ." (Story Page 1)

Cinematics For
Cinema Addicts



At the Scott cinema palace, every patron is assured a "soft" seat. Wooden benches, like the wooden Indian, for GI movie-goers is leaving the American scene. Barry and Baker theatres are going for comfy seats too, it has been reported.

The new recreation building speculated for Funston may be used as a film house as well as jive joint, spiff bar and lounging parlor.

Four first chapters of rip-snortin' serials were previewed at the Scott house recently. **JUNIOR G-MEN OF THE AIR** with the East Side Kids, Dead End Kids and Lionel Atwill will start soon. T w e l v e chapters of blood, thunder and kidnappings; it was selected because it has laughs.

Two of the best "quackies" to be G.I. screened soon — Disney's Donald Duck in **DONALD'S SNOW FIGHT** and **DONALD'S GARDEN**. Most of the Superman cartoons have received prize ratings with dogface audiences.

Coming to the local "shootin' galleries" soon—

WAKE ISLAND with Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston and Walter Abel. This pic has created more comment than any action epic since **SARGE YORK**. A stern, human drama of the Marine's heroic defense.

Soon to be divorced Mickey Rooney, in **A YANK AT ELTON** with Edmund Gwenn and Ian Hunter has been given the go-ahead by the experts. This juvenile glamour boy always puts on a good show.

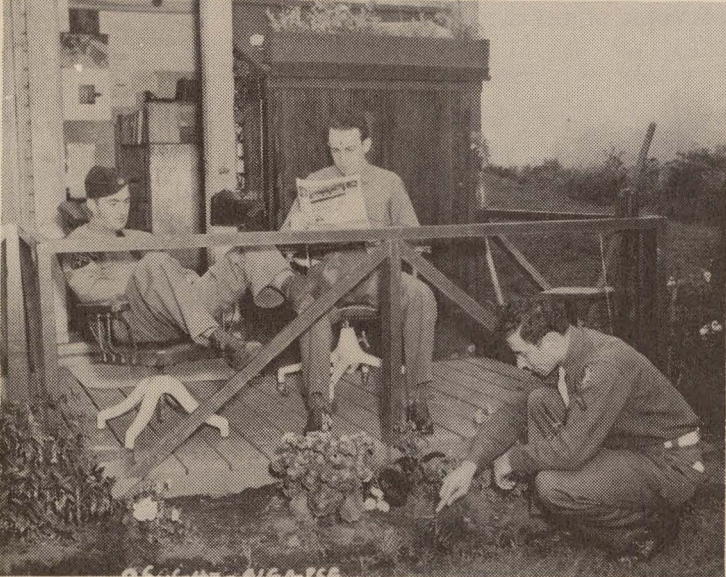
Sgt. Clark Gable before taking to the Air Corps, gave Lana Turner the usual blitzing in **SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU**. Clark and Lana always did wrinkle up the screen in scintillating fashion. This one, according to the raves, is up to par.

GAS BAG INFO



Pfc. Alton Blackman, former Flint, Michigan, factory foreman, releases a gas inflated balloon. Pfc. Mike Vitale, a Chicago technical school graduate, watches the baloon's ascent through a theodolite. As the balloon rises, it expands, and readings received by Mike are telephoned to a plotter who draws a graph of the balloon's path from the data received. From this data, temperature, wind velocity, humidity and other factors involving projectile ballistics are computed and sent to every gun emplacement in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco.

These balloons, according to 'T' Cpl. Harvey, plotter, are purchased from the firm of Sally Rand, famed nude theatre and night club performer. They gotta be good! (Story, Page 1)



THEY TOOK A SHACK AND MADE A BUNGALOW. The boys in the "Met" station, not content with the barn-like structure used as the Meteorology Station, built a porch, cultivated a flower box and here we see Pfc. Mike Vitale hoeing what appears to be the start of a Victory Garden. Pfc. Alton Blackman relaxes with the GGG while 'T' Cpl. Len Harvey just relaxes. Ted, the pooch, watches Mike from behind a cabbage plant.

The boys sit on old dental chairs, cut the grass once a week, listen to the hottest bands in town on their radio set, maintain their own library of books and magazines and take turns in buckin' up the joint. All is not honeysuckle and roses, though—these Artillerymen have an important job to perform. They do it RIGHT.

Mrs.—"I want to drive downtown with you today to do a little shopping."

Mr.—"I see your strategic plan. The drive is to be followed by a counter-attack."

Lawyer for the defense—"Do you drink?"

Prosecution witness—"That's my own business."

Lawyer—"Do you have any other business?"

It it's true about drafting heads of families, guess dad will have to learn how to cook and keep house.—Bakersfield Californian.

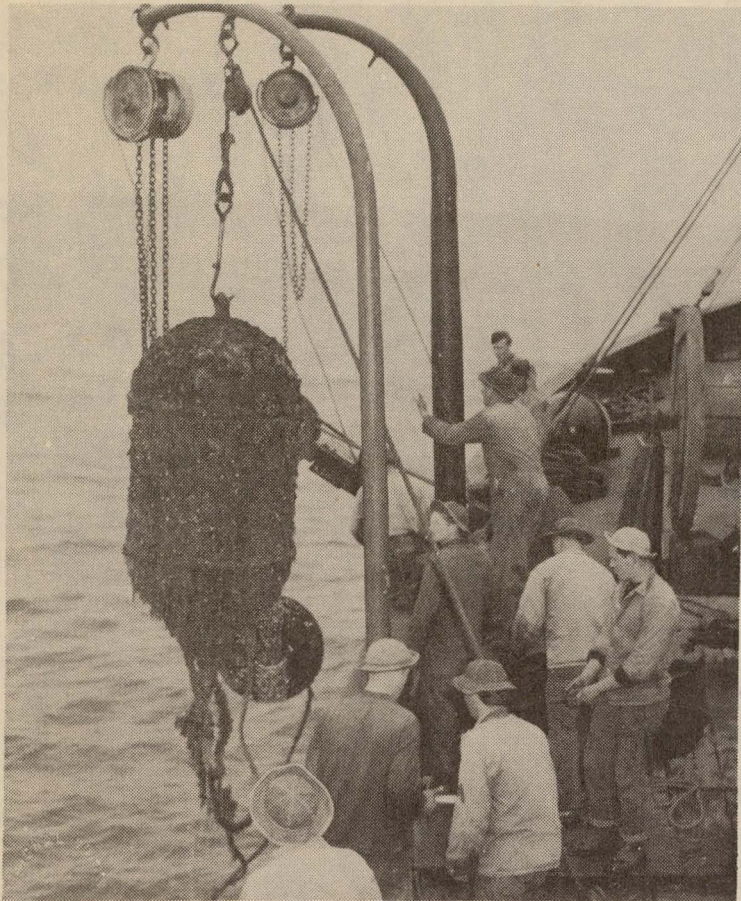
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

AWwwwwwwwww . . .



Ain't he cute! Teddy, the pooch we mean—not Pfc. Mike Vitale, who with his meteorology buddies, feeds, pampers and spoils this frisky little mutt. Everything in the HDSF becomes camouflaged and Teddy's doghouse comes in for the same treatment. Mike refuses to let Teddy congregate with other G. I. personalities. He's afraid Teddy will become a chow-hound.

BARNACLE BILLS



Soldiers of the sea, these HDSF men are shown lifting a heavy mine charge from the ocean depth. "Dressed" in Neptune's array, this mine, five months in the drink, is covered with fringes of barnacles and fungi while billions of tiny shrimp, fish eggs, eel worms and other sea matter cling to the sides. These "Barnacle Bills" of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco wear "E's" for their sharpshooting activities in placing these dynamite charges where they can do the most damage in the 'mostest' places to the enemy.



THIS LASS NEVER sang in the hills of Barry or on the shores of Cronkhite. She passes out neither Red Cross cigarettes or USO cookies. This is Sharon Douglas, NBC actress, who smiles at the HDSF artillerymen as a means of introduction. They say Sharon cuts quite a figure in the radio world—from curve to curve, we're inclined to agree.

PVT. BLURP TAKES A LOOK SEE



He's been in the Army 16 days, Pvt. A. Blurp. He's been KP 15 days, one day latrine orderly. Blurp is that rarest of species called the "individualist." He refuses to bend his will to that of the militarists without consulting his conscience. From Reveille to Reveille he hates all Sergeants except Sgt. York, as played by Gary Cooper.

When the top kick tells him never to look a shootin' iron in the shnozzle, Blurp's gotta look. Pens and pencils are not allowed to be exhibited outside shirts—Blurp shows his. He also needs a shave. Blurp's an individualist.

Someday they will write of him—

Here lies Pvt. Antimony Blurp,
Not so smart, perhaps a jerk.
By retaining his individuality,
He became a G. I. fatality.

(Posed By Pfc. Bob Miller, Signal Corps)

USO Revue Hits
On All Sixes

It was a USO SHOW! And from beginning to end a wow!

"Hunky Dory Revue" was dished out to a packed Scott theatre last Monday amid howls and cheers. Dancing, singing and comedy was sprinkled out lavishly.

Benny Ross as MC and straight comedian, kept the show going at a lively pace with his snappy introductions and skits aided by acrobatic funny-gal, Maxine Stone. Ross played leading theatres in the country and recently finished a run at London's famed Embassy Club.

THREE SMART GIRLS, two blondes and a brunette, tapped out some fancy rhythm and showed off some fancy gams; Sid Marion, vaudeville comedy star, who was featured with Al Jolson in last year's show, "Hold On To Your Hats," did a novelty drunk act among others, that brought down the house; THE FOUR SAMUELS, two gals and two fellas tap-dancing specialists, were hilarious with their novelty military fun act; Annette Ames, sang, danced and heckled the MC.

Music was furnished by a visiting Infantry unit.

We're looking forward to the next USO show.

TKO'S APLENTY

(Continued from page three)

5th Bout: Welterweight. Pfc. Benny Heinrich, E-Cronkhite, TKO'd Pvt. Ross Guard, Hq.-Scott in 1:15 minutes of 1st round. Heinrich, New York City slug-fester, was too much for Southern Idaho bred Ross Guard.

6th Bout: Middle-weight. Pvt. Bill Wilson, E-Cronkhite, TKO'd Pvt. Mickey Langelo, B-West Portal, in the third round. Bill, from Portsmouth, Virginia, is more experienced and admired the spunk of his game adversary from Philadelphia.

There were two exhibition bouts sandwiched in — Cpl. Jimmy Fowler, G-Barry vs. Pvt. Harry Panvani, B-West Portal; Pfc. John Ogozaly, Scott vs. Pvt. Len De Andrea, C-West Portal.

These bouts are preliminaries to a Harbor Defense of San Francisco weight division tournament planned for this autumn.

Wrong words from saps helps the Japs.



"TREES"

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed
Upon the drink that's being mixed;
A girl who doesn't like to wear
A lot of junk to match her hair;
Girls are loved by guys like me—
'Cause we don't like to kiss a tree.
—Brookley Bay Breeze.

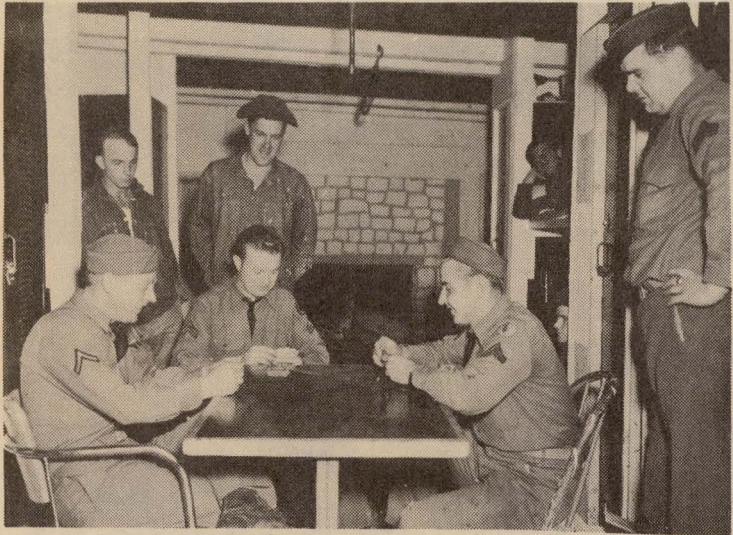
AIM YOUR SCRAP AT TOJO'S MAP.

IN THE HOLD of the Niles, these galley slaves put out poi. Whimms of fate have set the soldier-sailors into the kitchen of an HDSF Army going vessel. On the left, dream-eyed Cpl. Tony Torres, a former Los Angeles short order hash slinger, has his hands in the wash basin; Cpl. Ernest Holmes, chief cook delicately stirs the stew—he's from Boston; Pfc. Bob Moon, former merchant marine from Bayfield, Wisconsin, closes the oven with the satisfied look of an "artiste grande," as the French Gourmet Society would put it.



Elbert Hubbard, businessman and philosopher:
"Creeping into lives of men everywhere is the thought that co-operation is better than competition. We need one another. And by giving much, we will receive much."

UNDERWORLD SESSION



At "D"-Funston, the artillerymen shown here, built this classy living quarters underground. Equipped with brick fireplace, Persian rug, steel-chrome chairs (where they could find them) and a couple of decks of cards, the boys now have a bunk room with Class A dayroom facilities. Card players Pfc. Preim, Cpl. Baxa and Cpl. Rucek smile as the pasteboards unfold before them. Baxa and Rucek must have aces full, but Preim has reason to beam even more—he's holding four of a kind—all aces. Kibitzers are 'T' Sgt. Wells, Pfc. Melbye and Sgt. Knoll.

ON THE WAY



They're still running, jumping and climbing. No one knows where they go because they invariably end up right where they started from. There is a guy at the end of the beginning who shouts: "Time—64.7!" and the lads squirm in line for another crack at busting the HDSF Commando Course record. These boys from the North Bay area are not fooling. Their aim is to get tough to treat the Nipponaxis rough.

Foreign Languages
Taught Khakimen



So that when Sir Dogface makes his debut in Berlin society, or sits down with the Mikado for a glass of rice juice, he doesn't goof off by saying the wrong thing in the wrong language, the War Department is teaching him to know and speak several languages.

Simplified courses of instruction are given featuring use of phonograph records with reference pamphlets and a glossary included to assist in pronunciation. This system guarantees not to make every traveling khakiman a linguist or to give him the basis whereby he can converse fluently with every foreigner in the world. But he will get ham and eggs in Brooklyn or Siam without drawing a picture.

He will be acquainted with such expressions as — "Good Day," "Where is a restaurant?" "How much does this cost?" These are announced in English and repeated several times in the foreign language. After a few doses, a fellow gets the hang of the lingo and like "Parlez vous Francaise?" can get around.

The record and reference instruction method used is adaptable to any language or dialect. Through its application and study, one could readily learn to converse in Navaho, Hottentot or Eskimo.

BOWLING

Two additional bowling alleys at the Scott kegler's emporium are in shape for immediate use. Tournaments are about to start. Candy and cigarettes and cokes are available. Pin setters are urgently needed. Pay is 4 cents a line.

Life Savers

Night Scouting

Pressure on your Adam's apple often will prevent a threatening cough which might reveal your presence to the enemy. A sneeze may be smothered by pressing upward with your fingers against your nostrils.

To clear a ringing noise in your head which interferes with hearing, yawn soldier, yawn. That's one time when a good yawn is considered not only polite but practical.

Move when firing is going on. The sound will help to cover any noise you might make.

Don't chaw tobacco. Spitting is not only "a horrid word" but its sound is unmistakably human.

If fired on close to the enemy lines don't return the fire except to avoid capture. A more personal weapon such as a knife, club, bayonet, blackjack, or a tightly closed hard fist is preferable to a rifle or pistol in individual night work.

When you find it necessary to talk, first let out most of the air from your lungs. This will help you to avoid hissing.

Don't train your eyes by concentrating too long on one object. If objects blur, lower your eyelids slowly, keep them closed for a few seconds and then open them slowly.

Be as careful in returning to your own lines as you were in going out. You still want to avoid hostile patrols and most important, to get back without being fired on by your own outguards or sentries.

When the enemy is using flares, it is usually safe in figuring that he hasn't many patrols out. You should be exceptionally alert when he is not shooting flares as then there are likely to be numerous scouting parties.

FISHIN' FAVORITE



Fish stories around these parts resulted in an investigation. Where the striped ones bite the best, close to Baker's Beach, a GGG reporter came across this young lady with her hook in for the catch. June Millarde is nineteen, green-eyed and blonde. She is a new Hollywood favorite, and a trim treat for fish or dogface.

Careless Talk
Most Dangerous
Is WD Reminder

Individuals and agencies of the Army have again been warned that loose and casual conversation may disclose military information of aid to the enemy.

Except in the performance of official business, all military and civilian personnel of the War Department are prohibited from discussing or commenting upon any matters which concern the military service or the war effort of the United Nations.

It was stressed that the indiscreet divulgence of military plans, operations, troop movements and other military information in buses, trains, clubs, other public places, and in private homes could cause the loss of lives, the destruction of national resources and retard the successful prosecution of the war.

Information which may be of value to the enemy includes:

Factual information of the organization, composition, strength, state of training, equipment or armament of any troop unit; or the identification and location of troop units; assignments of personnel; the activation or contemplated activation of new units; the movements of troops within or without the United States. Also the assembly of troop units in a staging area or port of embarkation; proposed military operations; new designs of weapons, equipment or production machinery; war contracts, types of production, production schedules, dates of delivery; estimated supplies of strategic and critical materials or rate of production of any armament, equipment or other material of war; movement, assembly, or storage of supplies or materials of war; information which would lead the enemy to an interpretation of our war plans or intelligence.

Don't Be a Sap—Don't Open
You're Yap.

OHIO GRADS

Anyone serving in these Defenses, who is a graduate or former student of Ohio State University, is urged to contact the Public Relations Office at Post Headquarters, Fort Scott (3687).

GROWING

This newsie, the "Golden Gate Guardian," is growing. With its growth, there is more room for pics and cartoons. There is also more space for articles and poems.

We are trying to make the GGG, not one of the finest camp publications on the Pacific Coast, but THE BEST camp publication (period). We do not fool ourselves into thinking we are big time stuff, or that we rank with Scripps-Howard or the New York Times. We do contend, however, that the GGG is on the way up.

Help out by sending in news, features and pictures — we want pictures! Help your battery reporter out by telling him what's what and what's where.

We're growing. Help us along.

Sailor vs. Sailor
In Gridiron Scrap

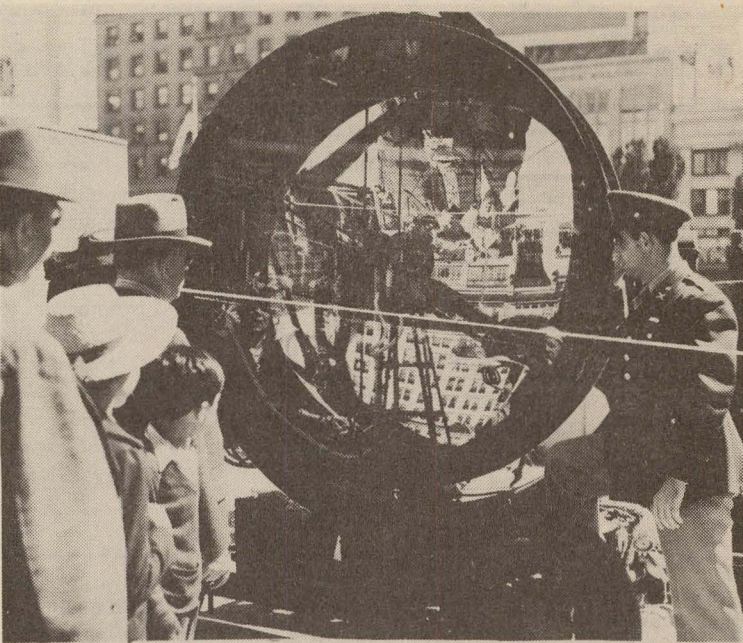
Naval Aviation cadets and officers from St. Marys Pre-Flight School will clash with the U. S. Coast Guard eleven in the first major inter-naval gridiron war of the season Saturday, October 10 in Kezar Stadium.

Designed as a "peoples game" with prices scaled at \$.10 and \$.55, all proceeds from the contest will go to charity. The money from the game will go to the Athletic Funds of the two teams and to the Call-Bulletin Christmas Fund. (This fund provides free glasses and dental work for under-privileged children.)

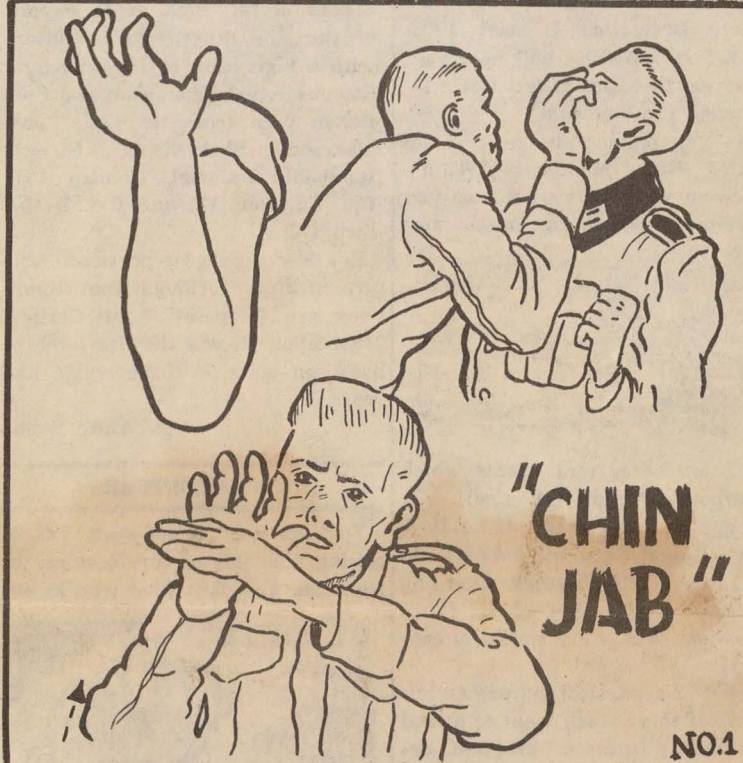
HOW TO LIVE IN THE TROPICS, By Virginia Hunt, New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1942. \$2.00.

A handbook which covers the practical problems of tropical life, HOW TO LIVE IN THE TROPICS packs into a small space every kind of useful suggestion. Not only has the author relied upon personal experiences, but she has had the help and suggestions of doctors who have practiced in the tropical regions for many years. Preparations, climate, environment, keeping fit, victuals and drink, hobbies, women, children, and servants, insect enemies, communicable diseases, home nursing and emergency first aid, are all treated with great detail.

BUY A WAR STAMP AND
HELP LICK THE OTHER SIDE.



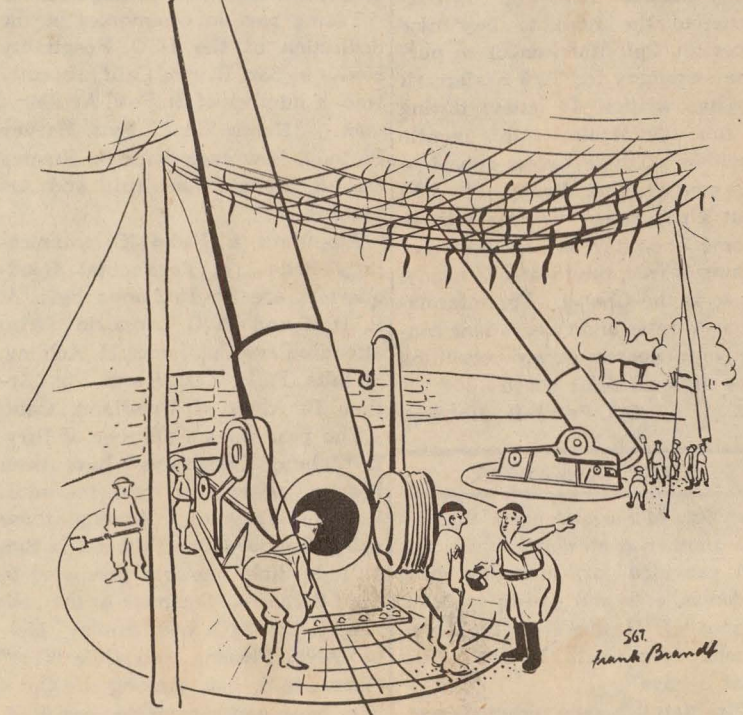
INTO THE BRIGHT chrome finished parabola reflector of an 800,000,000 candle power searchlight, used in the defense of San Francisco and the entire Bay Region, look several visitors to the festivities held recently at Union Square, downtown S. F. By turning this picture around, one sees another complete image reflected on the mirror-like surface of the reflector. 2nd Lt. Hugh C. MacDonald is explaining the intricate features of this HDSF "guardian of the sky."



Be the kill joy of the Nazi party. Treat all Axis gazables rough. GET TOUGH! With illustrations and explanations, through the courtesy of Major W. E. Fairbairn's meaty book, "GET TOUGH!", the GGG will show you how.

The CHIN JAB is not for friends. A lively demonstration can concur a fractured nose, broken neck, gouged eyes, crushed lips and/or a bitten tongue. You don't need brute strength to save your life against great odds, Major Fairbairn insists.

1. Deliver blow with the heel of your hand, full force, with weight of your body behind it, and fingers spread to reach opponent's eyes. Aim at the chin.
 2. Deliver blow upwards from a bent arm and only when close to opponent.
 3. Never draw your hand back, thus signaling your intention of striking. Make every movement as quickly as possible. Your knee at your opponent's groin will always bring his chin forward and down.
- Practice as follows: Hold your left hand at height of your own chin, palm downwards; jab up quickly with your right, striking your left hand, as shown.



"Quick! Run over to Jonesy and borrow a cup of powder."

REPORTING REPORTERS

BAYVIEW INN

Are you weary, traveler? Plan for an extended vacation at the Bayview Hotel down at the end of the parade ground—so close to the Golden Gate that you can hear the hinge squeek. Manager, S./Sgt. James S. Proctor, will greet you at the door (and pick you up for rations as of yesterday). Assistant Manager, James C. Ainsworth will show you to your room and tell you about the service for which the Bayview is famous (e. g., wake you up at 6 A. M. without a switchboard charge). Next, you will dine with S./Sgt. Maitre D'Hotel Howard Huntley who will serve you some of his choice dishes including "Fort Scott Salad" consisting of—well, you come and see.

In a festive mood? Come and listen to the music of AL CIAPARI, his clarinet and JIM ORMSBY'S guitar playing nightly in the beautiful Squadroom of this famous hostel. Or perhaps you'll like to stroll into the dayroom where Recreation Director PFC ALEX A. KANSKI will help you to forget the cares of this world in a happy game of pool.

Are you seeking the finer things of life? Every Monday and Thursday evening the Bayview's culture department offers an enlightening



discussion of current events which everybody attends (or else)! Or perhaps you can read. If so Bayview's Robert Shea will take you to the Library which houses, according to librarian Shea, one of the finest collections of mystery stories in captivity.

Are you a physical culture enthusiast? If so you will want to attend the weekly training program designed to build the body beautiful. Cpl. Eisen will show you how to put the shot and how to run the commando course without falling into the English Channel as one Bayview guest (name censored) did. Or perhaps you're the man who can beat Cpl. Bagby's time of 63 seconds for the course.

Are you interested in meeting people? You will find many celebrities as guests of the Bayview. For instance the hotel shelters several stars of the current boxing season: Battling Red Donalson, Slugger John Ogazally, and promoter (and former pro champ) Lou Jallios. Also you will want to smoke a cigar or two furnished by recently promoted Cpl. Jallios, Cpl. Eisen, T./5 Kleinhans and T./5 Rothfuss.

And finally, are you interested in worthy causes? If so you can contribute to the fund to buy new stripes for Cpl. Morrison or to purchase stationery for T./5 Szafarczyk who has written 43 letters during the first two weeks of this month. If neither of these causes appeal to you, contact Cpl. Bagby of UPO about a pay reservation for a bond.

Come and stay at the Bayview! Parking is free, the theatre is handy, and so is the Chapel. For information as to rates and reservations contact your nearest Army recruiting office or local draft board.

Cpl. Perry D. Morrison

MILEY OBSERVERS

1st Sgt. McFarland came through with another swell dance which was well provided for, including girls, gardenias, eats and plenty to drink (lemonade). Leave it to the Sarge to cook up a swell GI Hop. How about it boys?

Pfc. Matulich, who recently completed the GI drivers test, celebrated the occasion by passing out

cigars to the boys. It is rumored they were pretty good cigars.

Under the supervision of S./Sgt. Swift, the bomb proof shelter now under construction is nearing completion.

Those who received promotions to non-commissioned officer's grades last week celebrated by throwing a beer party for the boys at "G-3" Station. It was a good deal for it sure beat buying a box of cigars. Sgt. George Shimel

"E"—FUNSTON

Cpl. "Luke" Lukosius is Sweatn' out a telegram from Philadelphia—the men in Btry. "E" are looking for those cigars. We hope its twins.



Four of "E" men made expert on the rifle range. Cpl. Johnson with a high score of 180, and Sgt. Stevenson, Sgt. Thompson and Cpl. Rohan with scores of 178. Four also made Sharpshooter; S./Sgt. Randolph 174, Sgt. Lemley 168, Cpl. Lukosius 171 and Pvt. Drob-nich 173.

Cpl. Kerry Seago reports after returning from furlough that conditions are "Copasetic" in Corinth, Mississippi. It was the first time he has been home in three and a half years.

Cpl. Andy Rohan

"D" BARBETEERS

For the best hand stitch job of sewing, this side of the Rockies, we nominate a certain Pfc., who in our



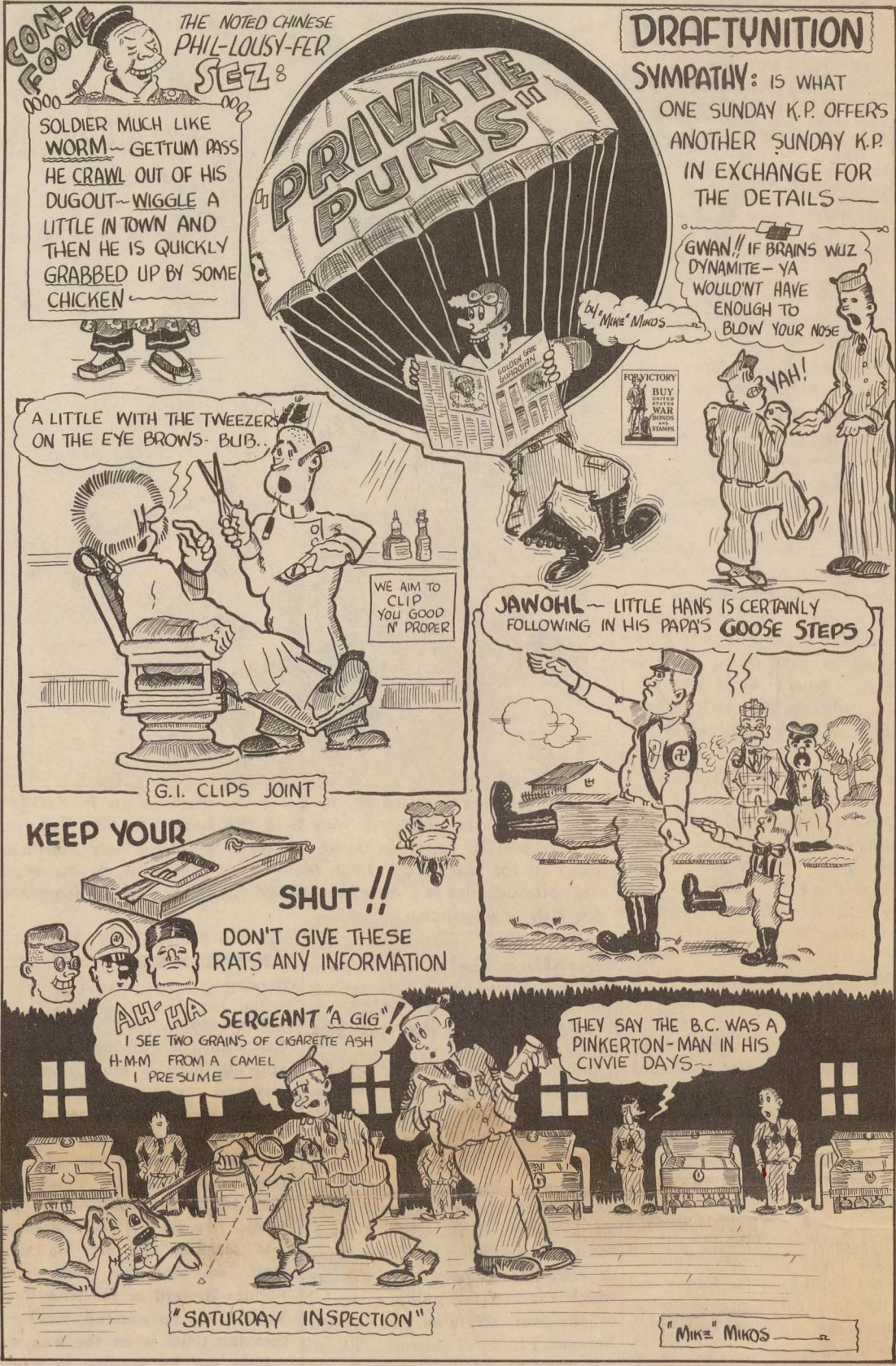
estimation would cop any hand embroidery contest. He has improved the looks of many blouses with cross stitching for a very moderate fee.

Battery "D" guards are always on their toes. They intend to remain alerted under all eventualities. To prove this, one of the fellows, afraid he would get that drowsy feeling toward morning, took some pills designed to keep him awake for the tour. Not having much faith in drugs, said private doubled the required dose. Result: He hasn't been trouble with fatigue for two days — he just can't fall asleep. "I'll stick to black coffee from now on," vows the guardman.

GALLOPING GOPHERS

Taking part in ceremonies at the dedication of the USO Hospitality House in San Bruno, Calif., recently were a number of St. Paul Artillerymen, — Honor Guard Pvts. Harvey Portnoy, Lawrence Somlick, Stanley Oczack, Ronald Kieschult, and Art Tetzlaff.

Attending a Radio Communications School at Regimental Headquarters are St. Paul men Sgts. A. R. Hoff and H. C. Langevin. Also attending are Cpl. James H. Achtley, Wichita Falls, Texas, and Pfc. Arthur B. Alves of Woodland, Calif. The past week a number of Btry. E "Johnny Doughboys" have been beaming with pride over the addition of chevrons. Among those using the needle and thread is Sgt. J. T. Mollick, who was promoted to First Sergeant. Congrats to the new "Top Kick." Sgt's. Lee "Smiley" Melby, Alvin Fleming, and Gale "Gee" Goetze are S./Sgt. Among the Cpl.'s who have added a stripe, are J. E. McNamara, M. E. Havlish, J. F. Kane, R. G. Van Campen, D. J. Per-



kins, A. J. Welshons, and J. S. Klies. The new Cpl's, are N. J. Riley, W. J. Siebenaker, C. J. O'Brien, and J. L. Harrington. Promoted to "T" Cpl. are F. C. Kasel, R. J. Redmond, R. L. Freese, and T. A. Cysieqski.

A Battery Party was held the other night, where music, singing, and refreshments were the order of the evening. Band boys were on hand to give out, and Frank "Sparky" Kasel and Dick "Clipper" Holzner combined to choke out a few encores of the songs "Daddy Used to Sing."

S./Sgt. Russ Melby has been active these past weeks, getting the boys a recreation room. Calling on the various service organizations, Russ secured furniture, lamps, a radio, phonograph, piano, ping pong table, cards, games, magazines and books. The room spacious, the floors linoleum covered, the walls and ceiling painted white. Cheerful atmosphere to lull away the hours.

Every other Wednesday the Recreation Room is taken over by a women's service organization who repair clothing and sew on chevrons.

Wise soldiers invest an average of \$800 a month in War Bonds in Hq. Btry.

Cpl. Larry Potts

"F" AT CRONKHITE

Mrs. Ruth Thorson, Sausalito USO Hostess, arranged several terpsichorean affairs for the jivin' jeeps of Cronkhite. At a recent session, an "F" clerk, with pebbles in his shoes and a hep soul, hopped and skipped with the imported dancing instructor. Quoth he who jitters with the

star: "In another minute we shall be in each other's arms"

THEIR HOBBIES: Pfc. Irv Rockovitz and Pvt. Hank Sender, Ping Pong; Pvt. Nick Cambria and Pvt. Bill Galya, Boxing; Pfc. Roland Dupre and Pvt. Bill Kneeland, Swimming; Pfc. Tom Greiner and Cpl. Nitz, Baseball.

Battery "F's" baseball team is accepting bids for competition. Who's to be the first victim?

Pvt. Wm. E. Dynner

Grizzly Bear Gets Tough; Loses to Bare Sergeant

From Fort St. John, B.C., comes a startling tale of bare facts. Sgt. Frank R. Carpenter, Corps of Engineers, while naked and bathing in a small river, was attacked by a large grizzly bear.

The sergeant fought back by hitting the grizzly on the snoot with his fists and kicking it in the rump. Tired and the fight taken out of him, the bear turned and fled.

The tough sarge was badly scratched and bitten on chest and front of body, but not dangerously injured. The question now comes up at Fort St. John, "What's more potent, the grizzly bear or the Jap monkey?" This outfit intends to be nasty to both.

MORE DENIM WEAR

Soon, according to a notice published by the War Department, all march and rifle drills, besides work details, will be performed in fatigues. This is to save wear and tear on hard-to-get cotton and woolen fabrics.

Texas cow hands in the Armed Forces are itching to make tied runs out of Europe's tyrants.

Prisoner of War Inquiries Increase

CHICAGO, Ill. — Approximately 4,000 messages for Chicagoans from relatives in Japanese occupied zones were handled by the war inquiry service of the Chicago Red Cross Chapter last month. The figure represented an increase of 250 per cent over the preceding month.

During the same month the military and naval welfare service acted on more than 7,500 cases requiring assistance to servicemen and their families, an increase of 15 per cent over the previous month.

TAKE A CHORUS

A Private decides to "Say it with Music" to the folks back home. "Dear Mom:"

MY GAL SAL is ANGRY BECAUSE I sent ONE DOZEN ROSES to THREE LITTLE SISTERS, ELOISE, MARIE and JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR. Now, she's given me the JERSEY BOUNCE for JIM. HE WEARS A PAIR OF SILVER WINGS but has nerves that JINGLE, JANGLE, JINGLE. DO I WORRY? BECAUSE SOMEBODY ELSE IS TAKING MY PLACE. SHOULD I? I SAID NO.

So now I'M STEPPING OUT WITH A DREAM, A SLEEPY TIME GAL, FIVE FEET-TWO, EYES OF BLUE, who can eat like my SISTER KATE, but when she says CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER, MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY, I say HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN. YES, INDEED.

BYE, BYE BLUES. Private "LAZYBONES."

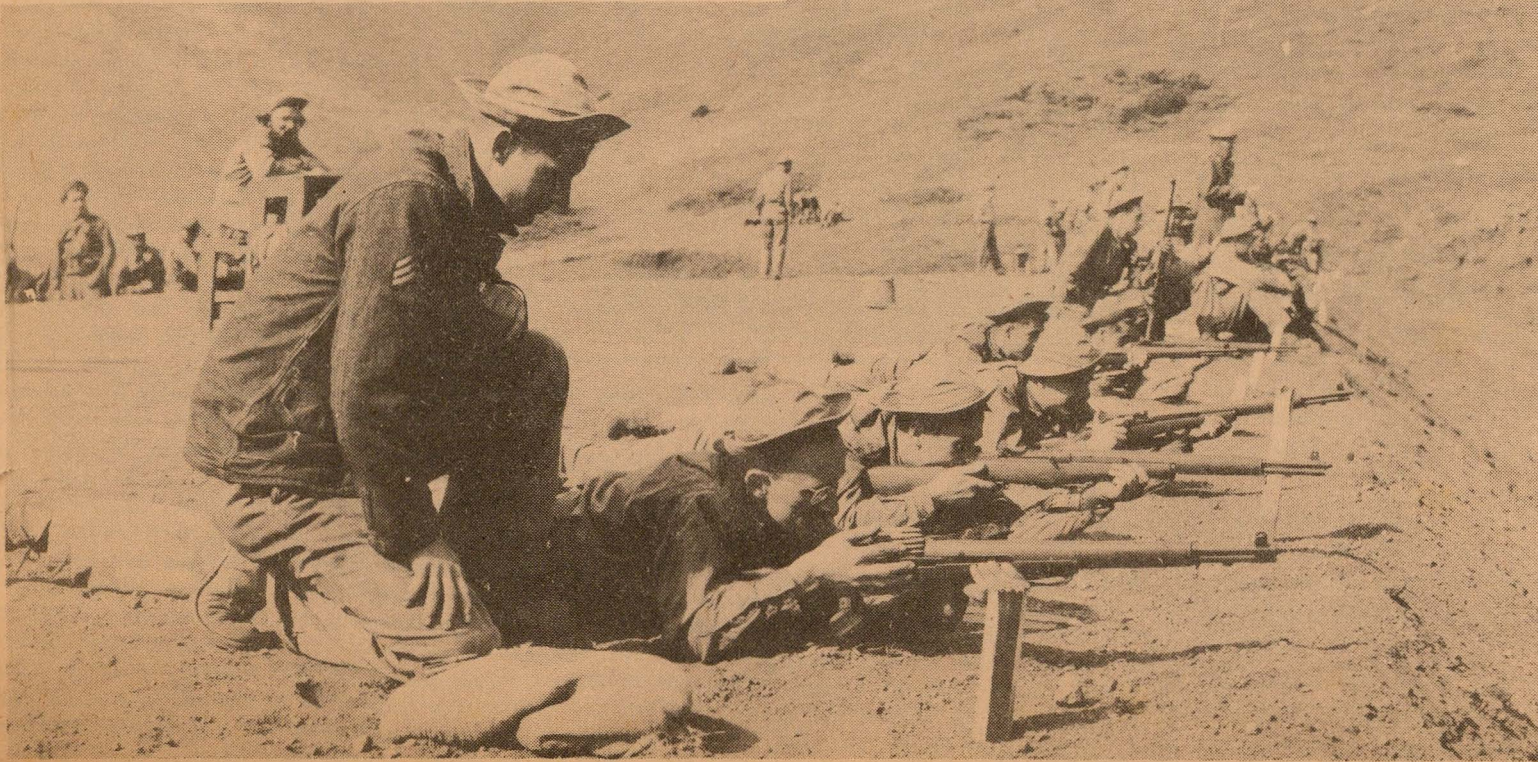
"Sound Off"—Ft. McPrerson, Ga.

ON THE BARRY FIRING LINE—basics are smelling powder for the first time. With the new model Springfields in their mitts, cosmoline still oozing out of the hard-to-get-at places, these trainees throw out lethal pellets just as fast as they can squeeze the trigger. Before the day is over, many will have chalked up "expert," "sharpshooter," or "marksman" on their service records. With proper instruction, it doesn't take long to learn to sight the black through the peep sight, hold the shootin' iron steady and SQUEEZE until she pops.

This bugaboo called "kick" with the .30 becomes just another old Army rumor to be passed on to the next batch of neophytes. Sgt. Maynard Devos, West Portal, is guide and instructor in this firing line-up.

Someday these men will turn their sights on the enemy. DEATH to the Jap and Hun will be their business. It is a grim business. But so are the rights of free people. This is no panty-waist two-bit war and the men fighting under the STARS and STRIPES are no sugar dimpled darlings—they're hard bitten exterminators with a yen to crack the noggin' of every beast of Berlin and Nipponese hottentot.

This is training and it's serious training. **Rookies today—death-dealers tomorrow!**



Wilson, Havlik Star in Extra Inning Battle

It took thirteen innings of home run clouts, a trusty right arm and top ball playing to spell 7-6 finis to the sturdy efforts of the semi-pro Jefferson Athletic Club, S. F. veterans, when they came up against the HD SF baseballers, Sunday at Scott.

Big gun of the day was Cpl. Dave Wilson who drove two pellets for the limit, one in the third and one in the thirteenth. Also to tour the sacks in one jump was Pfc. Stark, who drove in Havlick and Walsh in the fourth frame. It was in the fourth that the hometowners scored four runs.

Sgt. Havlik pitched all the way and allowed but 11 hits. Pitchers Foge and Openshaw for Jefferson dropped 16 to the artillerymen. Openshaw relieved Foge in the fourth. HDSF was leading by 6-5 until the eighth frame when the score was tied with a three-bagger by catcher Wilson, scoring Hamann, from the AC's.

This is the 25th straight season that Scott has been invaded by the Jefferson team, from whose ranks have graduated such diamond luminaries as Lew Fonsica, Gus Suhr, Wally Berger and Joe Cronin. Team manager and fist sacker, Tony Marvier has been with the Jefferson's since they started battling with artillerymen. He admits they have the range.

For Jefferson it was Faulkner, cf; Openshaw, ss; Sunceri, 2nd b; Dueron, lf; Hamann, rf; Long, 3rd b; Marvier, 1st b; Wilson, c; H. Foge, p; Puchaski, sub; Meyers, sub.

For HDSF: Pfc. F. Stark, West Portal, 3b; Cpl. D. Wilson, Scott, cf; Sgt. H. Henrikson, Funston, 1b; Pvt. L. Carufel, West Portal, c; Cpl. Ed Steik, Funston, 2b and manager; Cpl. R. Devine, West Portal, ss; Pfc. I. Moore, Funston, lf; Pfc. J. Walsh, Scott, rf; Sgt. J. Havlik, Scott, p.



Address Overseas Mail Properly

Ports of Embarkation disclose that approximately 10 percent of all mail intended for delivery to members of the armed forces overseas, is incorrectly addressed.

Improper and insufficiently addressed letters and parcels result in serious delay, or non-delivery of thousands of pieces of mail.

Mail addressed to personnel outside the continental limits of the United States should clearly show:

Grade, first name in full, middle initial and last name, followed by Army serial number, if known; letter or number of the company or similar organization to which the serviceman belongs; designation of the regiment or separate battalion to which the company belongs; Army post office number in care of the appropriate postmaster.

The location of the overseas station should not be used.

Return address should appear in the upper left hand corner.

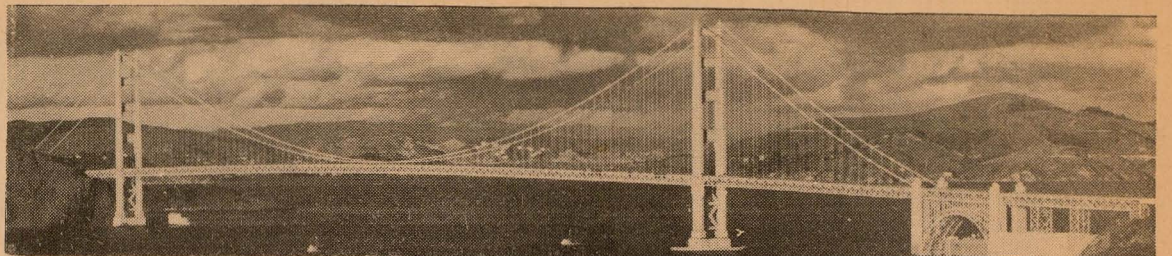
Christmas mail should be mailed before November 1st.

NEWS ITEM : : :

Not being able to hit a barn door and wishing to prove something, the Italians took a shot at Gibraltar.

The KNAVE . . .

TAPS: Why does the bugler wear a pistol? (Self-protection)



GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

Vol. II

Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Saturday, October 10, 1942

No. 9

Funster Bob Hope And Co. Score Big H.D.S.F. Hit

The man who rolls 'em in the aisles; the gentleman who plants the corn and scrambles the eggs—BOB HOPE—set the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco ablaze with a special preview (non-radio) show for the artillerymen of these defenses at the Scott theatre last Monday.

His third show of the season of a 39 week scheduled itinerary Hope and his riotous co-patriots of song, dance and hilarity served the HDSF populace well. Bob never dished out the fun better, and the rafter shaking laughs could be heard in Kiska.

Appearing with the show was Pvt. Charles Heinrichs, former wounded Pearl Harbor artilleryman now stationed at the Presidio. Heinrichs spent many years with top circuses in the country as barker, pitman and general roustabout. As Bob's straightman Heinrichs pulled down many guffaws on his own. The boy's good, but is much more interested right now in getting Jap scalps than performing before scalpers.

Tom Sawyer, manager of the show stated Bob has been trying to enlist in the Army for ever so long. According to Sawyer, high army officers have dissuaded Bob, assuring the funnyman that he is of much greater value entertaining dogfaces than he would be carrying a rifle. The "Brass Hats" must have seen Bob Hope in "Caught In the Draft." Imagine Bob sneaking up on a squad of Japs with a tommy gun. Just before giving them the works, he would rake their poor souls with—"End of the city Nimitz—Sunset boulevard—ALL OFF!"

Jerry Colonna gave out, as only the mustached professor of Shakespearean drama in E flat could. The prof was a trombonist in leading orchestras before his first utterance of "Greetings Gates, what elucidates!" The walrus mustacheo is real.

Vera Vague sustained a thorough ribbing and emerged bubbling, though manless. As Barbara Joe Allen, she appeared on many outstanding radio programs, including "One Man's Family."

Frances Langford, the songbird charmer with sparkle and veracity, did a welcome bit. Frances is one of radio's top flight performers and one of the prettiest.

Skinney Ennis has been with Hope for several seasons. A Southern gentleman, he likes his "caun pone" and mint julips and gives out generously with his baton and voice. Skinney was vocalist with the late Hal Hemp's orchestra before his bid into fame via Bob Hope.

THIRTY-FIVE MPH

The new speed limit for ALL Army automotive vehicles is 35 miles per hour within the continental United States except when urgent military reasons makes higher speeds essential.

This action was taken to further conserve rubber, gas and lessen automotive repairs. The War Department suggests that every Army man keep this speed in mind whether operating a government or privately owned vehicle.



Baker Non-Com Club Plans Big Doings

Several social events in the near future, the first of which will be a party on October 6, are being planned by the newly formed Noncommissioned Officers Club at Fort Baker station hospital.

President of the organization is Staff Sergeant Irving Wolff, who has been in the U. S. Army since August 5, 1916 and has 18 months overseas duty in World War I to his credit. He was decorated for action at Chateau Thierry, the Argonne, Belleau Wood and other engagements.

Technician Third Grade Charles R. Egan holds office as vice president, with Sergeant Enos A. Vosti as secretary-treasurer and Sergeant Robert G. Schultz and Corporal Wilbert L. Stockton as "tail-twisters."

Office clerk: "What's a blankfile?" New rookie seeking position: "It's a space in the rear rank occupied by a man who's not there."

RECIPE FOR VICTORY

The difficult can be done immediately.

The impossible may take a little longer.

Did You Know

... That you can use a watch to determine direction? Direct the hour hand toward the sun, then a bearing half way between the hour hand and the 12 o'clock mark on your watch is true south.

... That in judging distance you can clearly see a person's mouth and eyes a hundred yards away ... the face is indistinct at three hundred yards ... the head and hat can be seen and colors can be distinguished at five hundred yards ... it is difficult to distinguish the head at seven hundred yards?

... That you can identify infantry on the march from a distance by the low, thick cloud of dust that is raised ... cavalry on the march by a high, thin cloud of dust ... motor trucks by a heavy, rapidly moving cloud of dust ... tanks by a heavy, moving cloud of dust?

THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

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MILLER RYAN, Capt., CAC, Officer In Charge



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News matter published in the Golden Gate Guardian is available for general release.

All photographs appearing in this issue are by the Signal Corps, unless otherwise designated.

Axis Dirt

An eye opener with a punch is "SABOTAGE! The Secret War Against America" by Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn, two highly intelligent and competent writers. What methods the Axis powers, especially Germany, have employed in over twenty-five years to destroy our industry, forests, warehouses and even morale is interestingly presented.

A condensation of this book appears in the October issue of the Reader's Digest.

Even now Axis sabotage prevails. Every soldier serving in these defenses should be acquainted with the various schemes of sabotage groups designed to destroy or impair valuable military equipment. The soldier should know why he must be continually on the alert.

Suspicious looking persons loitering on or near a military reservation should be approached cautiously, and held for questioning. It is easy to be fooled by a glib tongue or an overly polite fellow, who "just happens along."

War is not being fought in Europe, Asia, the South Pacific and Australia alone. It is being fought right here at home—yes, in California, too. There are perhaps hundreds of enemy agents lurking in this vicinity, who are waiting for a chance to invoke damage, create havoc and disunity—they are waiting for the careless moment!

Impairing morale of soldier and civilian is a prime goal of Axis agents. From the above mentioned book are reprinted the five major objectives of the psychological saboteurs:

- 1. To disrupt and disunite the American people by the stirring up of race hatred.
- 2. To undermine the confidence of the American people in their own form of government.
- 3. To isolate the United States and prevent it from aiding those nations attacked by the Axis aggressors.
- 4. To prevent the United States from being adequately prepared for war.
- 5. To build an American fascist party which would act as a fifth column.

The Nazis and Japs must not only be defeated on the battlefield, they must also be crushed at the home-front. Many a person has unwittingly become a tool of the Axis by repeating false reports propagated by the enemy. Soldiers are exposed to this form of sabotage. Remember—

It is the dope that is duped!



World Series



—By Pvt. Joseph Urick, "L"-Barry

CRONKHITE TALKS

By Pvt. Martin Abramson

DRAMA DEPT. — Connoisseurs of the drama agree emphatically that "Down in Front," Cronkhite's all-soldier revue which hit the boards last week was a lapolooza, a sock-eroo, sharp as an M1 bayonet, and a thing of beauty to behold. So here goes four stars and a couple of bells to Director Mrs. (Hostess) Baade, the all-star cast which included Staff Sgt. Rybarrzyk, Pvts. Tom Spirito, Les Rogers, Bill Dynner, Joe Livingston, E. Yost, Mose Vilegas, Staff Sgt. Beaton, Mess Sgt. Frank and this correspondent (though we blush to admit it).

TRACK DEPT.—The new Cronkhite Commando course record-holder is Frank (Watch me breeze) Esposito, from Brooklyn, N. Y. who negotiated the course in 2 minutes, 5 seconds. Esposito is a speedster from away back who got his training chasing after those Flatbush cuties.

FINANCE DEPT.—Came pay day last week and Pvt. Pete Kierbdiez, Headquarters Battery ace money lender, reaped a harvest in collection of outstanding assets. The take was so large that Kierbdiez almost (we said almost) decided to turn his own salary back to the government.

BULL'S EYE DEPT.—To Pvt. B. Silver, 1st Sgt. John Hart and Master Sgt. Waite go awards for expert shooting. That's plugging 'em, men!

SOCIAL DEPT.—The girl-stealing contest among the members of the R. S. O. staff has come down to this: Chief pilferer Cpl. Dick Marino wound up last week's activities with two of his women about to be recaptured by privates and is now looking forward to a cold winter. First Lt. Harrison, unofficial umpire, has thrown up his job and asked Major Wade to take a hand at it. The Major is unenthusiastic.

BASEBALL DEPT.—Shed a tear for those die-hard artillerymen from Brooklyn who died with the late lamented Brooklyn Bums. Next year the Dodgers get their inning, fellows.

CLOUD DEPT.—An officer was making the rounds of the guard on one of our typically foggy nights the other eve. One of the sentries halted him with a hearty, "Who Goes There?" "Friend," answered the officer. "Welcome to our mist," responded the guard.

MOVIE DEPT.—When 1st Sgt. John Hart, an old Hollywoodite, visited the Screen city on a pass last

PVT. DORFSKY SHOPS

By Pvt. William E. Dynner

I'm getting twelve hour pass to go to city. The boys who is not being able to going is jealous—how come Dorfsky is rating two passes in one week? I'm not wasting money on small time poker and craps, that's how come. When I'm coming to the Army I'm signing off the gambling racket. I'm giving full attention to being G. I.

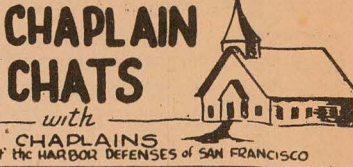
The boys is joking Dorfsky has a hot mamma in the city panting for him. I'm saying I'm going shopping, but they will not believing me until they see I'm getting packages.

I'm walking in the five and ten and dollar store and all kinds of sizes people and fancy decorations is reminding me of New York. Everywhere is signs reminding peoples to "SHUSH!" — blabbing helps the bums. I'm going to the baby counter and I'm buying for my sister Lena's baby, a rattle—and it is blue, not pink. The salesgirl is oo-my and plenty polite! she is sending a boy in the basement he should be wrapping for me the rattle like a present package. She's a dream what is walking. Next, I'm going to the book counter to buying for me a dictionary, I should knowing better the English. She asks maybe Webster or Rojay and I say, vell does it make no difference. She looks purty like a pitcher, and my heart she bounces by the numbers. And what a smile! Pvt. Dorfsky feels funny. I buys two Wild West magazines and the Readers Digest and book on Judo.

I is liking shopping and I comes returning with plenty packages—mostly books. "So" kibitzing Pfc. O'Leary hollers, "Dorfsky, he comes from shopping with bundles. And did you not find romance, Pvt. Dorfsky?" I'm paying to the yard-bird no attention, and I'm wrapping off the dictionary. "Look!" screams O'Leary, "Dorfsky's blushing!" And I'm still not saying nothing. The boys, they know why Pvt. Dorfsky is liking shopping.

week, he ran into his former agent. "Gosh," exclaimed the agent, "Gable's gone, Stewart's gone, Autry's gone, Power's going. Now's your chance to get top billing, Hart. Why don't you tell the general that you've been in the army long enough to get a vacation for a year or so. You'll be on easy street then." Any liberal generals around?

BUY BONDS—BYE BYE JAPS



A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

By Chaplain W. D. Dooley

There is something about man which at first sight seems odd, but which in the last analysis actually establishes the nature of his being. MAN ALWAYS BEGINS AT THE END; and this not because he is muddle-headed, but because he is intelligent.

The first thing a man thinks of is the last thing he attains. This is true whether it be to go down into San Francisco from Fort Scott, or to reach near-perfection as a soldier. To go further—the end will determine and measure the means. Before starting on a journey man must decide whether he is going to cross a river or climb a mountain, otherwise he will not know whether to take snowshoes or a rowboat, and means to the end intended.

Since, therefore, this purposeful determination of end and means thereto is characteristic of intelligence, it follows, that if man is to live intelligently, he will have to decide on the end to be attained through human living before he can possibly decide on how to live. It is a rather terrifying fact that there are thousands of people today who have not the least concept of where they are going with respect to the totality of human existence; they cannot, therefore,—possibly know how to get there—the second depends on the certitude of the first. They live from day to day, and each day is marked with the uncertainty, dissatisfaction, frustration and boredom of a vision too short to admit of a rational explanation of why man is here in this world at all.

The existence of God is a provable scientific fact and not only a tenet of belief. Moreover, it is scientifically provable that whether man will it or not, whether he is conscious of it or not, whenever he loves anything or any person, he is really in love with God. In the search for happiness man cannot control his natural urge to read into the finite objects of his love, the attributes of infinity—yet no creature is infinite. —This is because by his very nature he is aimed at an end which is infinite. It is an historical fact that no man has ever found anything in this life which could satiate the hunger of the human will for good, or of the human intellect for truth.

If man would only do as God intended he should, viz., use the intelligence that has been given him; if he would only start with the end for which he was created, the means would be clear and the answer to the search for human happiness would cease to be such a mystery. There would be no boredom, for each human act would be a step toward the goal. If God's plan were followed, human rights would be safe-guarded, wars would never occur. Knowledge of what man's real destiny is, consciousness of his inviolable right to attain it, the will in others to accept the corresponding obligation to render him this right, would give us the thesis which alone can bring the world out of the confusion into which the last four hundred years of faulty thinking has led it. That thesis is THAT A HUMAN BEING IS TO BE SACRIFICED TO NOTHING—neither to the greed for money nor for power—to nothing less than the common good of the greater number of men—which gives reason to the punishment of the social enemy and honor to the hero and the martyr.

"Can you drive with one arm?" "Sure." "Good, have an apple." Major: "What is a maneuver?" Rookie: "Something you put on the grass, sir, to make it green."



PVT. GOLD B. CLUCK IS ON THE JOB . . . From dawn to dusk he's in there pitching—for himself . . . Told to work on a section of barbed wire, Cluck discovers a shady nook away from the scene of action . . . Comes to help out with a slit trench, he cries for a smoke and five minute break . . . Confronted with camouflage stripping, Cluck dashes down to get his name on the sick book . . . At chow he is first . . . in fatigues last . . . in the day-room he converses in lively innuendo . . . in the kitchen leaning on a mop he is the same . . . He is the first to sign the pass book . . . the last to line up his bunk for Sat's inspection . . . In the service two months, gripes loudly about civilians, especially defense workers, who earn good money and loaf on the job . . . He is the first to tell you **HE WHO RELAXES HELPS THE AXIS . . .** **RECENT HEADLINE:** "Fem Beauty In Slacks Goes to Work on Safe With Blow Torch. Rich Haul." . . . No labor shortage now . . . **BUSHLANDERS ASSURE MARITAL BLISS . . .** Aussie warriors get 8 cents per day raise . . . their wives, 16 cents . . . **TEN MILLION** men expected under arms by '44 . . . Kaiser builds 10,000 ton Liberty ship in ten days . . . For 10 days straight Russ have been slashing Nazis back at Stalingrad . . . War will not last 10 years, according to Molotov . . . **A COLA COMPANY** threw open a service club in Times Square, N. Y. . . Hamburgers 5 cents . . . cokes free . . . 40 girls on duty at all times . . . comfortable chairs and sofas . . . writing facilities . . . no MP's . . . ultra-violet baths . . . Dogfaces and Jeeps are still dumfounded — **HAMBURGERS, a nickle!** . . . **AT JEFFERSON BARRACKS, Mo.,** soldiers are forbidden snacks between meals . . . especially "verboten" are hot dogs . . . hamburgers . . . ice cream cones . . . But what about those sweet packs from home? . . . **DOUGLAS "Wrongway" CORRIGAN** is ferrying air ships and valuable cargo for the Army Air Force Transport Command . . . His name was mentioned several times in connection with heroic feats performed by the Command . . . Doug was asked by the press to elaborate on these trips . . . "It's a military secret," Doug said, "But no secret that we're getting things through. I've got my bearings now." . . . **CELL NOTE:** San Quentin inmates donated 148 pints of blood to the Red Cross Blood Bank in one week . . . **CAPTAIN CHARLES GRIMM,** prize S. F. photographer and 24 years a Marine officer, was asked by his Colonel, after a bloody skirmish during the last war, what made men follow an officer through hell and high water . . . Said the Captain: "To be a leader, one must have leadership. To be respected, one must be respectful."

Mailing the GGG

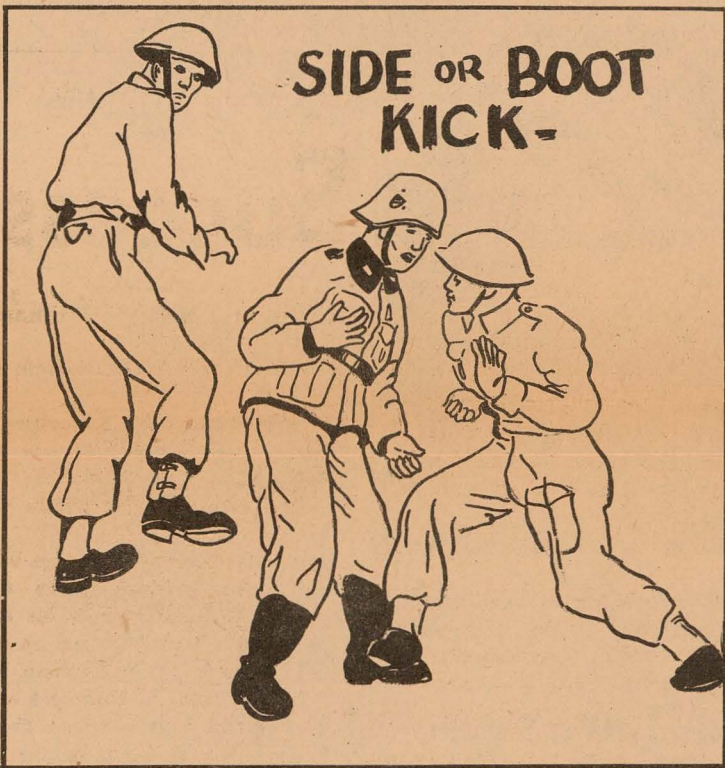
When sending the **GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN** through the mails consider carefully the following:

1. As much as we would like to have it so, the GGG is not permitted to go by the "Free" privilege.
2. When placed in an envelope with a letter message (or without) a 3 cent stamp will take it anywhere in the U. S. Two cents in the city.
3. By rolling the GGG up in an outside wrapper, one and a half cent stamp will be sufficient for anywhere in the U. S.

The circulation department of the **GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN** suggests that if any of you fellows cannot afford the one and a half cent stamp, they will "stake" you till payday.



Messing around with "hot" wires is just part of the job of the artillerymen who have to keep 'em humming. Shown here are "trouble-shooters" Cpl. Al Beeckman, testing "Wun Tu Tree Fou," and Pvt. Bill Cook, former experienced S. F. lineman, checking wires. Morn, noon and night, it is climbing up poles, groveling in man holes, chopping up pavements, running sky hooks, tracing and retracing wire and splicing cable for men of the Fire Control and Post Telephone stations.



Presenting the second in a series of quick Nazi-Jap-Fascist bone breakers. The best, easiest and most delightful way of getting rid of those Nazi-mans is taken from the book "GET TOUGH" by Major W. E. Fairbairn.

This will be one of your favorite kick in the Panzer tricks, because it won't be necessary to dirty your hands on the filthy critters. Again we warn GGG readers not to practice on anyone but the enemy. Proper application guarantees to break at least a few bones.

1. With few exceptions always kick sideways. You can put more force behind the blow that way.
2. Turn your right side to your opponent, putting the weight of your body on your left foot. Bending your left leg slightly from your knee, raise your right foot two or three inches off the ground, as shown. Shoot your right foot outwards and upwards to your right, aiming to strike your opponent's leg just below the knee-cap.
3. Follow your body through, scraping down your opponent's shin with the edge of your boot from the knee to the instep, finishing up with all your weight on your right foot, smashing the small bones of his foot. If necessary, follow

WRITER WANTED!

Not by Scotland Yard or the Department of Justice. Not by Esquire, Liberty or the Saturday Evening Post. Not by true story or Breezy Tales. Yes, by the **GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN**.

If you have a nose for news—or if you just have a nose, and wish the news supplied—drop everything and report to the GGG office, Building Number One, Fort Scott, 2nd floor. If you see a maniac sort of guy blitzing away at a typewriter, mostly with X's, and has his desk littered with scratch paper, books and the latest copy of Paris Nites, disturb him. If he gets tough just give him a "chin jab" and follow up with the "boot kick."

He'll love it, because he'll know you read the GGG. He's the editor. Tell him that you want a job. If he won't give it to you, take it up with the Chaplain, your nearest Red Cross Chapter and the American Women's Volunteer Service. He needs a writer. Salary no object.

up with the chin jab. (See Issue 8).

To be effective, this Axis crusher must be done in one smooth movement. Practice on a gym mat or on a stretched-out rope.

Trouble-Shooters in Limelight; Keep Wires Hummin', Guns Blazin'

Communication in time of war is vital. Successful offensive as well as defensive action depends largely upon the rapid transmission of messages between intelligence and firing units.

The Harbor Defenses of San Francisco contains one of the most modern, complete communication systems in the world, operated, maintained and protected by highly skilled and trained soldiers. These artillerymen are subject to call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Even on pass their whereabouts must be known.

BUSY BOYS

During the first three months of the war, each man working out of the Fire Control Switchboard and Post Telephone sections, were lucky to receive three to five hours sleep per night. There was always something doing.

A frantic call from a huge coastal gun battery unable to contact their observers; a command post along the Pacific shore cut off from an interceptor unit; communications to a searchlight battery on one of the San Francisco hills severed—these and a score of similar wire troubles brought out the "trouble shooters" on the run. Linemen, cable splicers, testers and general electricians from the HDSF attend to a network of lines and cables stretching over a radius of approximately thirty square miles.

Since December 7th, all defective and poorly exposed wire and cable has been ripped out and replaced. Systems of communication have been speeded up. Every "suspected" section has been traced down and attended to by wire chiefs and their assistants. Not a thing has been overlooked in effecting rapid communication to every gun crew in these defenses. Even "TT" bells have been checked, synchronized and perfected, conforming to individual "K" factors.

MEET 'EM

Tech. Sgt. John Landis, wire chief, is a graduate of the Coast Artillery school and served as lineman for over a year in Oahu. Landisville, Pa. is John's home town where some of his great-great-greats pioneered to form the early Pennsylvania Swiss-Dutch-German settlers. He was born and raised on a 150 acre dairy farm. John has worked on telephones in the HDSF for almost three years.

Assistant wire chief, Staff Sgt. Harold Bour is also a graduate of the Coast Artillery School and spent most of his nine years of the service as a lineman at Fort Shafter, Oahu.

He is an ace "trouble-shooter" and pole climber.

An interesting HDSF telephone man is Staff Sgt. Bill Jarvis, native of Sacramento. Bill is endowed with an electrical mind and continually builds new equipment designed to speed up work in the Fire Control room. Recently, he and Pvt. Bill Cook, former Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company "trouble-shooter," perfected and built a Wire Chief Test Cabinet. It tests "anything," according to his buddies.

Staff Sgt. Ray Pulaski learned communication from the ground up, while in Oahu, Hawaii, where he spent almost a "hitch" as wireman, lineman, cable splicer and general trouble-shooter. Ray is the father of an eight week old son. He intends to substitute rubber coated friction tape and testing phones for the old fashioned rattle.

Staff Sgt. John Neilsen is termed a prize "instrument man" by his co-workers. He worked for the Illinois Bell Telephone Company in Chicago and loves to tinker with the "works."

Other linemen and trouble-shooters include—Pvt. Dick Gifford, Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company; Pvt. Bill Cook, P. T. and T.; Cpl. Roy Dyer, Illinois Bell Telephone Company; Pfc. Carl Krauter, owner of a Detroit electric shop; Pvt. Fred Chamberlain, graduate of the Cable Splicing School; and Cpl. Al Beeckman, graduate of the Coast Artillery Electrical School.

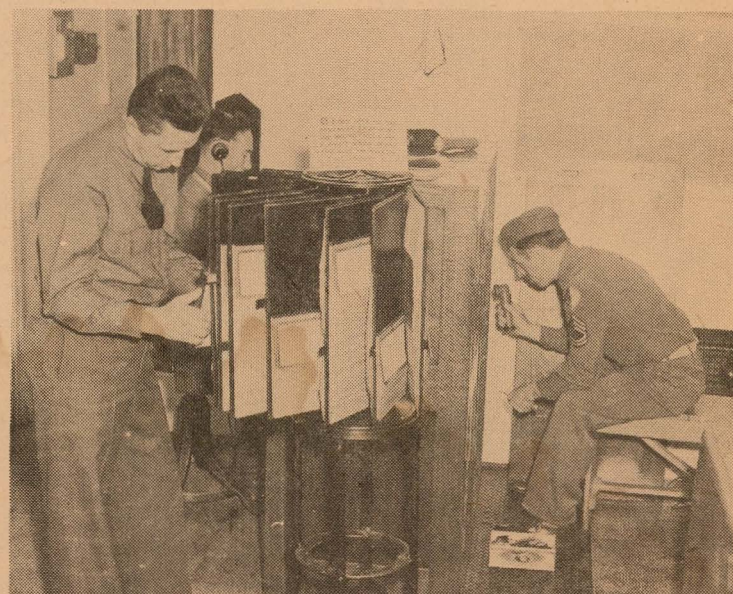
NOVA OKAYS HDSF FRACAS

Once tagged the "Alameda Adonis," Lou Nova, Lieutenant with the California State Guard, and former canvas high stepper, lauded the HDSF boxing shows.

"Wonderful training facility," spoke up the man who twice slashed Max Baer to ribbons and almost took the crown away from Joe Louis. "Boxing develops hardness in a soldier and gives him that extra 'go' when he needs it most."

Lou is contemplating a comeback tour along the West Coast. In 1936 he won the International Heavyweight Amateur championship in Paris, France—just one year after copping high honors in National A.A.U. competition. At twenty-seven, weighing over 200 pounds, the return trip to glory may not be easy.

Lou looks good, though, and his buddies under arms wish him success



POST AND INTER-POST COMMUNICATION is handled by several modern switchboards located "somewhere" in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. Men operating these switchboards for tactical and administration purposes must, at all times, remain unnerved during any emergency. Their motto is, "Lord, give me the strength to keep my big mouth shut when I don't know what the hell I'm talking about."

Pvt. George Philopulos operates the board while Tech. Sgt. John Landis makes some minor adjustments. Pvt. Ed Houska hunts up a number. Cpl. Dick Corteville is Chief Operator. "T" Cpl. Bob Tucker, Pvt. Joe Colby, and Pvt. Ken Harwell are a few of the HDSF assistant operators.

PLOTING DISASTER



When trouble brews, these "I" Barry boys, former Illinois lads, will be brewing plenty of grief for would-be invaders. "Typical" soldier Pfc. Bill V. Ewing, acting plotter, is about to measure off the set-forward point for his gun battery, while an unidentified vessel is tracked as it bobs up and down miles at sea. Plotting the course of a target is ticklish business since a battery of guns depends on the accuracy of data computed on this board. At a recent firing, the "I" Artillerymen earned their "E's," attesting to ace-high gunnery.

Bill is used to ticklish assignments. In Alton, Illinois, he handled fulmanite in the detonating department of the Western Cartridge Company. Fulmanite is one of the most sensitive gun powders known. Bill has performed every job in a Range Section and can expertly operate any plotting or observing instrument.

In the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco since March, '41, Bill has come to certain conclusions. One of the foremost is that San Francisco girls are the prettiest he has ever known. To lessen controversy, he submits a photo of his latest heart-throb, Dorothy Roberts, S. F. cutie.

Shown with Bob at the plotting board are, left to right, Sgt. Vic Buese, Plotter, from Alton; Pfc. Reilly Ashlock, Armsetter, Alton; and Pfc. Joe Cichon, Armsetter, East St. Louis.

DOROTHY ROBERTS



Is it true what "Typical" soldier Pfc. Ewing says about S. F. womanhood?

Flicker Old-Timers, Baker Hosp. Rookies

Fort Baker station hospital does not have Clark Gable or any other of the full-fledged movie stars in its detachment of men, but the latest arrival of recruits included two experienced performers from Hollywood's famous colony.

Maxwell S. Jacobs worked for the past ten years in the flickers as an extra, while Edward S. Leonard spent eight years as a gripman, working on sets. Both attended the showing of "Between Us Girls," starring Diana Barrymore, at Fort Baker theater. Jacobs appeared in several scenes of this movie and Leonard assisted in filming the same picture.

Then there's the story of the guy who walked into the dispensary with his head off and tucked under his arm. None of the medicos paid any attention to him. He finally walked up to the clerk's desk. The clerk oggled him for a second and then came out with this interrogative, "Ya got your name on the sick-book?"

Fort Douglas "Union Vendette"

One supply sergeant in Camp Wolters, Texas ran into the predicament of doing something about all the ripped sheets the men of his battery turned in every week-end. He finally approached a solution. He got permission to post this order on the battery bulletin board: "In the future all men of this battery will either trim their toe nails or wear their shoes in bed."

MUG FANTASY



This is what makes 1A's out of 1B's. On the left, "T" Cpl. "Met" Harvey opens wide and shows what was after a losing session with a baseball bat and ensuing complications. On the right is the same physiognomy after the G.I. chopper artist threw in the cuspid fillers. What an ad for the HDSF Dental Lab!



Short Short Story

Success

A Hell of a Heil for Truman . .

Truman just returned from his mission.

"One hamburger!" he shouted to the waitress. He sat down; his face flushed, his eyes aglow. He had done a successful job, and he was happy.

The South End fire engines were right now speeding down the street. They attested to his efficiency. He wanted to get up and tell everyone that he, Truman, was a success. That he alone did what Basker and Falver feared to do. True, it was an old airdrome, but he saw planes inside. Hadn't Mr. Krause said, "Destroy planes!"

"Don't you hear those engines?" he wanted to scream, "I, insignificant Truman, did that. Of course I do not expect you to understand. You, who only think of work, the evening paper, flowers in the back-yard and babies. Such living makes one dull and flabby. You shall all soon know the power of the State."

He ate his sandwich mechanically. Truman stared straight ahead while his mind raced on—

"Two hundred dollars, and for such little effort. More easy money like this and Truman will be the boss in South End. Even Mariana will seek my company. Mr. Krause was right. To be big, one must do big things. My cooperation will bring me fame. Der Fuehrer will hear of my work. Someday I shall even make the headlines. And then . . ."

Truman was jarred out of his stupor by shouts of the newsboys—"Airdrome on Fire! Planes Destroyed!"

"Another hamburger, baby, and make it snappy!" Truman spat out.

The tawny haired waitress gave him an icy stare. "Take it easy, brother, you'll live longer," she managed.

Truman wanted to rebuke her. To tell her who he was—let her know he was a success and demand the respect due the master race. This time he ate his hamburger with greater speed. Hermann was ex-



FOR THE MEN UNDER ARMS, comely Lorraine Gettman, Warner Brothers movie satellite, gathers armfuls of war needs. She too must be a prize armful, artillerymen vow.

VOCALIST SOUGHT

The Special Service Office, Fort Scott, desires a dogface, jeep, yardbird or similar wartime product with golden "pipes" for entertainment purposes. Phone 3827 (Capt. Harband) for a try out. Any bloke that traded in his union card for dog-tags is eligible.

Theme for soldiers stationed in Alaska: "Agattu Under My Skin." Ft. McArthur 'ALERT'

"Com-pan-ee atten-shun!" bawled the drill sergeant to the awkward squad. "Com-pan-ee, lift up your left leg and hold it straight in front of you."

By mistake one rookie held up his right leg which brought it out side by side with his neighbor's left leg.

"Awright, awright; who's the smart guy holding up both legs?" drawled the hard-boiled sergeant.

BUY BONDS—BYE BYE JAPS

Serve in Silence



FROM A TOP BERTH with Harry James' Orchestra to top berth of a G.I. bunk is quite a jump for anyone—let alone violinist Jimmy Venuti. Unperturbed at the change from resin to gun powder, Pvt. Venuti organized his own musical ensemble right in a West Portal squad room. Forming the quartette of finely mixed voices ideally suited for buckin' purposes, are, left to right, Russell Dillinger, Tony Reno, Maynard Hunsburger and Mervin Moyer. All the boys, including Jimmy, are from Philadelphia.

Jimmy's uncle is the great American violinist and orchestra leader, Joe Venuti. To be noted is that Jimmy qualified on the rifle range. He is more proud of that than he is of his ability to dish out some of the smoothest music this side of heaven.

pected along any moment to pay him for this morning's work.

While waiting on the corner, Truman noticed things he seldom saw before. The way the town crouched between two hills, the big clock with the wrong time on the bank building, Morton Shafton's new home with its green shingles, the red bricks on Grant avenue and the asphalt pavement on Main street. He seemed to recognize his neighbors for the first time; they nodded to him—he smiled back. A large black sedan neared and Truman noticed Hermann's grey fedora through the car's windshield and his spirits soared. He had another look at the wrong time on the big bank clock and his mouth took on a sly grin.

Two days later on the other side of town, they found Truman lying in a batch of straw flowers. His face was marked and slightly bruised, yet there was that grin, which in death looked like a sneer. Those of South
(Continued on Page Five)



HDSF Pinmen Make Star Showing in Competition Play

Leaders in a city tournament and over several top flight pin quintets, the newly organized HDSF bowling team has emphasized its abilities.

The artillery pin men notched their guns with defeats of such formidable foes as Zellerbach Paper, Purity Stores and Letterman Hospital. It was against the Presidio Pill-rollers that they knocked over 1000 pins in one game. Their showing prompted a try at greener bowling pastures, the "house tourney" of the Golden Gate alleys, downtown S. F. A continued winning streak placed them first in the tourney standings.

Wearing powder blue shirts trimmed with blue and white lettering, the Harbor Gunners accent a colorful sight. The members and their averages line up as follows: Subbing as team captain and manager for hospitalized 1st Sgt. Gustave Schmidt (N-Scott) is Cpl. Frank Marino (A-Scott) with an average of 181, Pvt. Lyle Smith (A-Scott) 164, Cpl. Mose Lyford (Scott MP's) 179, T/Cpl. Herman Steebes (Hqs-Scott) 167, Pvt. Joseph Rzany (Baker MP's) 155, Pfc. Peter Wojcihowski (MP's Scott) 180 and Sgt. Charles Johnson (MP's Scott) 180.

The team is interested in challenges. Consult Cpl. Marino, Presidio 3671, for action.

BUY BONDS—BYE BYE JAPS

Gophers To Swish Puck Around in New Season

The Galloping Gophers are on the ice again, and hope to be better than last year. The lineup will be about the same with a few new faces to fill in for the old-timers who left for various Service Schools.

We hope to be ready to play any day now and anticipate a great hockey season.

The starting lineup will be: Cpl. W. Dalstrom, Sgts. J. Nelson and T. Schalzein, "G" Mtry.; Sgt. Al Hycheck, "H"; Cpl. Huttel of "E"; Cpls. Beuthring, Pickuall, 2nd HQ Btry; S/Sgt. C. Bebeau, Lt. Lizze, 101st Brig, and S/Sgt. P. Guertin, and Cpl. L. Potts of HQ Btry.

We expect a few more new men out before we start playing and hope to be on top when the season is over.

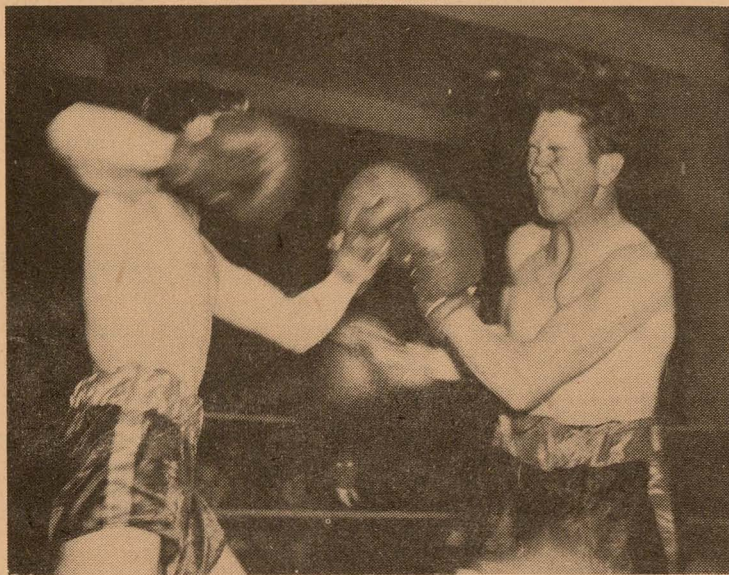
Potts

The paper hanger in Europe is trying to cover too much surface—he has spread his material so thin the whole structure will collapse and he will be buried in the ruins of his work. Let's all pitch into the pot, however, and help "paste" him—BUY BONDS.

Ft. McArthur 'ALERT'

The U. S. Army now occupies 212 of the nation's hotels, a total of 30,000 odd rooms or 2 per cent of all American hotel rooms. Its biggest hotel patronage is coastal: 150 hotels at Miami Beach, 29 at Atlantic City. The largest; Chicago's 3,000-room Stevens Hotel.

Jaws Blitzed in the Weekly HDSF Battle of Mitts; Brown-Wilson Draw



"IN THE CHOW BASKET—BY THE NUMBERS!" comes a crack from the half-bit seats and Pvt. Lenny Merritt, "M"-Barry, receives a bad time from the roundhouses of Francis Birch, same btry. Lenny shuts his eyes and perks up his face while disaster looms. Birch by a decision in three sessions.

Heavyweight Star Refs HDSF Contest

Last Thursday, Lt. Lou Nova, former heavyweight champ contender of the world, came to the Scott gym to see the boys dish it out in another of those HDSF ring parties. The Lt., who took the wave out of Max Baer's hair several times and came close to beating Sgt. Joe Louis, is recreational officer for the California State Guard. He ref'd the 4th bout of the evening.

RESULTS:

1st Bout: Pvt. Frank Kutchman (145), "C"-West Portal and Pfc. Francis Birch (145), "M"-Barry. Draw. Snappy to-toe slugeroo. Ref was Pvt. Len D'Andrea, "C"-WP, former Golden Gloves champ of Scranton, Pa.

2nd Bout: Pvt. Baird Lewis (155), Signal Service, and Pfc. John Ogozolly (155), "M"-Barry. Decision to Ogozolly. Both experienced and rugged. Referee, D'Andrea.

3rd Bout: Pvt. Tony "Galento" Galasso (125), "C"-WP, and Pvt. Jimmy Adams (120), QM-Baker. Decision to Adams. Galasso with long lefts and rights did not score often enough; Adams was in top shape. Referee, Cpl. Lou Jallo, HDSF boxing instructor.

4th Bout: Pvt. Paul Kluznik (175), "C"-WP, and Pfc. Edison Upton (180), "M"-Barry. Decision to Upton. Both men had bloody noses in the second round. Referee, Lt. Lou Nova.

5th Bout: Exhibition between Pvt. Daryle Westover (150), "C"-WP, and Pvt. Lenny Feldman (155), "C"-WP. Lenny holds a diamond belt from a tourney sponsored by the Philadelphia Inquirer. Referee, Jallo.

Judges of the evening: Capt. Malcolm Berry and Capt. Chas. Harband. Timekeeper: Master Sgt. Lou Epstein. Announcer: Sgt. Mike Mikos.

Men who are out of touch with this world—stationed in remote outposts along the coastline—need not fear that the draft boards are taking just any old body. They're still Selective Service Boards and quite selective, even if the 1-A's are thinning out. Why, just the other day they turned down one man at their physical examination. His seeing-eye dog had flat feet.

Ft. McArthur 'ALERT'

BUY BONDS—BYE BYE JAPS



LOU NOVA
Refs at HDSF Fisticuffs

SUCCESS

(Continued from Page Four)
End that knew Truman were shocked to know of his untimely death. Police said he was murdered and his neighbors were amazed. Truman, who never did anybody any harm. Truman, who never troubled his acquaintances or others with his sorrows or woes. Truman, who neither spoke evil or good. Who would want to murder Truman?

The daily newspaper gave little space to harmless Truman's death. The airdrome fire still being news, a follow-up was printed that contained the following, "... and in the abandoned hangar, where the fire originated, a powerful enemy short-wave radio communication set was destroyed as were two unidentified planes, believed by the FBI to have belonged to enemy agents. Clues established at the scene led to some arrests. Whoever set fire to the abandoned airdrome did their country a great service."

C. T.

Fort Scott Gym—Thursday, Sept. 24—Here we are at the ringside of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco boxing chamber located in the heart of Fort Scott. A multitude of dogfaces, jeeps and brass are eagerly awaiting the sound of the bell. Brown will be starring in what is scheduled to be the liveliest leather pushing fiasco in history. Who knows but what another champ will be born on the resin sweating canvas of this great arena.

There are a number of distinguished visitors with us this evening, including Pvt. Charlie Fidler and Pfc. Willie Brown, Presidio scrappers. There is no time to introduce them to you at this moment, because the fights are about to begin!

There goes the bell—and take it away Clem

Such is the way your sports announcer would have heralded the prologue to the scraps that came off a couple of Thursday's ago. Everything was handed out—haymakers, blood and raw decisions, included. This is the way things stacked up.

In the first slambo-bango Sgt. Harry Stenberg (165), "B"—Galloping Gophers, and Pvt. Bayard Lewis (160), Signal Service, slapped each other around to a draw.

In the 2nd, the judges rendered the decision to lanky Pvt. Tony "Galento" Gallaso, "C"—West Portal, over Pvt. Roy Cox, Hq-Scott. Gallaso scored with rangy lefts and rights. Bantamweights.

"M"-Barry buddies were cast for the 3rd scuffle. In a close contest, the nod went to Pfc. Francis Birch (145) over Pvt. Lenny Merritt (148).

Pvt. Lenny Henrich (140), "E"—Cronkhite, won by a slight margin over Pvt. Charlie Fidler, Presidio. Henrich suffered a small cut over the left eye.

Experienced Pfc. John Ogozally (150), Scott, was too much for newcomer Pfc. Chuck McDonald (145), MP's. McDonald shows promise of becoming a first rate warrior.

The main bout of the evening brought Pfc. Willie Brown (185), Presidio dusky battler to task with Cpl. Dave Wilson (170), "B"—Scott. Judges decision, draw. Correct decision, BROWN. From the opening bell, Brown stalked and scored with decisive blows. Wilson put on a game fight and both boys demonstrated the finest sportsmanship ever seen on any canvas. But it was Brown all the way through. His aggressiveness and repeated powerful punches, easily earned for him the win.

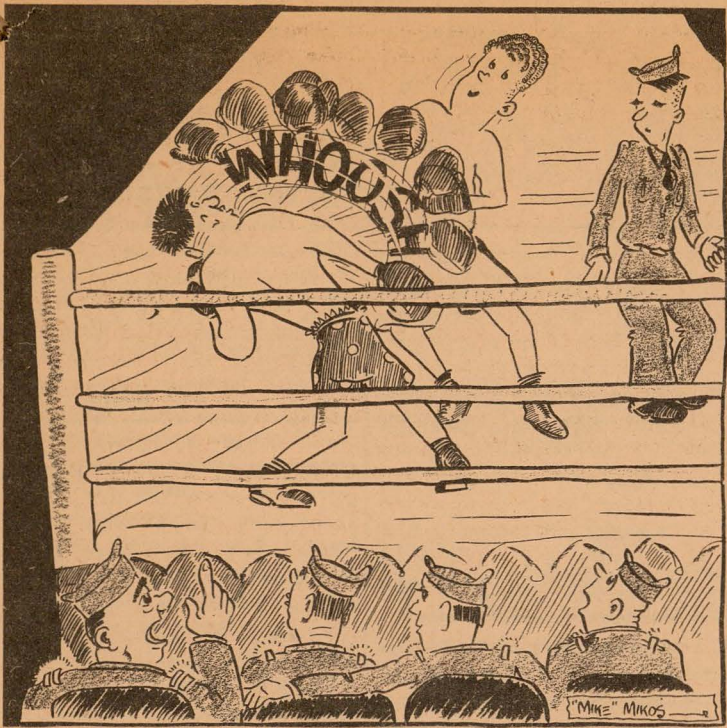
All encounters were judged by Lt. James Wise, Scott MP's, Lt. Mervin H. Cleveland, "E"—Cronkhite and Mr. Walter Cameron, PX Grill Manager. Cpl. Lou Jallo was ref. Master Sgt. Lou Epstein was timekeeper. Announcer of the evening was Sgt. Mike Mikos.

Seconding the Presidio fighters was former California lightweight champ contender, Pvt. John T. Pinto. Twelve years ago he was knocking 'em out under the monicker of "Young Greb." Cpl. Leslie Six, Cronkhite, also a second, won the 1940-41 bantamweight National Golden Glove championships.

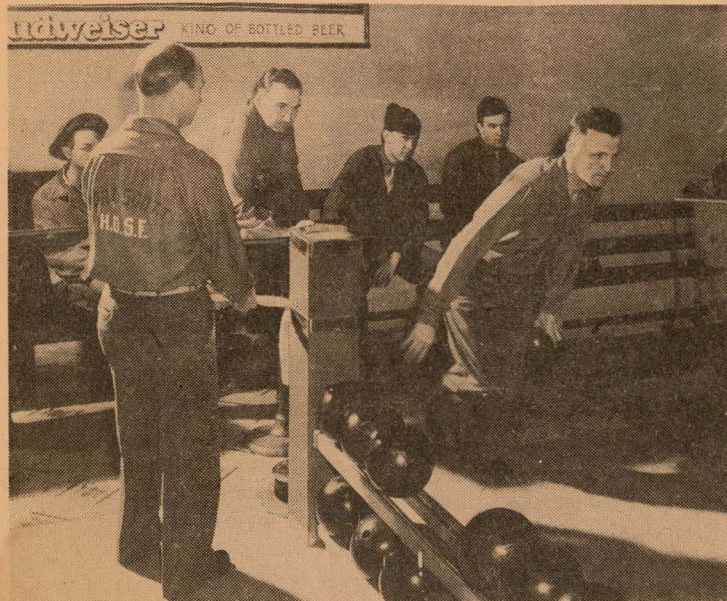
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Soon, traveling checks as well as money orders will be available to military personnel in the HDSF. The War Department believes this will incur greater financial security to those on pass and furlough.

BUY BONDS—BYE BYE JAPS



"That's Private Higgins. He is . . . HE WAS on my Range Section at the Battery."



HDSF KEGLERS engaged in a session of pin scattering on the smooth Scott alleys (4). Tabbing the strikes and spares is Cpl. Mose Lyford while Pfc. Pete Wojcihowski (Wojo) is about to throw that hook into the pocket. Sarge Chuck Johnson is up next and "chalks" up in anticipation of bolstering his 180 average.

REPORTING REPORTERS

"E"-TUNNELERS

Congratulations are in order. "Maggie," our cat, gave birth to her third litter since she came to "E." This time there were five. Mag is strictly a Coast Artillery Cat. She waited until a drill was called, and then to the beat of the T. I. bell our



feline beauty gave birth to her children. It was fitting that we name the first "T. I.," the second and the rest were named in this order: Relay, Missfire, Splash, and Target.

Cpl. George Dyson is on his way to QM. OSC. We all wish him the best. Those still waiting to be called are Sgt. F. A. Jansen, Sgt. B. Brosnahan, "T" Sgt. C. Cain, Cpl. F. Zink and Pfc. F. Adkins.

Pfc. Tom Quinn finally took the big step. He had to postpone his wedding plans twice due to Military reasons. He's breathing a lot easier now that it's over with. The lucky boy!

Cpl. "Stretch" Mentzos, reputed great lover, walked into the big dance last week with a nice shiner. He says it was a G. I. truck. How about the true story, "Horizontal?"

Many new ratings were made here recently. Those sporting new stripes are S/Sgt. Schreiber; "T" Sgt. Jurgens; Cpls. Rank, Langley, Van Dorpe, Keyes; "T" Cpls. Davis, Vengerelli, Birns, Garrick, Preziso.

Pfc. Jerry Feltman

BAYVIEW INN

A perusal of the current register of the Bayview Hotel reveals the following facts and figures about its guests . . .

. . . that 36 bayview registrants are about to graduate from basic training, drop the odious title "recruit" and become full fledged members of Uncle Sammy's happy family. Proud of their achievements in the left-flank and right-about-face is recruit instructor, Sgt. Clemens Ehrmantrout.

. . . that the last few minutes of play in the first World's Series game

gave the UPO jackpot to Yankee fan M/Sgt. Claus Eckmann.

. . . that after working long and hard preparing the Section Payroll, UPO's Pfc Robert Salles found that all the government owed him, of all people, could be summed up in a big round goose egg. What's the use Bob?

. . . that Pfc. George Lee is director of an orchestra down China City way. Pfc. Lee is accomplished on the "Butterfly Harp," basic instrument of the Chinese orchestra.

. . . that there is some doubt as to whether the black or blue squad won Wednesday's practice scouting and patrolling problem, but all attested to the high quality generalship of Black's S/Sgt. Lalk and S/Sgt. Critchley and Blue's Cpl. Bagby and Cpl. Szafarczyk.

. . . that the success of the Bayview-Inn sponsored Barn dance in the Ft. Scott hayloft was due in large measure to the efforts of Chairman Pfc. Roman Horak with the able assistance of MC Cpl. Kleinhans; "Greeter," Cpl. Szafarczyk; decorators, Pvt. Paine, Pfc. Johnston, Pfc. Salles; trouble shooters, Cpl. Rothfuss and Pvt. Walkowiak. Property-men Cpl. Morrison, Cpl. Eisan, and Cpl. Nygowski contributed to the bucolic atmosphere as did Pfc. Jim Ormsby and the impromptu "Cornhusk" serenaders. Cpl. Stott's hayloft punch and Red Cross vittles refreshed the sun-tan and gingham merry-makers. And don't forget 1st Lt. Thomas D. Martin who squired some 100 girls to and from the party.

. . . that MI (Post Intelligence) Cpl. Parkinson knows all, but, like all wise men, says nothing, and recommends this practice to all harbor defenders.

Cpl. Perry D. Morrison

SOUTH GATERS

Well, we have to admit that "C"-Cannoneers beat us in a double header soft-ball session. No excuses. We will do better next time.

From past records, it is recognizable that we are basketball stars. We are warming up for the season and thirsting for competition. That's our game! We proved our championship rights last year and are anxious to dish out defeats this year.

We built a regulation badminton court and basketball floor. Present champs with the "bird" are Lts. Riley and Vaughn. These gentlemen have run out of stiff compe-



titors in South Gate and are anxious to pit their agility against other HDSF badminton aspirants. Sgts. Leach and Gugel give them a fast game now and then. Phone Scott 81 for games.

Joe Dowd tried his hand with the funny looking racket. He missed about 20 times in a row. For his efforts we gave him a bird—you know the kind.

T/4 Bob Heatley

GALLOPING GOPHERS

Sgt. Casper, "B" Btry, intends to make a star showing in the Golden Gate span swim about October 15th. Sgt. Casper has been in many swimming events back East, and held the Worlds Unofficial indoor record, the three mile swim from White Bear to Wildwood Park on beautiful White Bear Lake, placed first in the Bay Area mile swim Harbor Day. Due to his long experience in the line of swimming races we know he will make a worthy showing.

S/Sgt. J. Guiliani, who for the past year and a half has been in the communication section, is to leave the Regiment for AA Officers School. Not only active in telephone work, he also played with the Regt. hockey team as a defense man. The team will miss his big form, as it leaves a big hole to fill.

Water skiing is in full swing. Sam Freidman and Don Green have been showing the boys how it's done. At first they taught us the fundamentals, and then told us we were on our own. Taking part in this sport are Cpl. P. Guretin, S/Sgt. W. Eriggs, Pfc. J. Van Gilder, and Cpl. Potts. Being that we are from a snowy state, where skiing is very popular, we accomplished the feat very well. Of course, the thrills and

chills of being thrown for a loss in the salt water is the sport of the whole thing. But, as we say, all good things must come to an end. Sam Freidmen, one of S. F. finest citizens, gave up his work and play to join the United States Navy. Thanks for the sport, Sam, and also for your sportsmanship. We can't lose!

Cpl. Larry Potts

"B" ON THE RIDGE

October 7th ended the tenth month our battery has been living in the barren, rugged hills overlooking the San Francisco Region.

First it was sleeping in tents, which had to be reerected every morning, because of the high winds. Then it was tin shanties. They were better, but admitted too much rain with no facility for draining. Thus it was the first three months until we completed dugouts. They have proven to afford the best comfort.

A two story structure was built by "B" men which houses the PX, day-room, battery office and officer's quarters. We also constructed a spacious, up-to-date mess hall complete with stone fireplace. During chow, there is music to keep the boys happy, especially the KP's.

Guard duty is not bad, because the following day there is a pass waiting for the sentry. Everything is organized. Each man gets a square deal (even in Black Jack), except perhaps

the gold bricks when they pull a boner. The Top Kick knows all and the bulletin board tells ALL the following day.

Pfc. Joseph Yablow

"A" AT BAKER

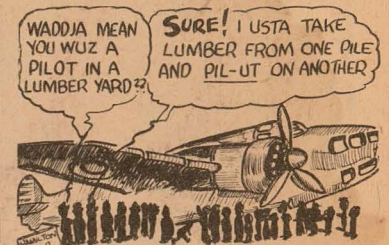
Battery "A" studied the problems of air-craft detection and tracking from a different point of view recently. Tuesday September 22, the entire personnel of the Battery that could be spared were taken to Hamilton Field.

The trip was another event of interest arranged for by our BC, Capt. Benjamin McCaffery. The convoy arrived at the Hamilton Field Gate at about 0830 and was escorted to the hangers by the Sergeant.

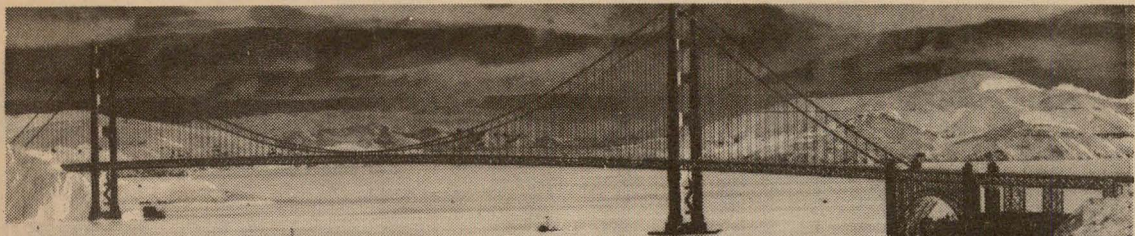
Guard. "A" Battery personnel were taken on a tour of inspection by an air corps officer. The various types of planes were examined and their flight characteristics explained by the officer guide. All types of planes were noticed—from tiny Flivvers to the giant four motored bombers. One of the points stressed was to note the different designs and general characteristics that would help identify them while in flight. It was all



All is tense before the bell. Coach and second, John Pinta, is in there solemnly pouring out advice. Scrapper Willie Brown, Presidio, 185 pounds of lethal walloping, smiles at his rugged opponent, Dave Wilson, Scott. Decision was a draw. Loud boos and cat-calls accompanied the verdict. It was Brown's scrap all the way.



Cpl. Donald Stafford



GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

Vol. II Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Sunday, October 25, 1942 No. 10

Blondes Prefer Gentlemen With Bonds . . .



A pocket full of bonds, a smile and the admiring glances of a blonde. Such is Sgt. George Youts' happy plight. Terry Smith, Sausalito, is the pretty admirer.

BOOK Re-Marks

AMERICA ORGANIZES TO WIN THE WAR. A handbook on the American war effort by twenty-one world figures. 395 pp., New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.00.

As its title suggests, **AMERICA ORGANIZES TO WIN THE WAR**, outlines the war and peace aims of the United States and tells how we propose to carry them out. Such matters as the organization of our fighting men, ways in which individual citizens can fit into the war effort, the organization of our channels of communication, etc., are discussed by well-known writers, among them, John Chamberlain, Paul de Kruif, Waldemar Kaempfert, Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Finally, war and peace aims are set forth in selections from the most important speeches of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, and the book is climaxed by the essay, "Foundations of Peace," by Vice-President Wallace.

ONLY THE STARS ARE NEUTRAL. By Quentin Reynolds. 300 pp., New York, Random House, \$2.50.

Quentin Reynolds' eye-witness account of England's indomitable courage through ceaseless bombings, of Russia's rallying to stop the Nazis, of the battles against Rommel's tanks in the North Africa desert, etc. Intimate stories of Russian government, military leaders, foreign diplomats and correspondents, as well as unconventional portraits of well-known leaders—Cripps, Steinhardt, Harriman, Hopkins, Beaverbrook—are scattered through the book.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY. By Earl C. Ewert, Lt. Col., U. S. A., 72 pp., Boston, Little, Brown and Company. \$1.25.

Lt. Col. Ewert gives first hand in-

MAIL ORDERLIES

After decades of misunderstandings, abuse and negligence, the dogface mail orderly is about to win his place in the War. A postal bulletin from the Adjutant General's Office reveals that mail orderlies may soon receive T-5 ratings, be bonded and wear an Army post-office brassard on the sleeve of their uniform.

Former Scott Lt. Slaps the Japs

From the formenting Pacific a few weeks ago came a thrilling account by United Press' Frank Hewitt of the successful engagement of an American detachment in routing the Japs from Milne Bay, September 23. In command of this detachment was Captain Thomas S. Corey, who is remembered in these defenses, having served as battery Lt. of "N"-Scott from February to July, 1941.

Capt. Corey's detachment, made up of volunteers from Yankee anti-aircraft units, went into action with the Australian forces to slap the Japs for a decisive victory.

Previous to his active tour of duty, Capt. Corey was a decorative lighting expert for Warner Brothers studio, Hollywood.

formation on how the Army is organized, how each branch is trained, what special abilities each branch requires, and what the insignia and uniforms of each are. Fact-crammed descriptions of the various weapons—their rate of fire, accuracy and size—lead up to an account of how the Army is used in actual battle formation.

BE A NAZI KILL-JOY
BUY PLENTY OF BONDS

BUY BONDS—BYE BYE JAPS

West Portal Sgt. Buys \$3,000 Bonds

Little more than ten years ago, George H. Youts left his home in Pyrgos, Greece on the shores of the blue Adriatic, to live and work with his brother in America.

While going to high school in Wisconsin, George washed dishes, tended to restaurant tables and became a waiter in a night club. Shortly before his induction, George became part owner of the Lo-Bo Cafe and Cocktail Lounge in Warsaw, Wisconsin.

With almost two years Coast Artillery service under his belt, Sgt. George H. Youts, Hq West Portal, decided to demonstrate exactly how he felt about his adopted country—he purchased \$3,000 worth of War Bonds.

"And this is only the beginning," George said, "After all what kind of American would I be to let the other guy do all the buying. I love this country, I enjoy many privileges here and I want to do all I can to destroy the enemies of this land, and the enemies of the world."

We salute Sgt. George H. Youts, American, for his fine soldiery qualities, his lofty gesture, his fine spirit.

Laff of the Week—

Williams Field, Ariz.—A soldier, disturbed over a personal affair, picked up the phone and in his excitement dialed the wrong number. When the party answered, the irritated chap began voicing his woes.

"Wait a minute," the voice on the other end interrupted, "do you know who you are talking to?"

"No," replied the soldier. The voice then informed him that he was talking to Col. Bridget, the Commanding Officer. There was silence.

Then the private asked, "Sir, do you know who you are talking to?"

"No," replied the colonel. There was a deep sigh and a fervent "thank goodness!" as the receiver clicked.

Returns to Harbor Defenses As New Commanding General



BRIG. GEN. R. E. HAINES
Seasoned C. A. Man

Sixteen years ago Major Ralph E. Haines was Executive Officer of the command battalion in the San Francisco fortifications. Today, as Brig. General, Ralph E. Haines commands the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco.

Commissioned a Lt. in 1910, General Haines went into action the following year along the Mexican Border. The General believes the Mexican warriors are a sturdy lot, and is proud to count them as his co-belligerents in this conflict.

SERVED IN P. I.

During World War I General Haines served as Artillery Engineer in the Philippine Islands. While here he assisted in the installation of fortifications on the Island of El Fraile, later becoming Harbor Defense Artillery Engineer of Corregidor.

Serving in Hawaii as Coast Artillery Operations Officer, General Haines was assisted by Colonel Wm. F. Lafrenz, Gunnery Officer, and Colonel Arthur E. Rowland, Plans Officer. Colonel Lafrenz is now Executive Officer of the HDSF, while Colonel Rowland commands the SC U detachment of these defenses. General Haines came to the S. F. fortifications from the east coast where he was in command of the New York-Philadelphia Sector. He served his first tour of duty as a shave-tail at Fort DuPont, now a part of the N. Y.-Philadelphia Sector.

SONS IN ARMY-NAVY

The General goes in for sports and enjoys the opera as well as concert music. His favorite pastime is golf with tennis running a close second. He is married to Ethel Lyman Haines and has two sons. Ralph E. Haines, Jr., 29, is a West Point graduate and is now Lt. Colonel in the Armored Forces. John Lyman Haines, 26, is a grad of Annapolis and is serving as Submarine Service Lt. "somewhere" in the western Pacific.

NO TALK—ACTION

While a student at the University of California, General Haines was a member of baseball, track and tennis teams. He graduated from Cal in 1907 with a B. A. degree in mechanical engineering.

According to the General's aide-de-camp, Captain Madison, the General isn't much on talk—he believes in action. On that score the General came to the right department.

The men soldiering here are of the same vein.

2 WAACs Go 'Over the Hill.' MP's Ship 'Em Back

Leavenworth, Kan.—Girls will be girls just as soldiers will be soldiers. Two WAACs, displaying feminine individuality, went AWOL from Ft. Des Moines, Ia., and were picked up here by civil police. They probably were the first women to indulge in the ancient pastime. Ft. Leavenworth MP's took over the job of returning them to Ft. Des Moines. Dispatches did not make clear whether or not the girls were 'cute.'

IT'S ALL CASH NOW

From now on, brother, everything is CASH. When you dash down to the battery office the 10th of the month to sign for canned checks on the cuff, stop short. There ain't no such thing.

PX. books. may. still. be. purchased, honoring the same articles and privileges, but they have to be paid for in mazuma on the line. Tailor, barber, laundry and similar jaw-bone standbys have also been thrown out.

The battery clerk's headache, sir collection sheet, has finally been given a bad time.



"TO SCHICKELGRUBER AND RATS" reads this monumental mortar piece at Fort Point as it is lifted out of its casing by S. F. rigger, Jim Andre, from the J. D. Sheedy Drayage company. This was one of many decorative cannons turned over to smelters in the scrap drive. San Francisco's loss will be Hitler's pain. The Nazi-men will be unhappy to know they will receive this cannon—in the belly.

THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

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MILLER RYAN, Capt., CAC, Officer In Charge



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and guest contributors

News matter published in the Golden Gate Guardian is available for general release.

All photographs appearing in this issue are by the Signal Corps, unless otherwise designated.

Let's Uncork the Bottle

G. I. Bottleneck, high and mighty brass hat of many an Army era, is interested in methods of producing, not necessarily results. He thrives on twelve to fourteen notes on each buckslip. He toys with sixteen endorsements to a request for something important, such as a new bunk tag holder. He sends two Colonels and three junior officers to find out why it takes four enlisted men to dig a slit trench, when six civilians at five times the salary and twice the time can do the same job.

Bottleneck is no recruit. He knows every angle. He spends hours telling his subordinates what a tough fight we have ahead of us and takes days, sometimes months, to o. k. the purchase of a new breech block or gallon of light recoil oil. His favorite expression is—"My hands are tied."

He's always up to his neck in work, and who is to begrudge him the afternoon off—even though it means holding up a shipment of ordnance materiel a week or two. Bottleneck came up the hard way, and from shave-tail days learned the art of buck passing.

He has an alibi for every occasion. When IMMEDIATE ACTION papers come to his attention at four in the afternoon, they must wait till next morning. If there's some skinning to be done, there is always his assistant to receive it.

When speaking about the Axis, Army man Bottleneck bites hard on his cigar and his words are sharp and crisp. He hates Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo. In fact, he hates all Nazis and Fascists. He's democratic and believes in Democracy.

ON GUARD

By Pfc. Elmo G. Sandberg

Somewhere along our endless coast,
A soldier guards his lonely post;
He's only one of many braves,
Who's watching over countless waves;
Alertness e'er a practiced trait,
For in him lies his country's fate.

The sun sinks low and shadows fall,
And in the west a colored wall;
Soldiers marvel at its beauty,
Nature's treat to those on duty;
Then darkness comes a silent host,
Still the soldier guards his post.

The night is clean and in the sky,
Great ghostly clouds go sailing by;
Leaving sparklers as they pass,
A brilliant path, a starry mass;
And yet along our endless coast,
The soldier guards his lonely post.

A mouse's squeak a night owl's screech,
The roar of waves upon the beach;
The droning of a distant plane,
Searching every water lane;
Alert and ready on our coast,
The soldier guards his lonely post.

Then as swiftly as it went,
Daylight comes with darkness spent;
A flaming meteor rises fast,
Another peaceful night has passed;
But alert as ever on our coast,
The faithful soldier guards his post.

BARBER—ISM



"Whata pleasure! Whata pleasure!" yelps the G. I. ton-sorial butcher as he grabs a fistfull of good curling material. Poor soldier has fallen asleep. When he awakes he will be just another walking nightmare.

SERVICING THE SERVICE MAN

BUNGALOW CANTEEN

Dishing out melted cheese sandwiches, cocoa and individually wrapped sandwiches, the Red Cross Canteen, 619 Beach street is the favorite of a multitude of khakimen. Especially grateful for this quaint re-cluse are the "Galloping Gophers."

Constructed like a country bungalow with veranda, garden, game room and soft chairs, many have even spent their six and twelve hour passes just lounging about the place.

According to Mrs. Vera Bray, one of the "Captains" in charge, 60,000 sandwiches were made and wrapped and passed out in one month by the volunteer workers associated with this canteen.

COOKIES

On the job in the HDSF three days a week, sun, rain or fog, is the Cookie Brigade, which not only brings goodies to the laddies, but entertainment as well.

The busy brass hat of this organization is Mrs. Louis Ets-Hoken, S. F. housewife, known as the "Gen'-ral." She arranges the distribution of cakes, cookies and candy, kneaded, baked and purchased by several hundred women throughout the Golden Gate area, and the entertainment as well.

With PFC Jerry Alsh emceeing,

top grade talent has been brought to every outpost in the fortifications including stars of stage, screen and radio. The CB has been of service to the khaki and blue (fatigues) in these parts for many, many months.

Says Mrs. Ets-Hoken—"If the rookies go after the Japs like they do our cookies—LORD HELP THE JAPS."

THE WAACS ARE COMING. Fort Bliss-men knew there was only one answer when they heard that plans for a Beauty Parlor were included in the blueprint for the new barracks. Five buildings for WAACS are now under construction—three barracks, a mess hall, and a combination recreation hall and administration building. The Beauty-Parlor-to-be has already been christened unofficially "Fort Bliss Rumor Center," as it is expected that considerable choice gossip will be bandied about beneath the dryers by military ladies.

—NCCS GRAM

MORE IMPORTANT

Wife: "Goodness, George, this is not our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

Hubby: "Shut up. This carriage has rubber tires on it."



HAVING FUN

By Chaplain C. B. Long

When one enjoys the beautiful sights and cities around San Francisco Bay, he is inclined to believe—Heaven is indeed within the Golden Gate. There is, however, one paradox; the rock which is Alcatraz. To mind comes the shocking reality that Hell also lives within the Golden Gate.

All of which proves that life is what you make it. I quote the following from A. H. Jones.

"There is but one rule of conduct for man—to do the right thing. The cost may be dear in money, in friends, in influence, in labor, in a prolonged and painful sacrifice, but the cost not to do right is far more dear. You pay in the integrity of manhood, in honor, in truth, in character. You forfeit your soul's content, and for a timely gain barter the infinities."

You may say with a proud boast, "I take my fun where I find it;" or the other familiar quotation from Kipling, "Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst; where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst." You may even make true these boasts. Before going on the binge, consider an old man's advice to his son:

"Here's 'to you my lad as now you start,
With a light in your eye, and a song in your heart,
With your plans and your powers, but take it from me,
Be good to the old man you're going to be.

"There always will be short-sighted bodies ye ken,
Who live for today and call themselves men.
But they're cowardly cads who never stop a wee,
To think of the old man they're going to be.

"You're making the house where the old Man'll bide,
You're hanging him pictures that time won't hide.
You're shellacking the walk of his long memory—
BE KIND TO THE OLD MAN YOU'RE GOING TO BE."

BUY BONDS—BYE BYE JAPS

G. I. PROFESSIONS

Room Orderly



Life Savers
IN CAMOUFLAGE

Never look directly up at airplanes. Your face doesn't blend in with the surroundings and can be spotted easily from the air.

Don't walk in the open. Every time you put your foot down you leave a minimum sized mark of 48 square inches to attract enemy attention.

Don't throw or leave papers, boxes, tins, cans, munition cases or any refuse in the open. They should be concealed or buried as they indicate activity in the area.

Never dry clothing in the open. This also will attract the attention of the enemy observer to your location.

Flashlights and matches should never be lighted outdoors at night in a combat area. Such lights serve the enemy as well as a beacon does a pilot.

A truck should never be parked with the windshield uncovered. Any reflection is liable to attract the wrong kind of visitors.

Don't be careless and attract attention to your position. Anything that will disclose the enemy's position to you will disclose your presence to him.

Khaki Performs Before Khaki; No Bad Time

Feverish excitement greets Jack Benny, Bob Hope or Al Jolson when ready to throw corn at the dogfaces. Regardless of the patter, just one look at the bozos and hilarity takes over.

But comes the soldier out to entertain the soldier

His G. I. welcome is a restless shuffling of feet, a few coughs—but always polite silence. Looking down at his audience the soldier performer, whether satellite or ham, gets a sparse picture of khakimen seated well back in their chairs, hands folded with an expression on their pans that plainly says, "O. K. chum. Try to make me laugh. Entertain me you rookie. Prove yourself."

HDSF talent did prove itself! Under these handicaps and Bob Hope's recent buffoonery still re-echoing in the Scott theatre, Cpl. Wally Musch, the "Kirby Quintette" and several grade "A" acts made their debut two Wednesdays ago. Before the evening was over, frozen stares and frozen kissers disappeared.

PFC Herb Lehmann, Med-Funston, brought down the house with his artistic piano interpretation of Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsody." Herb followed up his successful performance with a Bach-Beethoven-Mozart-Chopin session at the Officer's Club the following evening. He proved that recruits, dogfaces and the G. I. elite go for classics.

Wally Musch, as MC and hooper, thawed out the initial atmosphere with verbal quibble and with his wife, beautiful Ann Desmond, tapped out clever hoofing numbers. Wally and wife toured vaudeville for twelve years and played the finest theatres in the country. Ann's acrobatic number made the jeeps gape with admiration.

T' Sgts. Joe Meo and Carl Hawkins, T' Cpl. Daily, Pvs. Conklin and Rhode, known as the "Kirby Quintette" supplied the snappy music. These lads from the HDSF Band gave out with a pro delivery.

From the Red Cross "Cookie Brigade" came Flo La Soine, warbler and her accompanist, Jerry St. Clair to add zest. Flo sang "He Wears, etc. etc." and "Star Dust." A favorite on the cookie handout, comely petite Flo also became a mike favorite.

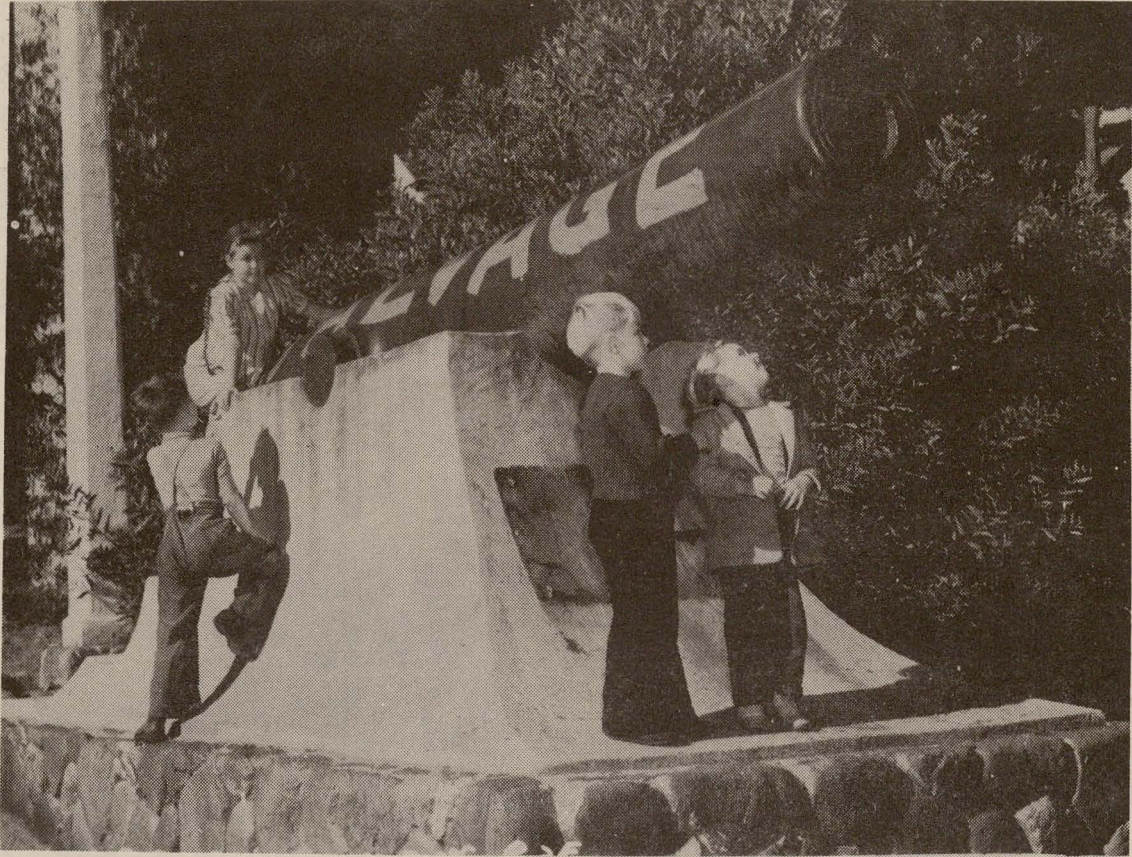
Don St. Peter and Walt Broun, SCU, did honors with harmonica and guitar. Don almost swallowed the mouth organ in his desire to please. He did please. That rendition of Clyde McCoy's "Sugar Blues" deserves a rave notice.

Jim Ormsby, Scott, did a worthy job with "Wabash Cannon Ball." Strumming his guitar, this was Jim's first big time performance, and he came through in fine style.

Improved theatrical stage lighting, spot-light effects, curtain and backdrop did much for the show—a classic HDSF event.

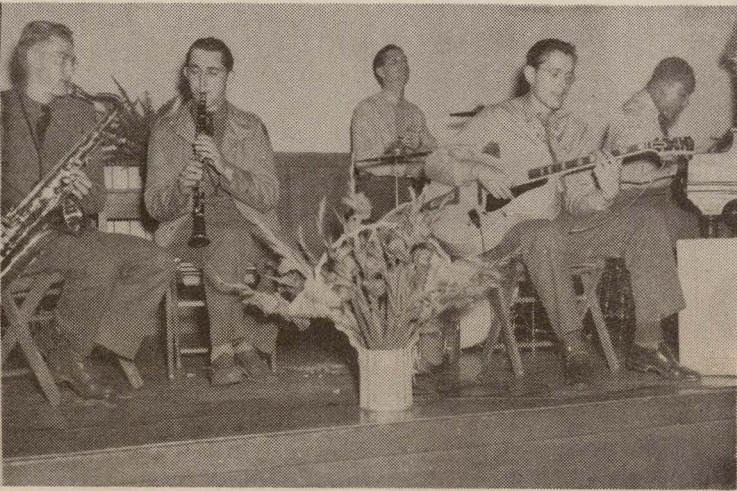
Washington—The girls back home working for the Government have decided to run a beauty contest. Entered so far are: Miss OPA, Miss WPB, Miss FSA, Miss WAR, Miss OWI, and Miss Republic 7500. The last named is a telephone number.

DESTINED FOR TOJO'S BACK YARD



Favorite frolicking place for children of the post was this historic cannon piece, now on its way to inflict heavy damage on the foe in the guise of shrapnel, block busters and cartridges. Cast in 1847 by the N. F. Ames Foundry, Springfield, Mass., this firing piece and its twin that flanked the entrance to Fort

Scott, were regarded as two of the most perfect mortar relics of the Civil War. Barbara Hall, Sandy Napier, Bud and Patsy Barkman take their final romp and look. It is estimated that 5,000 tons of war metal has already been collected in the HDSF scrap drive.



FROM HARLEM WAY to Basin Street, flighty lads give out and sepia jitter childrun' snag a rag out of a rug. While they may be hep they are also in the groove with sweet or swoon. Dishing out the scintillating noise in true scatter brain style are, left to right: Dave Kreider, Presidio, keying the tenor sax; George Lary, Scott, making the clarinet melt the heart of any scat; John Schneider, Presidio, pouring out on the drums; Walt Ullner, Scott, guitarist and impresario of the group; Coney Woodman, Presidio, battering keyboard whiz. This is a typical Sat-'day nite swingin' and sway-in' affair at the USO Hospitality House, Buchanan and Geary Streets.



The War Department in a recent press release expressed the humorous plight of a sweetheart whose soldier was somewhere in the Pacific area. She tore open his letter to find inside this typed slip: "Your boy friend still loves you. But he talks too much." It was signed, "Censor."

BUY BONDS—BYE BYE JAPS

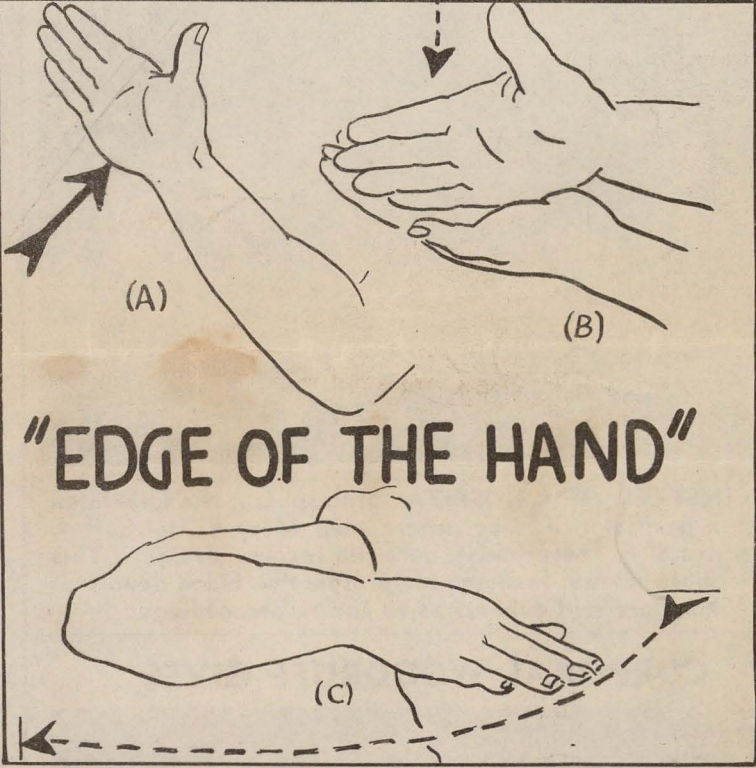
Relics of Civil War Included in HDSF Scrap Deal

Throughout Fort Scott, Miley, Funston, Barry, Baker, Cronkhite and sub-areas last week, the word **SALVAGE** was inscribed in large red letters on many historical firing pieces and every piece of metal that was not serving its wartime duty. The Harbor Defenses of San Francisco gave up over 5,000 tons of metal in furthering the national scrap drive.

Fort Point, the original Fort Winfield Scott and stalwart fortress of another war, took the biggest beating by offering the riggers about ten Spanish cast mortars and many cannon balls. Set in concrete, these blitz pieces overlooked the Pacific for almost a century, symbolic of the ever alert status of Coast Artillerymen everywhere.

No scrap possibility in the defenses was overlooked. Battle pieces were thrown in the scrap truck that served General Grant at Fredericksburg and Chickamauga, others were long treasured as having been used in the early struggles of this nation to exist as a free commonwealth. All metal gathered will be converted into first class instruments of destruction.

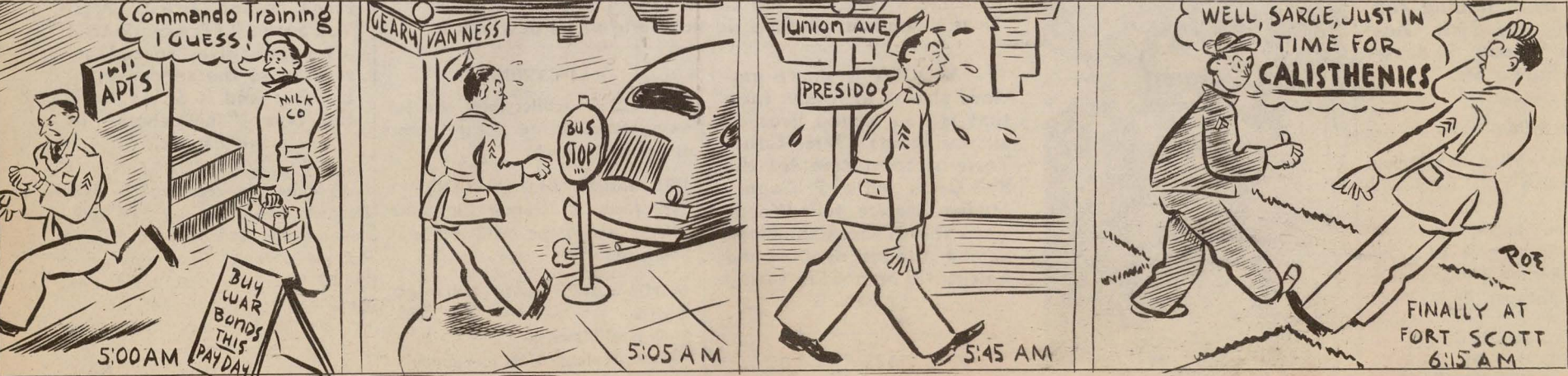
It's all out for war, and the HDSF is giving out with scrap and scrap-pers.



EDGE OF THE HAND is the third in a series of examples on how to give the enemy a bad time taken from the best seller, "GET TOUGH," by Major W. E. Fairbairn.

1. Deliver blow with bent arm (never with straight arm). Use a chopping action from the elbow, with the weight of the body behind it. Practice by striking the open palm of the left hand, as shown in (B).
2. There are two ways in which to deliver this blow:
 - (a) **DOWNWARD**, with either hand.
 - (b) **ACROSS**, with either hand; the blow always being delivered outwards with the palm of the hand downwards—never on top (C).
3. Attack the following points, delivering every blow as quickly as possible:
 - (a) Sides or back of the wrist.
 - (b) Forearm, half-way between wrist and elbow.
 - (c) The biceps.
 - (d) Sides or back of the neck.
 - (e) Just below the "Adam's Apple."
 - (f) The kidneys or base of the spine.

How the Hourly Bus Schedule Makes a Commando Out of a Dogface.



—By Pfc. H. A. Poe

Artillerymen Make Deposit Visit to Blood Bank

Blood Saves the Day

Through a miracle—a miracle of medical science—Cpl. Sam Jones of Brooklyn lives.

One of the boys stumbled over Sam in the murky darkness after the Zeros had been chased away. From all indications he was a goner. Blood was oozing freely from two gaping wounds, his pulse had all but stopped beating, his skin was white as chalk. When brought into the field hospital, Sam's broken body was placed on an operating table where feverish work began.

Sulfanilimide was sprinkled over the wounds and four pints of blood were pumped into Sam's veins. In a few hours he was strong enough to stand the shock of an operation. That is why Sam lives today—BLOOD did it.

Somebody's blood. Blood doned by a farmer in Missouri, a stenographer in Chicago, an engineer for the Baltimore R. R., perhaps even the blood from a Fort Baker KP artist or even your blood may have helped pull Sam through the crisis.

Blood transfusions are now basic and fundamental; an essential weapon against burns, hemorrhage, infection and shock. Without them at least half our victims of burns and shock would have died. Many others would have lived only at the sacrifice of a limb. Plasma and hemoglobin saves lives and limbs. All the drugs in the world would be of no avail without blood.

Blood can't be purchased. It must come from volunteers. The realization that blood doning is less trying than looking the top kick in the puss on a damp day, brings many soldiers to the Blood Bank. "T" Cpls. Willis Bell and Howard Woodruff, pictured here, are but two of many soldiers in these defenses who have given blood; two of many who WILL give, SHOULD give.

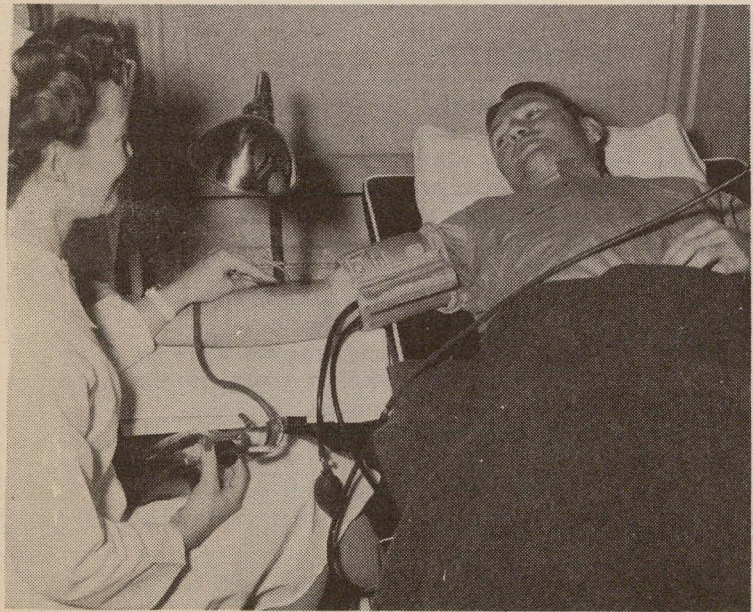


(1) ENTERING the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank to donate a pint each are strollers Howard Woodruff and Willis Bell, "T" Cpls. of the HDSF. They were told there's a bit of bourbon at the end of the trail and they're anxious to give.



(2) INSTEAD OF A HOSPITAL atmosphere, the khakimen enter a palatial residence, where Miss Mary E. Heitkotter, attractive S. F. receptionist, gets the records straight. This is the most solemn moment for prospective blood donors as they are still dubious as to future proceedings.

CORPORAL WOODRUFF GIVES



(5) Miss Rae Parker draws a pint of blood from the arm of "Woody" as he pumps the blood by clenching and unclenching his fist. According to Woody, it doesn't hurt a bit.

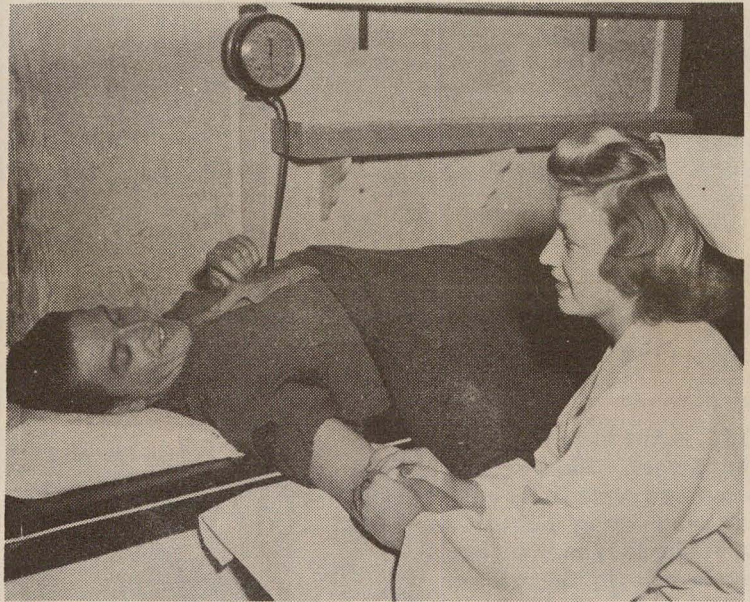
HE'S IN THE ARMY NOW

Drill Sergeant—What has 24 feet, green eyes and a pink body with purple stripes?

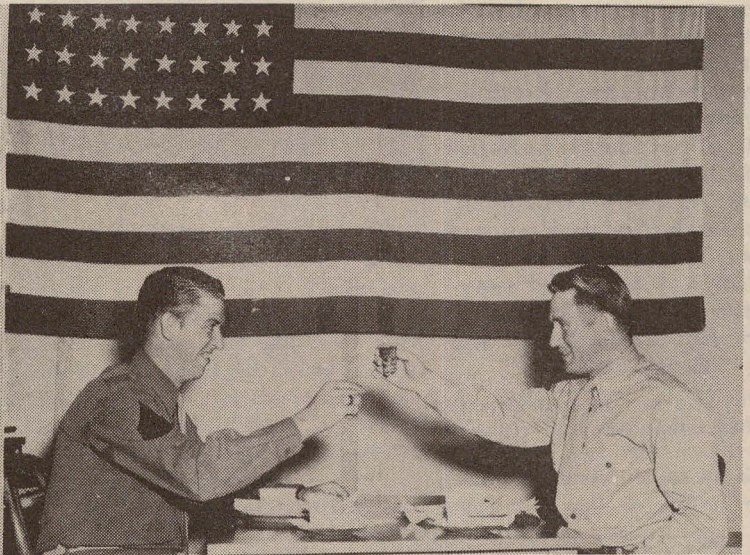
Rookie—I don't know. What? Sergeant—I don't know either, but you'd better pick it off your neck.—The Holabird Exhaust, Q. M. Depot Holabird, Md.

BE A BLOOD DONOR TODAY
SAVE A LIFE TOMORROW

CORPORAL BELL GIVES



(4) Will just gave up that pint of precious liquid and smiles at his pretty attendant, Nurse Elin Stiegler. "Ready to do it again," says the G. I. doner.



(6) THEY OFFER A TOAST to their buddies everywhere. Someday their blood will aid in saving a khaki life just as their bullets will help rid the world of its pestilence.

(7) WOODY is shown precious plasma in frozen form that is now saving lives on all war fronts. Mrs. Esther Travens, technician for the Red Cross and S. F. County Medical service, tells Woody a few things about the blood he and Will just donated and how it will be used in saving a life.

LOCATION

For HDSF artillerymen, the following Blood Procurement Centers are easiest to reach:

RED CROSS BLOOD BANK
2415 Jones St. (corner Chestnut)
Phone: Graystone 9373 for appointment.

IRWIN MEMORIAL BLOOD BANK
2180 Washington St.
Phone: Walnut 5600 for appointment.

BE A NAZI KILL-JOY
BUY PLENTY OF BONDS

BLOOD BANK FACTS

By Lenore Brechtelsbauer, RN

There are only 18 Red Cross Blood Centers in the United States.

Red Cross Centers supply plasma to the service men.

In this area processing of blood is done at Cutter's Laboratory in Berkeley and the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank, Washington Street, S. F.

The process is briefly:

1. Centrifuge 27 pints. This is a very rapid whirling process in which the cells, both red and white, are settled to the bottom, and the liquid plasma is on top.

2. The plasma is drawn off. Plasma from the 27 pints is pooled. Then the sterile bottles are filled with liquid plasma and corked.

3. Under very rapid refrigeration the plasma is frozen.

4. Then the frozen plasma is dried by vacuum. This process takes about 52 hours.

5. The bottle of plasma is put into a tin can along with all of the rubber tubing and needles and sealed. In a similar flask and in another tin can is the sterile water which will be used to put the plasma back into solution when it is to be used. Each complete unit is boxed individually, each represents one pint of blood, and each is one transfusion.

Since soldiers have to be in perfect health to qualify for the army, they make excellent donors.

The average individual has approximately seven quarts of blood in his body, so that one pint donated leaves absolutely no after affects.

The volume of the blood is replaced in 24-36 hours, and the hemoglobin is replenished in from 10-14 days.

Dried plasma is prepared in such a way that it can be kept in any climate, at any temperature, for at least a period of five years; but in five short minutes it can be dissolved and ready for administration.

It is utterly impossible to have whole blood of the correct type at the battle-fronts for immediate use, as whole blood cannot safely be kept over seven days. Plasma can be kept, and since the blood cells are removed, even blood-typing is non-essential.

The number of lives already saved is over-whelming! However, many more donors are needed.

A pint of your blood will save a life . . . Maybe someday another donor will save you.



(3) WITH THERMOMETER IN MOUTH and a drop of blood, "Woody" Woodruff, QM-Motor Pool, proves he is healthy enough for the blood taking ritual. Mrs. Vee Sutherland, experienced attendant, gives special attention to the service man. Her husband is Sr. Lt. with the Navy "somewhere" in the Pacific.

A soldier walked into the Band Barracks and called out: "I'll give a dollar to the laziest man in here."

Came a retort from a far away bunk, "Roll me over buddy, and stick it in my back pocket."

—Ft. Mc Pherson's SOUND-OFF

BE A BLOOD DONOR TODAY
SAVE A LIFE TOMORROW



THE HARBOR DEFENSES OF S. F. MILITARY POLICE DETACHMENT . . .

From time immemorial the MP has been cooked up to be a burly khaki-rat with but one thought and one desire—to catch the dogface in trouble and give him the works. It's different here.

Under the experienced hand of Lt. Dupre M. Pool, who has held every rank in the Army from Pvt. to 1st Lt., these men guard posts in the HDSF, protecting vital areas, roads and equipment from the enemy. Several outstanding soldiers of this unit have been dispatched to an investigating school where they were taught modern methods of criminal detection and apprehension. They are referred to as the "G-men of the MP's," and follow up serious cases such as fires and suspected sabotage.

The entire group of men have been trained in the use of several weapons and are as adept with the .45 calibre pistol as the .30 calibre machine gun. Besides guard duty, the MP's are called upon to watch over prisoners, train recruits, and enforce speed limits of the post.

Soldiers in this organization come from all over the world and have held such interesting jobs as paint mill foreman, bartender, chain store manager, seaman, pork cutter, butter maker, bookkeeper, machinist, well driller, Chinese cook, architectural engineer, policeman and ditch tender. Many have been farm hands, salesmen, butchers and clerks.

These men are on the job day and night and day and night they are doing a good job.

CRONKHITE TALKS
By T/Cpl. Martin Abramson

DOUBLE TIME—What Pvt. Johnny Allen, the Florida kid, has a pressing need for in order to keep warm blood coursing through his anatomy. Allen falls out for reveille every morning wearing field jacket and overcoat. He claims his body is in a state of shivers all day. "Always knew that gag about California sunshine was phony," he grunts.

PRESENT ARMS—To Pvt. Marvin Hyde, the ambulance chauffeur, who fooled all his confers and probably himself too by marrying the girl. She's Vina Peters, 5 foot 3, 128 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, late of Petaluma, Calif.

TAPS—blew for B Battery's Sgt. Harring when he took off for ye old army routine after spending his furlough in Dallas, Texas. Yep, it was those Texas cowgals sounding off in sad farewell for dashing sarge who corraled a lot of hearts in short order. That's roping 'em, fellow!

EYES RIGHT . . . for Sgt. Bill Martinek who came bouncing out of Letterman Hospital last week after a two month siege. He's not ready to run the Commando course but he's back on the job again and glad to be back, sez he, even though he misses the nurse brigade.

SALUTE . . . the intrepid band of Headquarters battery privates who struck a memorable blow on behalf of Yardbirds, Inc., by invading the city of Petaluma, stealing three girls away from a couple of lieutenants and holding on to their prize in the face of spirited counter-assaults by the loolies.

ROUTE STEP . . . is what the boys were beating out on their fast stepping hike the other night. The weather was damp and raw and Sgt. Logan noticed Pfc. Leo Czapski striding along with his raincoat unbuttoned.

"Button up that coat or you'll catch cold," shouted Logan.

Czapski (who's been married for 14 years): "Yes, my dear."

An amusing story about an American soldier now stationed in Northern Ireland is making the rounds:

The soldier is said to have written home. "Dear Dad: Gue\$\$ what I need the mo\$t of all. That\$ right. \$end it along. Be\$t wi\$he\$. Your \$on Tom.

The father replied. "Dear Tom: NOthing ever happens here. Write us aNOther letter aNOw. Jimmie was asking about you Monday. NOW we have to say goodbye. Dad."

—Ft. McPherson's SOUND-OFF

READY FIGHTER



These are days when alerts sound often. These are days when hardened artillerymen must snap to their post without the slightest hesitation. These are days when rugged individuals are needed to perform rugged tasks. At Fort Barry, Battery "M" is Pfc. Francis J. Birch, 20 years old, 22 months an Army man and an all around "typical" soldier—one who has learned the ropes and performs as an integral cog in the machinery that makes up a tip-top fighting unit.

Francis comes from Adams, Mass., and has a girl friend in Hartford, Connecticut. Before joining the service he was a "doorfer" in a textile factory in Adams, which entailed spinning thread on spools. He likes to keep active all the time and would just as soon fight as anything. Francis is quite the boy in the boxing department, being one of the highlighters at the HDSF ring shows. As a "typical" dogface, Francis is mild tempered and has quite a number of pals. He confesses that "short-stopping" does not get him down, but these cigarette moochers beat him all to . . .

After the alert is over, Francis looks out over the blue Pacific wondering what the world has in store for him, what it will have in time to come. In his face is written the story of American youth in this war—sentiment, determination, the will and the power to do.

THE GOPHER CRAWLS. Current mystery story circulating around Camp Roberts, Calif. concerns a bullet-proof canine who recently joined a platoon on the rifle-range. A gopher taking a stroll distracted him, led him a merry chase up and down the line of firing-trenches through a heavy barrage. The dog was finally retrieved, safe and sound, but several of the marksmen were said to be suffering from mild apoplexy.

—NCCS GRAM

The personnel men at headquarters in a certain camp really got a taste of how bad things were in the "outside" the other day. An urgent telegram came through from one of the privates home on furlough in Indiana. The message read:

"Request five-day extension of furlough. Father being drafted."

Ft. McArthur 'ALERT'

'Through These Portals—'

Laredo, Tex.—Brig. Gen. Harry Johnson put the following sign over the entrance to the Ft. McIntosh guardhouse: "All who enter here help Hitler."

IN THIS CORNER By Lou Nova
Lt. with Calif. State Guard

I believe thumb-nail sketches of well known boxers with whom I have traded punches in the schnozzle should make my initial appearance in the **GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN** worth while—I hope.

Bob Pastor. Gee, he sure looked determined at the weigh-in the afternoon of our fight in San Francisco. He was kind of surly and wouldn't even say "Hello." That was my first fight with a big name fighter, and at the end of ten rounds the referee called it a draw. I knocked Bob down in the sixth round and thought I had won. Most of the so called experts gave Nova the edge in the fight. I was saving myself for the big rally, but Bob the clever one, had different ideas and kept boxing. He is fast, punches good, and is a clean fighter.

Maxie Rosenbloom. A real cutie. I always admired Maxie because he fought anyone and everyone. Was kind of distant at the weigh-in, but said "Hello." The fight was in Hollywood, and all glamour was there. Maxie came out fast and flicked a left in my face. I threw a right and hit the ozone. That was the fight for ten rounds. Except between times "Slapsie" would come out with a mouth full of water, spit it out on the canvas and then make me slip. I owe a lot of my success in later fights to the boxing lesson received that night in Hollywood. Maxie couldn't hurt me, but I couldn't hit him. After the fight, he made the floorshow at his night club. He fights clean and is the most impossible man to hit with a right hand.

Gunnar Barlund—as number one contender at one time, had just knocked out Buddy Baer. Tried to get me nervous at the N. Y. weigh-in by staring at me. He is a big strong Finn. I won the first round, got hit a terrific right hand over my left lead in the second round, and landed on my back. I know I saw pictures. In the dressing room they told me I stopped Gunnar by a T.K.O. in the seventh. Clean fighter, nice guy.

Tommy Farr. Built like everything. Toughest fifteen rounds I ever want to go through. After some of the rounds, I thought the next one would send me back to Alameda. The old saying, "keep punching" is

no joke—that is all you can do with a guy that won't quit. He almost jabbed my eye out with a thumb in the twelfth round, and I would have knocked him out in the fourteenth, if the referee hadn't loused up. Nova got the decision, but doesn't like Farr because he fights dirty.

Maxie Baer. Tries to be your pal at the weigh-in and entertains everyone. The fight starts and he ain't kiddin'. The right he hit me with is the hardest I have ever experienced. Just as the bell rings for the end of the first round he sinks a left hook in the, bread-basket of Nova deep enough to feel his vertebrae. As we say in the fight racket, I "win" in the twelfth by a T.K.O. Maxie was plenty game.

Tony Galento. Fourteen rounds of thumbing, elbowing, back handing and butting. Galento won in the fourteenth by a T.K.O. Nova needed a week in the hospital to get sewed up and put back together. Anyway, they tell me I look good in red. Sure was sorry to see Max Baer knock him out a few months later in New Jersey. Oh Yeah!

Joe Louis. Better looking than he appears in pictures, and a very nice personality. Talks little, but has a pleasant voice. At the weigh-in he looked like he could be taken care of that night. The fight started, I came out three steps and circled to the right like I was told. We each jabbed with our lefts a few times and the bell rang. This went on for four rounds. The fifth went just like the others although I had expected him to try to get me to mix. He wasn't so tough and things were going along as per schedule, which was for me to box for eight rounds, get him tired, and then to go after the heavyweight title with all guns firing.

The sixth round started and I found myself getting quite confident, and enjoyed the radio commentary of the fight. I stuck around the microphone to hear how the fight was being sold over the ether after every round. Everything went smoothly until the end of the sixth round—curtains.

Joe Louis is a clean fighter, and is harder to hit than the "eggsperts" give him credit for being.

WHAT A BIRD



TWO YEARS AGO "T" Cpl. Bill Trafton, "F"-Baker, was a pigeon fancier in Maywood, Illinois. With his dad, Bill bred and cared for practically every pigeon strain known, including the homing or carrier pigeon used by the Signal Corps for important missions during time of war. In his spare time, Bill also performed with name bands as a drummer and vocalist in Chicago's better night spots.

Now we find Bill in the battery hash room about to taste some of his glorified bean concoction. Yes, Bill is one of the regular cooks in these defenses who has been dishing it out in fine style. No telling exactly how far Bill is liable to go in this cookin' business—they look at Bill twice when squab is served.

BE A NAZI KILL-JOY
BUY PLENTY OF BONDS

BE A BLOOD DONOR TODAY
SAVE A LIFE TOMORROW



THE SMILE OF A PRETTY GIRL. It tingles jeeps and generals alike; makes poets swoon; inspires artists and tooth-paste ads . . . and when in the person of Janis Carter, Hollywoodette charmer, it encourages movie cameras to grind and forms lines at the boxoffice . . . it makes the GGG shimmer with glamour.
—Courtesy Bradler Collection

Ft. Monmouth, N. J.—Added to the curriculum of many Signal Corps soldiers at this training post is 'rangerology,' described by its creator as "a system of silent slaughter."
Lt. Lyman O. Anderson, former football, basketball and wrestling team member at the University of Minnesota, devised the course. He explained it included the 'worst' features of Jiu-Jitsu, North Woods lumberman tactics, and a few original tricks intended for close combat with an enemy.

REPORTING REPORTERS

BAYVIEW INN

Richard Halliburton, Marco Polo, or Wendell Wilkie would feel right at home in the Bayview these days. If the War Department had not censored the labels on their trunk lockers, many are the tales of far-away lands that could be told by members of Bayviews recently acquired casual salon.

But it is no secret that Bayview guest Pvt. Heindricks saw Pearl Harbor—but everybody has heard about that on the recent Bob Hope Show in which Heindricks was featured.

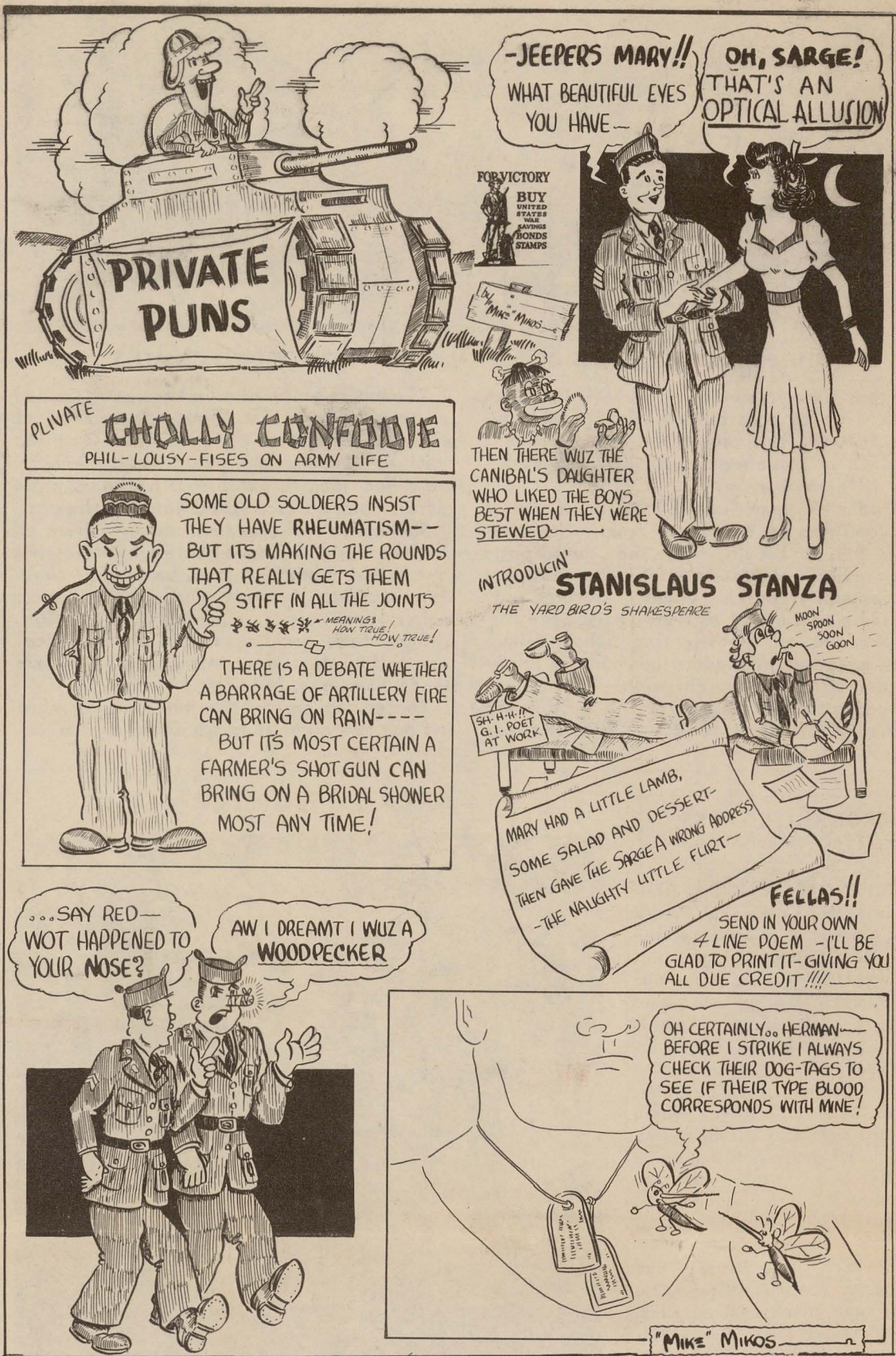
The cosmopolitan nature of the hotel has not interfered with the high standard of its athletic program. There is one side still explaining a 27-0 score—"The Ump was their best player." "Those blokes can't hit harder—just talk faster." "Every good team loses once in awhile—even the Yanks."

Promotions among Bayviewers:

Cigars and Cpl. stripes on Sec. Clerk Les Johnston (Author of that notable but melancholy opus "The Kaypee Roster"). Bull Durham from recently created Pfc's Detels and Chrabol. Dreaming of pink pants these days are officer candidate acceptees 'T' Cpl. Parkinson, S/Sgt. Lalk, and S/Sgt. Barger.

Returning to "Tell About It" from furlough: Pfc Kanski, Cpl. Bagby, Pfc Johnson, S/Sgt. Huntley, Pvt. Shea. Taking off for home and mother's cooking: T Cpl Szafarczyk, Pfc Sprink, Pfc Sedar. Unconfirmed reports have it that the girl-man ratio in Hamtramuck, Detroit, Milwaukee is very favorable. The Bayview requests confirmation from the above named men.

Moving day for UPO saw each man take up his desk and walk, rumor has it that S/Sgt (Charles Atlas student) Critchley carried his desk clear up to the new location before discovering he had



forgotten to unbolt it from the floor below.

To certain observers the meaning of a certain sign in the UPO is a bit obscure: It says, "Quiet Please, You are in the presence of Genius at Work."

Cpl. Perry D. Morrison

"B" AT SCOTT

Our clever camouflaging, strongly constructed, emaculate dug-outs, the

unchallenged record of being first in the field the day of war, holder of the highest score made on Crosby guns in many years are but a few achievements that make us one of the top batteries on the Pacific coast.

The capable leadership of Capt. Pulley and the masterful supervision of 1st Sgt. Zarko are responsible for our fine record. From Sgt. Zarko one need not ask for a pass without spotless uniform, haircut, glittering buttons and shined shoes. The boy is tough, believe me.

When the time comes let the enemy know that he will be trimmed to size and whittled down in reg'lar "B" Btry style. As Sarge Zarko says, "We'll give the varmints hell."

PFC Jim Gurley

"D" BARBETEERS

Something new has been added to the HDSF conditioning program. "D," frontier busters of Scott, were the first Rangers to try for record on the new grenade course. Our outfit built this addition to the toughie program and from initial results, it is quite certain that we will break all records.

We got some first rate dope on dealing the Jap a dirty deal, by three non-com instructors. We're ready for 'em, you bet!

PFC Hubert Rennie

"B" ON THE RIDGE

The feline father of Topsy's recent quintuplet off-spring has been discovered. It is a handsome tom-cat of the back fence variety, and his hide-out is a ways down the hill at "E"-Cannoneers. Mother and kittens are doing well, thank you.

This commando training was just made for us. We just love to come

down out of the fog every morning and bask in Cronkhite's sunshine. Though we haven't piled up any records on the course as yet, our boys are in there pitching and will snare the honors when it counts.

PFC Joseph Yablow

GALLOPING GOPHERS

Two more men left for OCS. They are Cpls. D. Peilen and W. Roessler. Cpl. Peilen was with Headquarters Btry. and Cpl. Roessler with "C." Peilen went to the Ft. Banning, Ga. school, while Cpl. Roessler hit the Air-Force Classification Center, Nashville. Both khakimen are from St. Paul. Both will make the grade.

Cpl. Larry Potts

West Pointer Writes Harbor Defense Pals

Vernon W. Pinkey, former HDSF artilleryman, writes from West Point as a cadet to his pals around the Golden Gate—from Wolf Ridge to South Gate. Pinkey's working like mad, but getting along swell. The guy's making good grades out there where they breed the gentleman officers. He is in the pink and trusts all his buddies are the same.

In a recent letter, he says in part " . . . and California? There just isn't any place like it. A fellow really appreciates the fog and the hills and the blue Pacific when he is far removed from the spot."

A little further on Pinkey gave the GGG a plug. He says many of the boys at the Academy enjoy reading the rag. Nice hearing from a former artilleryman and future officer.

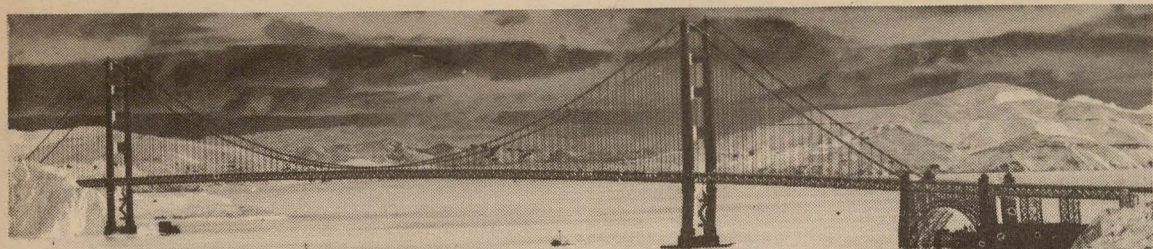
BE A NAZI KILL-JOY
BUY PLENTY OF BONDS



THE GREAT MAN Hope punches in a gag on the stage of the Scott theater at a recent appearance and has the khaki-men in stitches. Long considered a top comic on stage, screen and radio, Bob Hope gave the boys in these defenses a treat by proving he and his troupe can really dish the stuff out solid. It is said by Tom Sawyer, director of the shows, that Bob pays enough taxes in one year to launch a destroyer. That includes the rubber cork used on the champagne bottle.

Every Man Has His Niche in the Army

Ft. Lewis, Wash.—Pvt. Sherlock Holmes (correct) has been assigned to a Military Police battalion here.



GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

Vol. II Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Tuesday, November 10, 1942 No. 11

Young Khakimen Prove Worth; Sport Chevs and Stars

Youth must be served and the War Department is all set to serve 'em. In a recent WD press release, it was officially announced that 18-19 year oldsters will be allowed to volunteer for any branch of the service including the QM, Ordnance, Chemical Warfare, Medics and MP, in addition to the Inf., Cav., Air Corps, C. A. (AA and HD) Field Art., A. F., Engineers and Signal Corps.

From pigskin to Garand, from baseball to grenade, from alarm clock to bugle, from plough to jeep is the usual transition the 18-19-20 year lad goes through when he swaps his zoot suit for khaki. But what is his deal in the Army—does he get ahead? Is he treated like a squirt or is he given a chance to be a leader? Is it worth while to be a young 'un in this man's Army?

Many of our present outstanding Army leaders were in the service before they were twenty. Lt. General Hugh A. Drum, now commanding the First Army and our Eastern Defenses, joined the service at 19; Lt. General John L. DeWitt, commanding the Fourth Army and our Western Defenses, joined the Service at the age of 18; Lt. General Ben Lear, commanding the Second Army, enlisted at 18; and Lt. General Walter Kreuger, commanding the Third Army, enlisted at the age of 17. General Arthur MacArthur, father of Gen. Douglas MacArthur enlisted at the age of 17.

Of approximately 50,000 men in the Army under 20 years of age,

more than 200 have earned commissions and 200 others are now in officer candidate schools, a survey showed. A majority of these men entered the Army since the close of school last June and have completed only recently their basic training.

Men in this group also qualify rapidly as non-commissioned officers, it was found. Over 10 per cent of the men under 20 have been appointed N.C.O.'s

Here are a few scattered notes about several of the younger artillerymen in the S. F. fortifications.

Sarge Melvin A. Johnson, H-Barry just turned 20. He was a Coca-Cola operator in Pittsburg, Kan. before joining the service about 22 months ago and has been a non-com for nine months. Also doing a nip-up

(Continued on page two)



The sound of marching feet, the rat-ta-tat of the drums and the Flag passes by. *Our Flag*. A banner representing thoughts of free men; the heritage of a great nation. Displayed and guarded by men who will fight—even die—for the principles inscribed in the red, the white and the blue.

"'Tis not the cloth, Flag, that makes me tremble before thee in reverence. 'Tis not the fiery crimson, the brilliant finish I salute in tribute. There is that in thee, Old Glory, for which I and my comrades pay with respect and our lives—the privileged right for all to live in peace, security, freedom."

Artilleryman Gets Good Deal From HDSF Red Cross Unit

Up yonder hill an artilleryman stands watch in the shadow of huge guns—guns that may someday spray their venom of destruction on the invader. On the gun parapets, in the powder rooms, under ground are soldiers who man and fire these weapons at the first sign of trouble.

Through cold, fog, rain and storm they are vigilant—no enemy must pass through the Golden Gate.

Keeping these G. I. warriors warm and contented is a big and serious job. Military Welfare branch of the Red Cross under field director, Wm. E. Rose helps keep the men in high spirits and warmth. Assisting Mr. Rose at Fort Baker is Louis Hendricks, at Fort Scott, Mrs. Evelyn Kraft. Besides Fort Scott, sub-posts

4. Advice to soldier and family on welfare matters.

5. Assistance in solving business problems.

6. Information on Government insurance, allotments, pensions, etc.

Service to the soldier, but at the request of his commanding officer:

1. Investigation for confidential information needed in matters of discharge or furlough.

2. Transportation loans to visit home in cases of dire emergency.

3. Assistance in adjusting personal or family problems affecting morale.

At the request of the medical officer:

1. Provide MD approved recrea-



SWEETS, SMOKES, SMILES BRING SMILES
Red Cross Serves

and adjoining camps, this unit also caters to the comfort of the blue-jackets of the Naval Net Base at Tiburon.

The past five months this unit has distributed sweaters, hoods and beanies; furnished dozens of day-rooms; provided entertainment to outlining batteries and provided goodies from the "Cookie Brigade," trained approximately 100 G. I. first aid instructors; assisted the Medics with preparations to evacuate casualties in event of disaster; supplied hundreds of dollars worth of toilet articles, cigarettes and writing paper to patients and post prisoners.

At the personal request of the soldier, the following Red Cross services are available, according to Mr. Rose.

1. Relief from distress of the soldier's family, including economic assistance.
2. Locating a soldier's family.
3. Assistance in securing employment for members of the soldier's family.

tional activities for convalescing or hospitalized military personnel.

2. Loans to patients on their furlough.

3. Assist discharged, disabled soldiers to establish themselves in civilian life.

4. Provide vocational rehabilitation for men discharged for physical handicaps.

5. Obtain medical supplies or social histories of patients.

6. Keep families informed in cases of serious or prolonged illness.

7. Insure the comfort of relatives summoned to the bedside of patients.

HDSF Dishes Out Large Share of War Chest Funds

Hand-Out Takes Care Of Several Causes

Khaki shelled out umpteen grand last pay day when the hat was passed around for WAR CHEST funds in these defenses. It was estimated at least half the gents threw in a day's pay, while a hunt is still going on to find the gink brave enough to by-pass the pay-off table without so much as tossing in two-bits to the platter.

This hand-out takes care of quite a few contris including the Army-Navy Emergency Relief; Salvation Army; Russian, Chinese and British War Funds; Community Chest. The Red Cross was not included.

The take from each battery stripped the high hopes of the SSO, who managed the fund deal. If figures could be used freely, it is believed the toss in per HDSF capita would lead that of any other military establishment.

For every woman who makes a fool out of a man there is another woman who makes a man out of a fool.

—Ancient Adage.

Payday May Go On After Hitler Pays

Recent reports from Washington indicate that a bill has been introduced to Congress to continue the pay of all servicemen for a period of from 10 to 15 months after the war is won; this pay to start immediately after the fighter has been honorably discharged from the service following the end of hostilities.

According to the author of the bill, representative Walter C. Ploeser (Missouri), continuance of pay will give both the enlisted man and officer a chance to rehabilitate and readjust himself to the changing world.

The bill provides for a continuance of pay for 15 months to the enlisted man and 10 months to the officer. No officer, however, is to receive an allowance greater than captain's pay.

FLAG and TROOPS ON REVIEW

...BRIG. GEN. HAINES MEETS NEW COMMAND

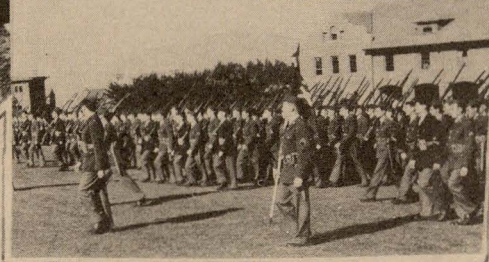


DRUM
MAJOR
HAWKINS

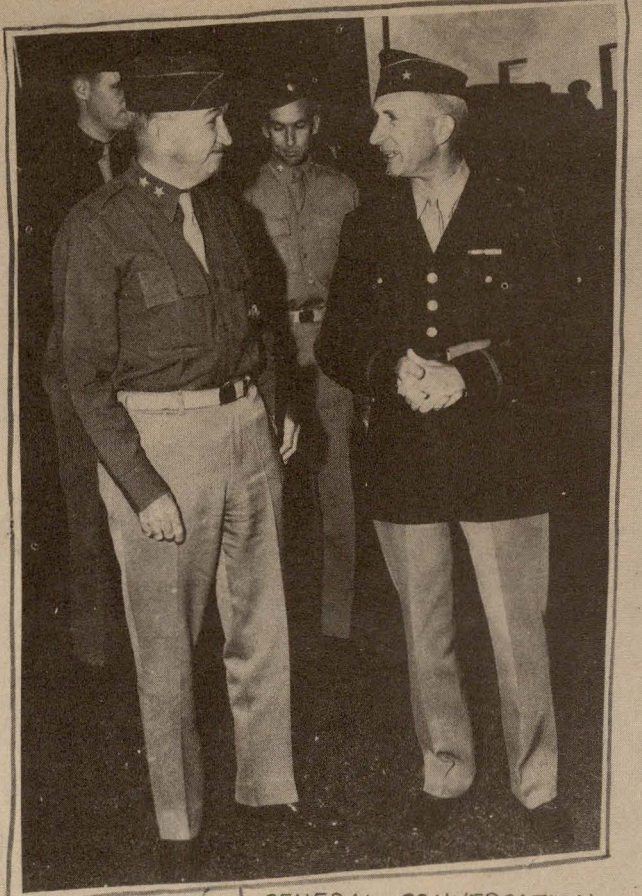
STRUTS HIS STUFF



COLORS
STAND-BY

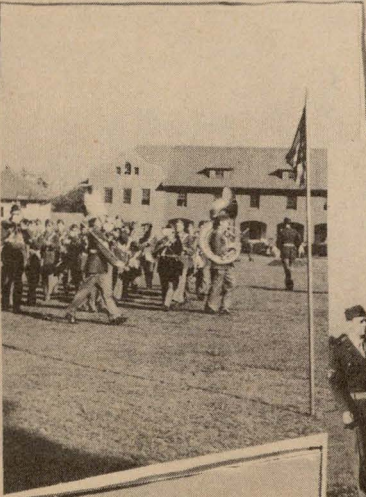


"GUIDE IS RIGHT -"

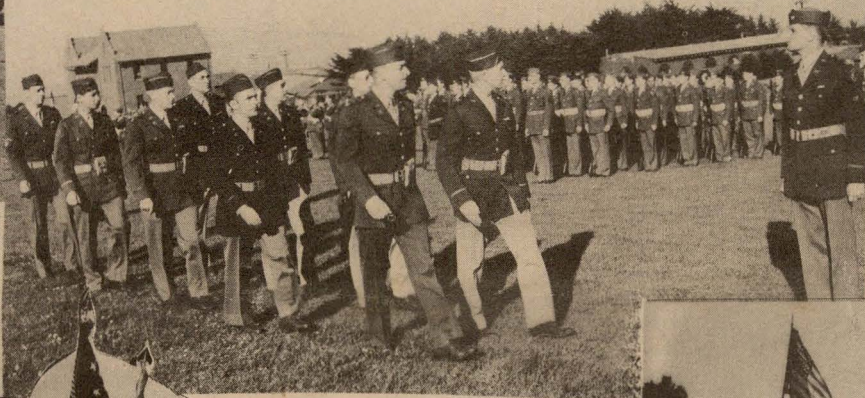


GENERAL CONVERSATION

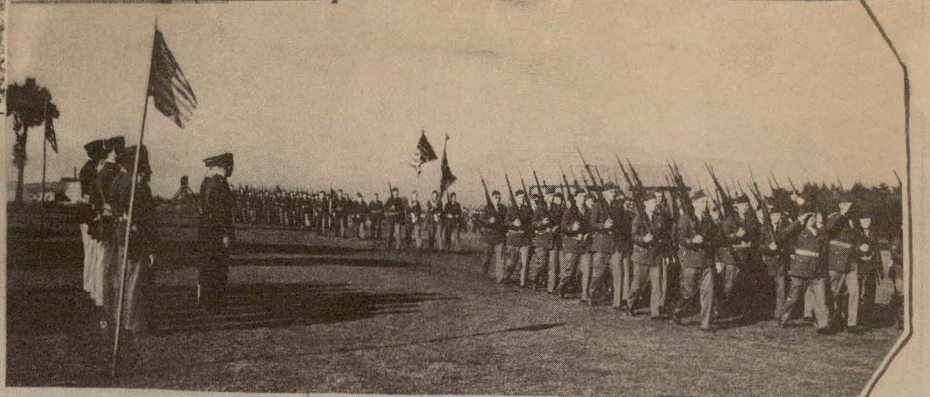
MAJ. GEN. WILSON CHATS
WITH BRIG. GEN. HAINES



PLENTY SHARP



- GIVIN' 'EM THE
ONCE OVER



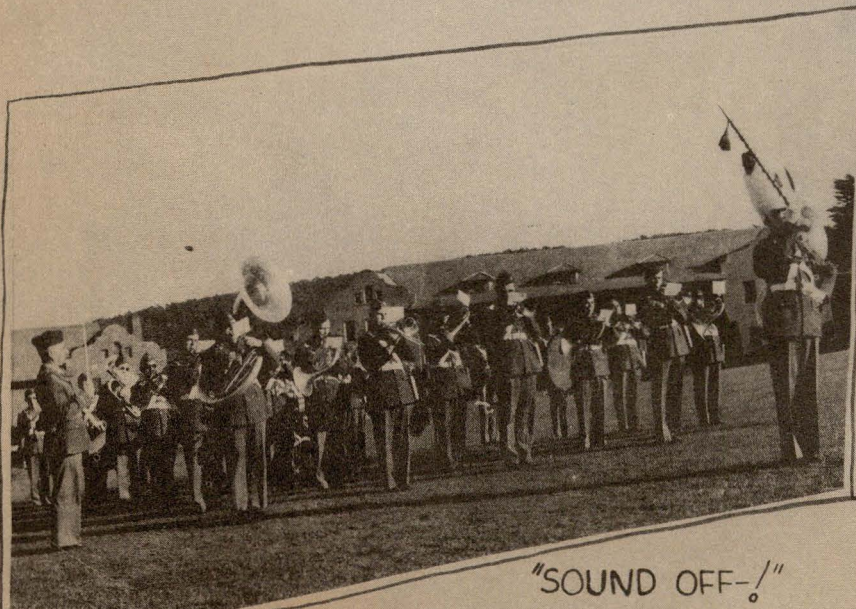
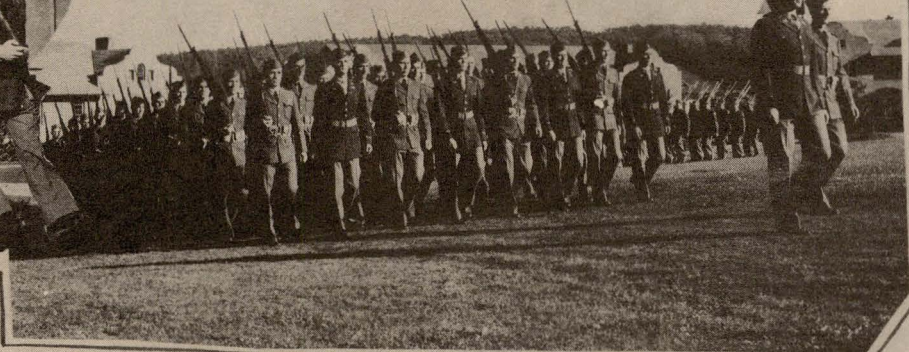
"EYES RIGHT!"



"PASS..... IN REVIEW!"



TO THE COLORS



"SOUND OFF-!"



EVERYBODY
LOVES A
PARADE



GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

Vol. 11 Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Wednesday, November 25, 1942 No. 12

Tough Sea Babes Run into Mine; Few Casualties

Somewhere in the depths of the Golden Gate Bay area, word has finally reached sea-going denizens that they too are vitally effected by the course of events. Their lolling water highways are not so peaceful after all.

Last week a school of tough porpoises, reputedly led by a succor, were attracted to a black non-descript object floating beneath the surface of a breaker. With utter abandon they crashed headlong into the thing.

There was a valuable concussion and the fish, the average weighing about 60 pounds, were knocked for a loop. They hit a small contact mine reserved for other fish—Jap subs for instance. All but three of the toughies are back among their relatives with a tale to spin few Jap “fish” can honestly relate. They exploded a G. I. detonating mine and lived.

While several of the toughies were thrown to the surface temporarily stunned, a few quick witted HDSF mine crewmen on the scene, threw in grappling hooks and nabbed three of the kindergarten babies.

“F”-Baker has been eating fish regularly.

Hoppe Due for Scott Invasion

December 7 another invasion takes place! Willie Hoppe, billiard scion seldom caught behind the 8 ball, will infiltrate into the Scott gym, evening of the 7th, with a few other pool hall urchins to demonstrate green cushion and pocket blitz.

This will be no Pearl Harbor—the HDSF is alert for any attack. It is rumored in military circles that Capt. Paul Hannah, Barry, and Lt. Hugh MacDonald, Baker, smooth cue chalkers, will be on hand to stem the attack. The officers have a few tricks of their own that Hoppe may well use in future tournament play.

Remember the day! Be on hand to witness a demonstration of skill, maneuvering and technique second only to Gen. “Ike” Eisenhower’s African campaign.

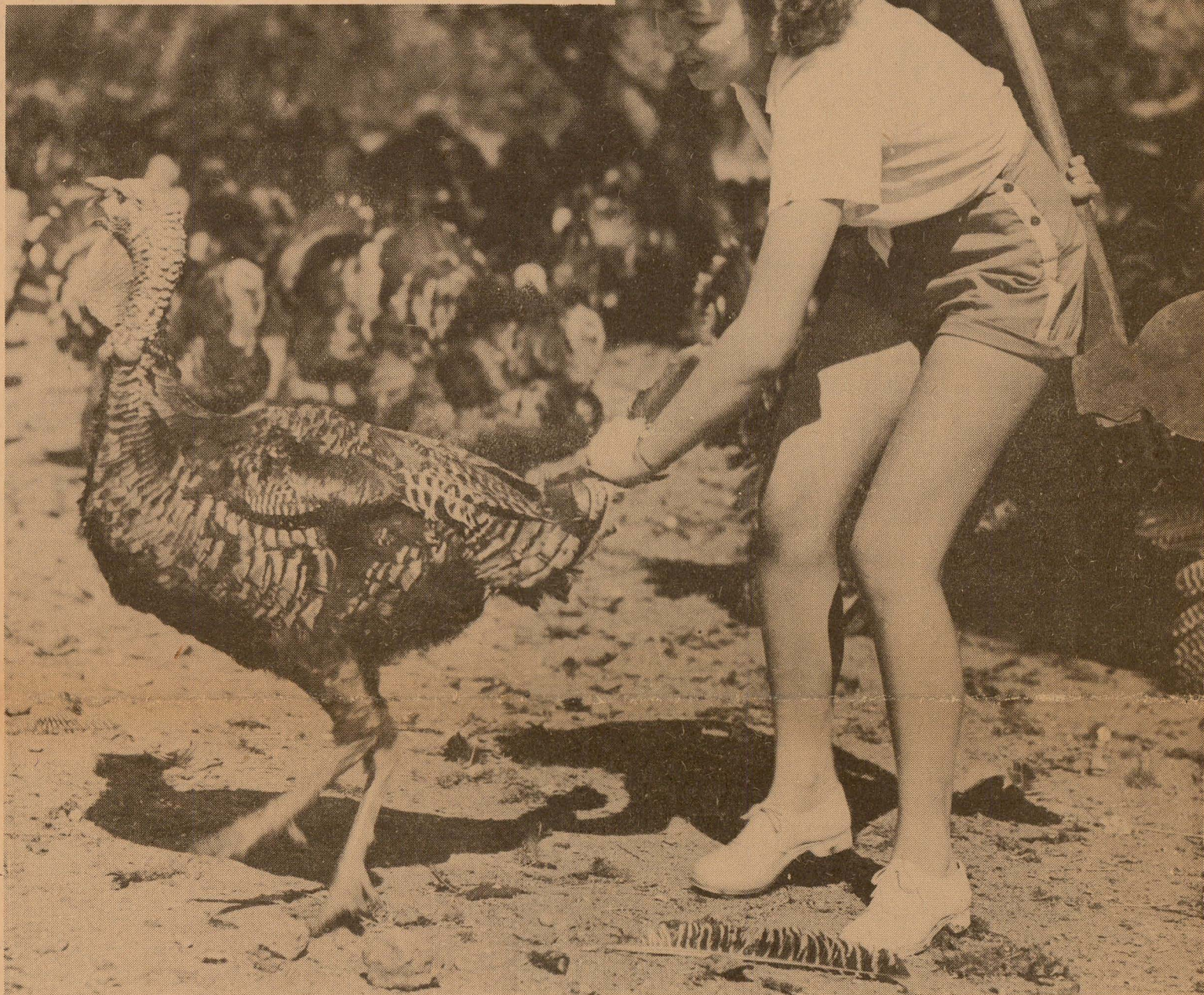
SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

Lipstick for soldiers! That’s the latest item for he-men announced by the QM. It is called “chapstick,” and is a cylindrical packaged medicament containing soothing ingredients, including camphor which prevents chapped skin and sunburn. It will be G. I. for men on duty in cold climates, mountains, or deserts.

GHOST TALK

Samuel Goldwyn hired a ghost writer to do Goldwyn’s Own Story, a magazine serial. The ghoster fell ill and one installment was written by a substitute. When Goldwyn saw it, he was peeved. “That,” he said “is not up to my usual standard.”

—Reader’s Digest



VERBAL BARBS TO BARS . . .

Steeping their pens in ink and emerging with classis G. I. quips, rosettes and brickbats, much of which was printed in the “GUARDIAN,” was the part time job of 1st Sgt. Ed Marchi, Baker Hospital, and PFC Jerry Feltman, E-Cronkhite. These khakimen recently gave up their news and feature writings for OCS.

Marchi just arrived in Washington, D. C. to pursue training as an adjutant, while Feltman is learning all about ack-acks and electronic sound detectors at Camp Davis. As staff members of the GGG they put out with some dandy material; dandy officer material we are sure they will make.

Legs and Knees Show In Desert G.I. Garb

If you think your legs are shapely and the dimples in your knees should not remain concealed, join a desert outfit and wear the new khaki shorts which have been adopted by the Army for tropical areas.

They are smartly tailored with unusually wide legs to allow maximum freedom of action. O. D. knee-length socks are worn with the abbreviated slacks.

BE A BLOOD DONOR TODAY
SAVE A LIFE TOMORROW

Work Goes On, But Spirit Remains

With the coming of Thanksgiving, Christmas and the New Year, the War Department announces, “this is no holiday time.” In every Army camp, in every recruiting station, in every detachment and organization, at every battle front where U. S. troops are stationed, war business will go on as usual.

Except for turkey, cranberry sauce, ice cream, nuts and all the epicurian glamour of these important American holidays, to sir khaki-man it will be just another day. Former lengthy holiday passes, siesta times, flashy parties are gone for the duration.

Fems To Operate Army Communication

Women’s inherent ability to pass on news has finally received official recognition. According to a WD announcement, the Signal Corps will begin training WAACs to replace enlisted men as radio operators and radio mechanics in the AAF. Fem radio operators will receive 13 weeks training, and the radio mechanics course will be of 8 weeks duration.

Candidates will be chosen from among “wackettes” at the Des Moines WAAC Training Center. Their pay will correspond to that of the enlisted man.

FOR A NATION AT WAR, time is precious. Each second means so many bullets and so many dead Japs and Nazis. When our very existence is jeopardized there is no justification to revel in all the niceties of Thanksgiving. But who can begrudge a fighting man a mouthful of tender bird and all the trimmin’s? Throughout the world, wherever an American fights, the traditional Thanksgiving menu will follow him right to his G. I. bunk and foxhole.

Since John Smith wooed Pocahontas, and vice versa, this cranberry treated morsel has been the apex of many a feast. On a nearby Redwood Empire turkey farm, eyeful Jean Paselk grabs a tailful of championship bronze tom. A bird in the hand now, he is soon to get it in the neck.

(Redwood Empire Photo)



HAND SALUTE!

Don’t look chagrined or feel like a recruit if you saluted a pair of pink pants and discovered it was a warrant officer. It’s the proper thing to do, according to WD Circular 366, Section VII. Complying with the new regulation, enlisted men will salute and respect and extend the same courtesies to warrant officers and flight officers as normally granted commissioned officers.

Army To Purchase Many Fire Plugs

Take a litter, darling! And train the critters so well that they will do everything a soldier does except sign a payroll and whistle at each passing skirt. That is what the Ft. MacArthur K-9 Command has done.

Dogs, expertly trained, patrol lone defense areas and walk posts with sentries, thereby relieving many men from guard duty. In time it may be pups for posts—a dogface’s millennium.

UNFORGIVABLE

A Hollywood film actress discharged her publicity agent. It appears that when walking along the street with her he was foolish enough to say, “Don’t look now, but I think nobody is following us.”

—Punch, London.

Photo Contest By Red Cross

Servicemen and civilians are submitting photos depicting some phase of Red Cross service or symbolic of the organization’s humanitarian motives. The competition, known as the “Red Cross National Photo Awards” with headquarters at 598 Madison Avenue, New York City, offers a total of 122 awards divided into 14 grand prizes, and for each month of the duration of the contest, 36 monthly prizes. Awards are War Savings Bonds.

Monthly awards in the contest will consist of a first prize of \$200; second prize, \$100; third prize, \$50; 33 special merit awards consisting of a \$25 War Bond each. First prize in the grand awards consists of War Bonds with a maturity value of \$500; second prize, \$300; third prize, \$200; fourth prize, \$100; and 10 honorable mention prizes, each composed of a \$50 War Bond.

Monthly prize winners will be announced during the course of the contest and grand prize winners about February 1, 1943. All photos must clear through the HDSF Public Relations Officer, Post Hq., Fort Scott.

A womans mind is cleaner than a mans—she changes it more often.

—Reader’s Digest.

BUY BONDS—BYE BYE JAPS

THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

VOL. II NOVEMBER 25, 1942 ISSUE NO. 12

The Golden Gate Guardian is published by and for the personnel of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco and associated camps.

MILLER RYAN, Capt., CAC, Officer In Charge



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and guest contributors

News matter published in the Golden Gate Guardian is available for general release.

All photographs appearing in this issue are by the Signal Corps, unless otherwise designated.

Straight Dope

Blows—lethal blows—are being struck at the enemy. There are evidences of major victories on old fronts and new. Rommel was routed from Egypt; Stalingrad continues to batter the invader; the Solomon initial gains hold; North Africa is virtually in allied hands—there are reasons for optimism.

THERE ARE ALSO REASONS FOR CAUTION AND COMMON SENSE.

Neither Hitler nor the Japs are near defeat. They still occupy hundreds and thousands of miles of conquered fertile land. They still subjugate and hold millions in bondage. They still control the greatest amount of war necessities such as rubber, oil and magnesium.

Combatants and non-combatants must continue their relentless efforts in keeping us on the initiative. Mention of a battle won should not induce complacency, offer more time to gloat, nor be an excuse to ease up on essential duties. The war is won, some may reason, so why "kill yourself." "Don't knock yourself out," they admonish, "Hitler's through and the Japs will be a pushover."

A pushover. Fifteen million seasoned fighters, half crazed with the fever of war; intelligent and skilled in the use of modern implements of war; reckless, sturdy, foxy warriors—Japs, Huns, Penogations, Telatians or whatever they be—they are no pushover. It will take many battles involving numerical superiority as well as an abundance of planes, tanks and cannons to whip them proper. Neither the Japs nor the Huns are a pushover.

If you think it is time to buy a jalopy instead of War Bonds, forget it. Bonds and more Bonds MUST be purchased. If you think your buddies are out there doing a swell job and all you have to do is lazy around until the final blow is delivered, forget it. But quick!

Every able bodied artilleryman, infantryman, seaman, marine, coast guardsman and factory worker and every bit of equipment and knowledge at their command will be needed to bring the Niponazis to their knocked knees.

Let's still keep our ears open, our mouths shut; let's still guard the Gate with everything we have; let's BE SMART.

Telephone Exchange
Fort Winfield Scott

Dear Editor:

We are inquiring as to the whereabouts of "Old Joe Blow" or so called "Private Puns." There was a vacant place in ranks this week as the Guardian came to the front. We have sincere hopes that Joe Blow is A.W.O.L. but one week, and fills in the hole of missing teeth in the Guardian's smile from now on. Of course Joe Blow had a lot of competition last week, but we figure he can keep up with the best of them. From stars to privates, Joe is purely distinct.

Even our Tech. Sgt. Johnny Landis is 'sweating out' his hero's discomfort. He's been sad all week.

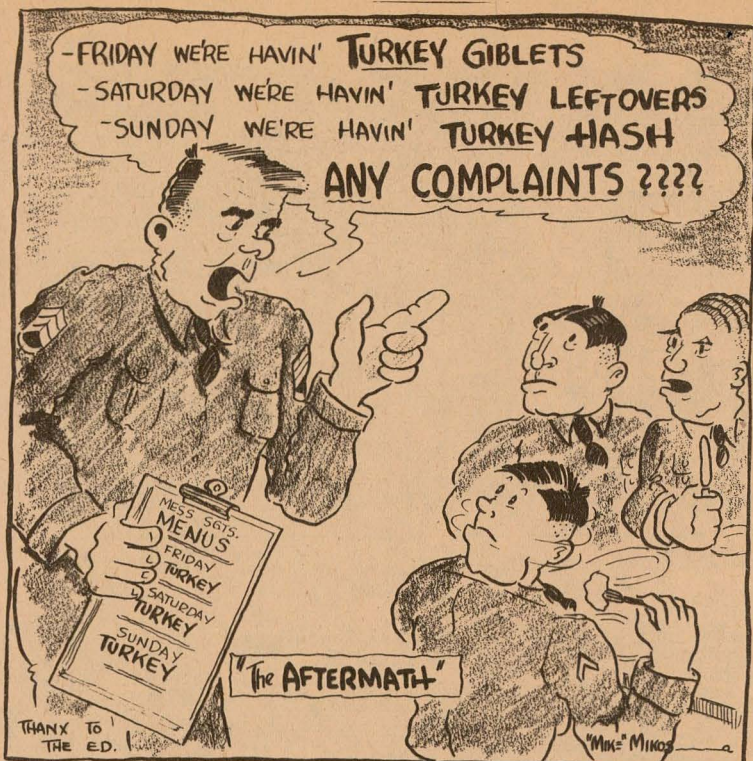
Sincerely, The Telephone Exchange

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sarge

Mikos was on furlough, fellas, and since he controls the activities of Joe Blow we had no way of finding out where Joe was at. Now with Mike back from Chicago, we discovered Joe snuck back in Mike's ink bottle for illegal bunk fatigue. Mike snared the recruit out of his sanctuary and will see that he pulls extra duty for his laxness. "He who relaxes helps the Axis" Sarge Mikos says. Joe Blow agrees.



SINCERE THANKS TO DICK AND BILL AND THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE GAYS. "MIKE" MIKOS



GUNNERS' EXAM (Expert)

Subject: Women.

Suitable Targets: (a) Range—Slim, snappy, trim, rotund, figuresome. (b) Azimuth—USO, G.I. dances, parks, movies, etc.

Temperatures: Anywhere from ? degrees below (F) to unrecorded degrees of volcanic eruptions.

Observing: Every instrument on hand including M1 DPF observing unit. Spotting: Reserved for experts in the field.

Plotting: Squadroom, dayroom, foxholes, latrine, alongside the wind component indicator, chow table. . . .

Ballistic Variations: Tends to cool at mention of Dorothy Lamour; expands with a thick steak; mind changes frequently as the wind; resistance increases with the square root of corny gab; resistance decreases in inverse ratio to moonlight and roses.

Communication: Morse code, phonetic alphabet, grape-vine; pig latin, jive talk.

Data: Usually discovered in somebody else's little black book.

Camouflage: (Use of Smokeless Powder) Nets, feathers, red paint, black suet, Max Factor varied range powders, calcium bases.

Care and Maintenance: Difficult under any conditions. Expensive in most cases.

Tactical and Administrative: There are those that go in for sports, jitterbug, riveting. There are those that go for typing, shorthand and the boss' knee. Extinct is the stay-at-home type.

Effects: Matrimony.

SERVICING THE SERVICEMEN

ROOM AID

The Hotel Emergency Housing Bureau was formed by 22 leading S. F. hotels to provide hotel accommodations at special prices for servicemen and their families. If the folks are planning a visit, write to the Bureau, 50 Post St. for details.

FUN SPOT

Every Tuesday evening from 2000 to 2230, the Trinity Episcopal Church, 1668 Bush street, opens its doors to the pleasure seeking dog-face and bluejacket where dancing, ping pong, badminton, pool and other entertainment features, besides free eats, are on hand. Termed the Army and Navy Club, some of S. F.'s most gracious charmers are attracted to the spot. Mrs. Mildred Hamilton (3640) may be contacted for further particulars.

PRESIDIO DEAL

Doing a big job for the artilleryman in the Golden Gate region is the Presidio "Y." Community singing, play performances, traveling shows to gun emplacements, dances are among the activities dished out for the man in khaki.

Last month about 50,000 pieces of

Cotton Yarn, Warmth
For Igloos, WD Says

No longer is wool the only material to be used for frigid climate clothing. The QM is developing cotton fabrics for manufacture into Army field jackets, parka, and parka type overcoats to save weight and conserve scarce sheep fleece.

Cotton twill fabrics, made of combed yarn, have proven effective as body insulators and certain types of cotton twill have demonstrated a high degree of wind and water repellency when suitably treated in manufacture. When worn with additional heat-holding garments, the cotton treated jackets and parkas are expected to provide excellent protection against extreme cold,

stationery, free to the serviceman, were used. There is a constant supply of paper and envelopes on hand at all times. A crystal clear swimming pool, gymnastic equipment, basketball, ping pong, handball and other reg'lar "Y" features are also there for the asking.

THREE LITTLE RATS

By PFC Ray Meany
Camp Chaffee, Ark.

This is my version
Of three little rats
Hitler, Musso and Tojo—
Rodents in high hats.

Their stealthy attack
On a world at rest
Was the super blunder
Of the leading pest.

Hitler called to Musso
"Come, come my dear!"
Poor Musso was hiding
Far back in the rear.

Another rat joined
To make a third pest
And three little rats
Were all in one nest.

Then Tojo decided to
Come to the front
And cover poor Musso's
World wide affront.

The United Nations
Are on the prowl
To hound these rats
With ways so foul.

Their days are counted
They shall never win;
We have them running
For cover and vim.

The story will finish
The end will be swell
When these little rats
Get together in H—L!

BOOK
Re-Marks

THE BLACK BOOK OF POLAND. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1942. 615 pp. \$3.00.

Based on eye-witness narratives as well as documents, this book is a detailed account of the working of the "New Order" in Poland. Covering a period of nearly two years (September 1939 through June 1941) it describes compulsory transfers of population, pillage, devastating exploitation of economic resources, mass utilization of human beings at forced labor, the creation of medieval ghettos, etc. Yet every page of this book reaffirms the vital strength of a great nation, resisting the invader at every step.

OUR NEW ARMY. By Marshall Andrews. Little Brown and Company, Boston, 1942. 225 pp. \$1.50.

The first hand report on how our new, tough Army is being trained, tells dramatically for prospective draftees, friends and families of soldiers, just what is being done to mould the American citizen into an expert fighting man. Many types of training camps and every major branch of the service is shown in the making.

INDIA WITHOUT FABLE. By Kate L. Mitchell. Alfred A. Knopf Company, New York. 1942. 296 pp. \$2.50.

An up-to-date analysis of the political, social and economic forces which keep India in ferment today. Not only does it outline the history of India from the beginning of British rule to the failure of the Cripps mission, but it gives a clear description of every part of the country—its vast potential wealth and abject poverty; its communal and religious conflict; the unique doctrine of non-violent resistance; the aims and influences of its powerful groups and the British rule and its effects.

THE ARMY MEANS BUSINESS. By Herbert Corey. Bobbs-Merrill Company, New York. 1941. 297 pp. \$2.75.

The story of the new American Army built from scratch in an amazing short time, still being built, and destined to be the finest fighting force in history. How it is organized and how it is furnished, what it eats, where and how it lives, what it fights with and how it gets from here to there—is reported in this book.

VICTORY OVER FEAR. By John Dollard. Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc., New York. 1942. 213 pp. \$2.00.

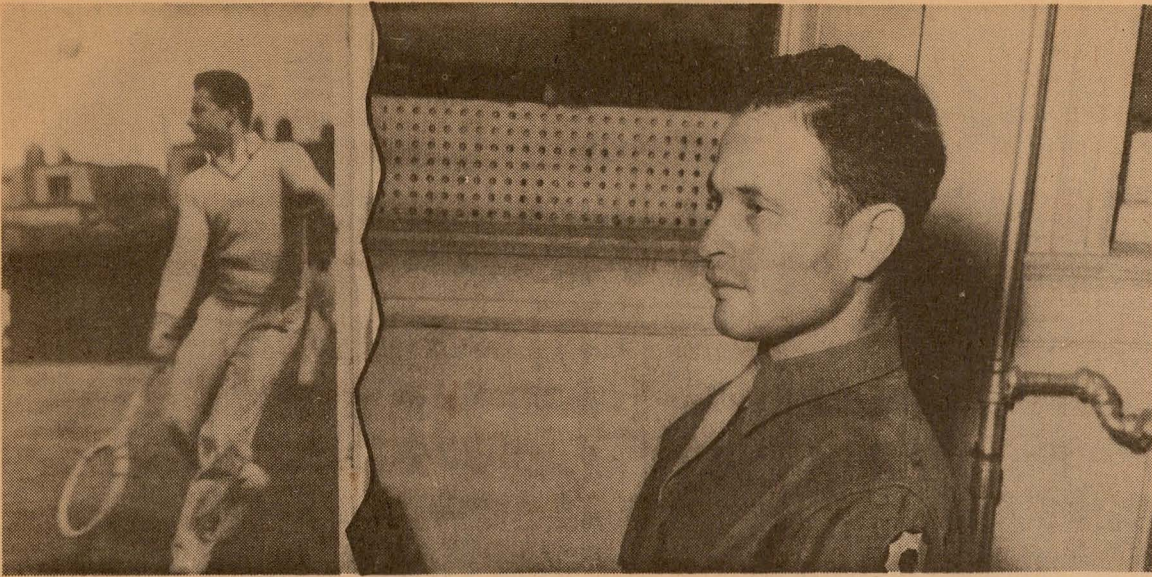
VICTORY OVER FEAR tells how you may gain control over those fears which may be wrecking your life and robbing you of the confidence and peace of mind which make for a full and satisfying experience. The author's principles have come straight from his long experience in studying human beings and their fears at the Institute of Human Relations, Yale University.

DECEMBER 7, THE FIRST 30 HOURS. By the correspondents of TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE, 230 pp., New York, Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.00

DECEMBER 7 was written in just a little over 30 hours by 50 journalists—50 working reporters called from golf courses—and football games, from unfinished midday dinners, symphony concerts and favorite radio programs, to tell the editors of TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE how, on that Sunday, war came to the United States. The book is made up of on-the-spot reports from principal cities throughout the nation.

BLUE BOOK PVTS.

A prospering club with an exclusive membership has been organized at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, calling itself the Privates Club, its membership is strictly limited to soldiers with one stripe or none. No one else is admitted. The club's hardest job is keeping a president. As soon as one is promoted to corporal, he automatically loses his membership.



SSO Calling

TRANSPORTATION out of FOG PALACE occupies number (1) spot on our miss parade. The waiting booth at the North end of the bridge has been ordered and should be soon in place. Meanwhile the Baker E & R bus makes a pre-reveille run into Barry-Cronkhite. Both it and the PX bus makes noon, afternoon, evening, and midnight runs. On a new schedule, now operating, a bus leaves the Lombard entrance of the Presidio at 0100 for all North-bay points.

INTERBATTERY TOURNA-MENTS have been started in basket-ball, softball, bowling, and 6-man football. Single eliminations schedules have been posted for all organizations and suitable prizes are being obtained for league winners and HDSF Champs. Athletes have the assurance of both administrative and tactical hq. that time for athletic competitions will be made available, except in the event of special alerts.

THEATRES in HDSF have improved considerably in the past few months. Scott just finished installing dressing rooms, and footlights for the better presentation of live entertainment. Baker is installing a large ventilating fan, and will soon add color to their shows with an enlarged stage. Barry comes through with a long needed and long expected addition: many comfy theatre seats are in process of installation.

FOOTBALL tickets will be available for the BIG GAME (Cal-Stanford) in the usual proportions. However, there will also be 50 cent tickets available at the gate, Berkeley Stadium. For you Easterners who have not had time to be indoctrinated out heah in the West, when California plays Stanford, it is the Pacific Coast's BIG GAME, St. Marys vs. Santa Clara last Sunday was the coast's little big game.

STAGE DOOR CANTEENS may be all right for low-brow NEW YORK—Look for a "cultural" STAGE DOOR CANTEEN, probably headquartered at the local Opera House shortly. The present dope calls for several "Uniform Only" free operas, and concerts. The idea may break during the spring concert season.

DANCE ORK received quite a boost lately. It is understood that HDSF orchestra has been bolstered with new ex-pro talent. Look for them to attain greater heights of recognition. They recently recorded the regimental song and a popular military march "American Patrol." You can hear the recording at the theatres, PX and on weekly RED CROSS trips. You can get a copy of the record by calling the hand direct, Scott 3673; the Special Service Office, Scott 3827; or by applying at your PX.

RADIO BROADCASTS may originate from the HDSF! Camps all over the country are putting over programs, and local stations are asking for releases. Don't expect anything in radio, however, unless more

PERHAPS PVT. LOU LICHT, Hq-SCU, is not a 'typical' soldier in every sense of the word—after all, the average soldier does not speak five languages nor sport a world-wide education. But Lou has the same spirit, the same determination, the same goal . . . to slap the Axis from the face of the earth.

Lou was born in Warsaw, Poland, and came to Los Angeles when he was five. At sixteen his dad sent him to Europe to learn the diamond business. He spent several years in Antwerp, Paris, Amsterdam, London, Rotterdam and Brussels. At the University of Brussels he studied mass and social psychology while the Munich deal was spawned by the war mongers of the world.

Hankering for the bench, Lou studied pre-legal at the University of California at L. A., and spent three years at Southwestern Law School. At the same time he held down a high salaried job with a diamond firm in Hollywood and on the side played tennis. He was on high school and university tennis teams as a top flight man.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, Lou joined the Air Corps with an early request to get into action overseas. While enroute from Camp Muroc in the Mohave Desert to a port of embarkation in the south, and just five days after getting married, Lou was stricken with infantile paralysis. For seven months Lou was as much an invalid as anyone could be; his life was in great danger. When the miracle came and Lou was able to walk once more, he immediately requested to get back into the fight.

Going through the final stages of recovery, Lou is doing reporter work for the "Golden Gate Guardian." Like so many other khakimen—typical soldiers—he is waiting for that welcome call to action and the opportunity to help bring peace to the world.

NURSERY RHYMES—G. I. STYLE

If Mary wants her little lamb
To stay as white as snow,
She'd better keep her lamb away
From the wolves at the U. S. O.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey
Along came a soldier
Who sat down beside her
And scared the poor spider away.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum
What mess hall was he in?

I shot a bullet in the air,
It fell to earth I know not where,
I know not too who snitched on me
But here I am—seven days K.P.

There was an old lady who lived in a shoe
She had so many children she didn't know what to do
Too many to clothe and too many to feed
Local draft board—please take heed.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone
When she got there the cupboard was bare
PRIORITIES!

Pvt. Dick Dann,
Brookley Bay Breeze

talent presents itself. We need singers, writers, producers, announcers, technicians—in fact we need the works. If you did radio work, phone 3827, or drop in at the SSO, Scott theatre, today.

ARMY INSTITUTE courses are available to any and all enlisted men. Only one course at a time is allowed. The SSO is overstocked with application blanks. Call 3827 and we'll send you an application blank and list of available courses.

BOXING should start again at Scott this Thursday (19th). It is understood from reliable sources that former welter-weight champ, FRITZ ZIVIC will give an exhibition at

the bouts. 1930 is the starting time. Champ Ogozoly defends his title against worthy Bergmann from Funston. Come early for good seats.

THANKSGIVING. Would you like a good home cooked meal at a San Francisco private home? The San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce has a long list of families that invite YOU for Thanksgiving dinner. Call Scott 3827.

The SSO speaks for you . . .

—C. H.

Industrial manufacturers can safeguard the secrecy of their plans by finishing blueprints with a new dryer said to dry the prints in about five minutes.

CRONKHITE TALKS By T/Cpl. Martin Abramson

Side straddle hop . . . 32 counts . . . hop and slap . . . now together . . . ditto, ditto . . . Pvt. Danny Pager hops like a punchy Joe . . . They say he's been that way ever since his sugar gave him the ozone . . . he was a prize fighter in civilian life, so there . . . Rosie Rosenberg looks kind of dreamy too . . . Does he miss his wife? . . . Hop and slap . . . Whadda ya want, Bill Mesick? . . . oh, 32 counts are up, eh . . . Mesick is really on the ball, now that he's getting ready to go to O. C. S. and marry his fem la chere as soon as he gets commissioned . . . That Sgt. Onsager is another non-com who's on the beam since they made him Motor Pool shop foreman.

Axe chopping . . . now that's a screwy exercise . . . chop, up, chop some more . . . well, catch that broad smile on Pvt. "Jockey" Pascuma's pan . . . his kid brother rode a long shot winner home at Jamaica, N. Y. race track the other day, and they do say the jockey had a hefty long distance bet riding on the nag's nose . . . Too bad horse players, M/Sgt. Norris, Cpl. Dick Carlin and Pvt. Dawson Burgoyne, the PX plunger, couldn't do as well . . . Guess the Bay Meadows gallopers aren't following the form charts, nasty horses that they are . . . chop, up, chop some more . . . so this is how Washington upended that cherry tree, eh . . . Quarter knee bend . . . half, full . . . why all the short cuts . . . bend, ugh . . . bend, ugh . . . bend again, ugh ugh . . . Come on there Fredrick Schweiker, give out with energy, will ya . . . S'matter, those debts at the St. Francis Hotel keep you up too late last night? . . . bend, ugh, ugh . . . say, how about fixing me up with a deb . . . whadda ya mean, I got no sex appeal . . . bend, ugh . . . how dare you . . . don't you realize I come from Brooklyn . . . bend, ugh ugh . . .

Circle the arms around and around . . . Hmm I see Pvt. Neil Dunn is saving his energy for the Headquarters hike tonight . . . Come on Sarge, how long do you think I can keep my arms up . . . boxing exercise . . . jab right, recover; jab left; recover . . . oops, sorry Mail-boux, didn't mean to hit you . . . well don't get so sore about it . . . oh you're still mad because I wrote that Holyoke, Mass. is a rustic New England town . . . I should have said it's a bustling, energetic city, huh . . . well, I'm sorry but I'm not going to print that . . . why should I admit I make mistakes . . . fall out . . . well, for gosh sakes, it's about time . . .

BE A NAZI KILL-JOY BUY PLENTY OF BONDS

Gophers on Skates Make Snappy Showing at U of C

The fastest game on earth it is sometimes called, and when the slick Galloping Gophers skim along the ice, hockey is also one of the most colorful, as was noted in Berkeley last Thursday when they fought the champion California Bears (UC) with a skeleton crew.

Up to the last period the score remained 1-1 with the Gopher defenses taking a beating because of the shortage of replacements. Cpl. Larry Potts, goalie, caught the puck behind his ear in the last few minutes of play and was knocked out for the "duration and six months," as he put it. Cal beat the boys 3-1.

S/Sgt. Bebeau, left wing, scored the lone tally in the first few moments of the first session. Only one penalty for the entire play; very rare for hockey.

Last year Cal won 35 games, lost 5. Potts, who is the big gun for the Gophers, believes that with proper back-up support, the soldiering lads from Northern Minnesota can give the university blitzers an embarrassing time. The khaki skaters are practicing hard for their meeting with the Richmond Shipyard team, November 28.

Lineup: RW, Sgt. Hychee; LW, S/Sgt. Bebeau; C, 1st Sgt. Miller; RD, Cpl. Huttie; LD, Sgt. Nelson; G, Cpl. Potts—RW, Lt. Lazeei; LW, Sgt. Schatzlein; C, Cpl. Dalstrom; RD, Sgt. Bell; LD, Sgt. Ridell.

Free transportation is provided for khaki spectators. Phone 3827 (Presidio) for particulars.

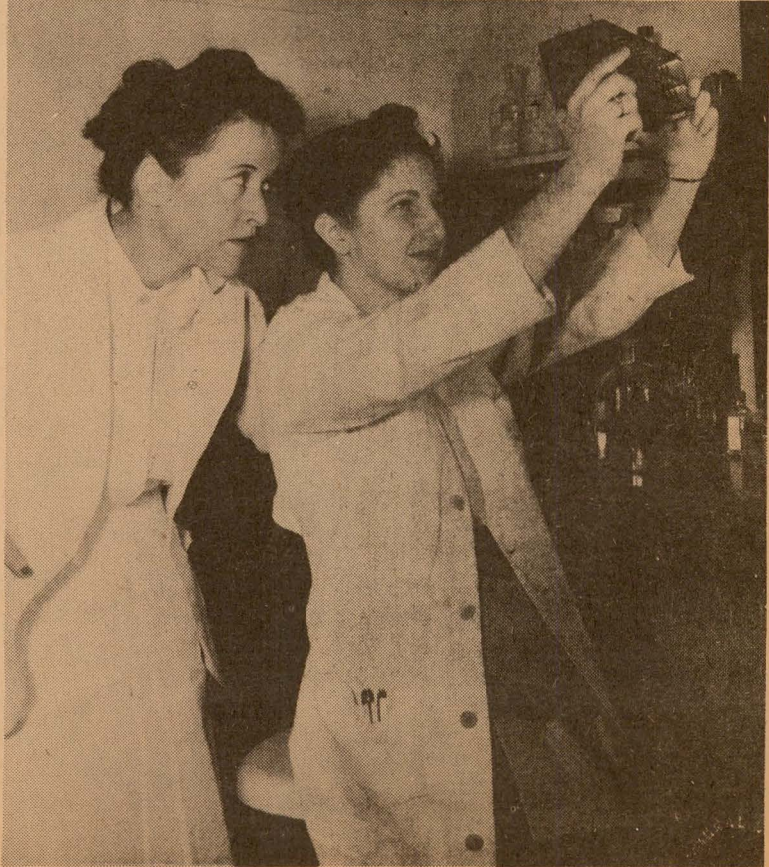
Kegler's Kid Unit Makes HDSF Debut

Making its welcome appearance at many of the lonlier outposts, is the portable 30 ft. bowling alley, recently acquired by the Special Service Office. It met with instant approval at its initial stop, South Funston.

Several of these units are expected to be put into use before long. Balls, scoring sheets and the reliable gutter is included in the midget outfit.

BE A BLOOD DONOR TODAY SAVE A LIFE TOMORROW

NOT NURSES, yet performing brilliantly for the health of khakimen in the HDSF, are Miss Marie Sims (left) and Miss Anita Siegel, lab technicians. They are shown inspecting several test tubes containing the Kahn Test for syphilis. According to Miss Siegel, the percentage of 'positives' are negligible.



Angels with Thermometers Heralded As All-Around Heroes of War

History is being written in blood and stitches.

All segments of the globe are showered with men and equipment strained to the utmost in acts of destruction; on battlefields, in hospitals, dispensaries and makeshift tent shelters are medics and their assistants who stitch up much of the damage.

While the death struggle rages in earnest, heroes, heralded and unheralded, are born.

The all-around heroes of this war are not the soldiers, sailors or marines. Their business is fighting and some can't help but do brave things with an M-1 Garand in their mitts.

Army Nurses—seldom mentioned in communiques, seldom awarded medals of distinction, seldom feted by high Army officials, seldom accorded due respect, seldom far from screaming shells and the screams of wounded—are all-around heroes of war.

Angels with thermometers, goddesses with gauze and anaesthesia, princesses of patience, the Army Nurse is responsible for saving countless khaki lives and contributing greatly to their health and welfare. In these fortifications, as in every Army station, here and overseas, Nurses are on duty. Their hours are long, their pleasures few, their duties arduous, yet they serve with the same spirit and resolve as the "Devil Dogs" on Guadalcanal.

To the Nurses stationed at the Fort Baker and Letterman General Hospitals, soldiers in these defenses owe much; to the Nurses with battling men all over the world, the nation owes its homage and respect.

Irate mother at midnight: "Young man, do you think you can stay here all night?"

Soldier: "Well, I'll have to call my barracks and tell the Charge of Quarters."

WRITE A BOOK!

Now comes a contest for khaki novelists or plot makers or whatever you call those people who write scenarios and write books. Doubleday Doran and Co., New York publishers, are offering one grand's worth of War Bonds besides other prizes and royalties for an original manuscript on any fiction or non-fiction subject.

Those who believe they can pound out a 10,000 word (or more) theme are asked to get in touch with the editor of the GGG who will give them all the particulars.

ABOUT TIME!

Nurses in battle suffer the same discomforts and hardships of fighting men. The great difference has always been the pay. Army Nurses have always been underpaid.

In a new pay bill, just about to pass, nurses will receive the same pay as Army officers of the same rank. For a nurse shave-tail it will mean a boost from 90 to 150 bucks a month.

POOR RICHARD SAYS:

(Selected Saying from Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard")

He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

He that drinks fast, pays slowly.

Where there's marriage without love, there will be love without marriage.

Approve not of him who commends all you say.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.

Fish and visitors smell in three days.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

Let thy maid-servant be faithful, strong, and homely.

He that can have patience can have what he will.

There are no ugly loves, nor handsome prisons.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Proclaim not all thou knowest, all thou owest, all thou hast, nor all thou canst.

Sin is not hurtful because it is forbidden, but it is forbidden because it is hurtful.

Nor is a duty beneficial because it is commanded, but it is commended because it is beneficial.

Fear to do ill, and you need fear naught else.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

Half a truth is often a great lie.

Mad kings and mad bulls are not

to be held by treaties and pack-thread.

To err is human, to repent divine; to persist devilish.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

We are not so sensible of the greatest health as of the least sickness.

Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price.

Being ignorant is not so much a shame as being unwilling to learn.

BE A BLOOD DONOR TODAY
SAVE A LIFE TOMORROW

WHILE PERFORMING a tactical duty at Fort Cronkhite, Pvt. George Miclay, 45, fell into a foxhole. He broke several ribs and before reaching the hospital, double pneumonia set in. After ten days in the oxygen tent with Lt. Jane Ostoforoff on constant duty, George is well on the way to recovery. Lt. Morris Miller, former Chicago County Hospital medic, checks up on the patient with Jane looking on, proud of her part in saving a khakiman.



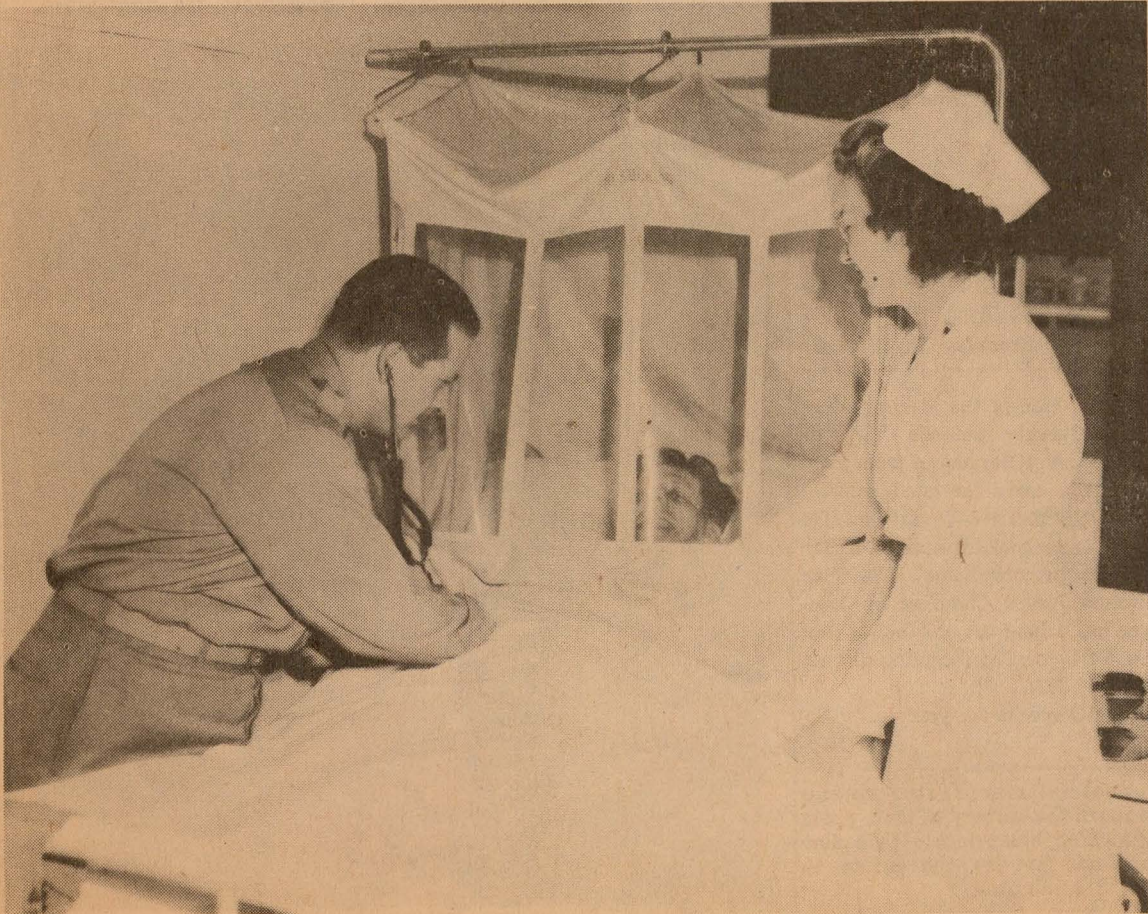
SECONDS . . . ACCURACY in the operating room are crucial in the life and death of a soldier. Always on hand, always on the job with the correct instrument at the split in-

stant is the Army Nurse. Lt. Charlotte Sorini, pretty lady in white, is shown assisting in saving the life of a Barry artilleryman, at the Fort Baker Hospital.

A STITCH IN TIME

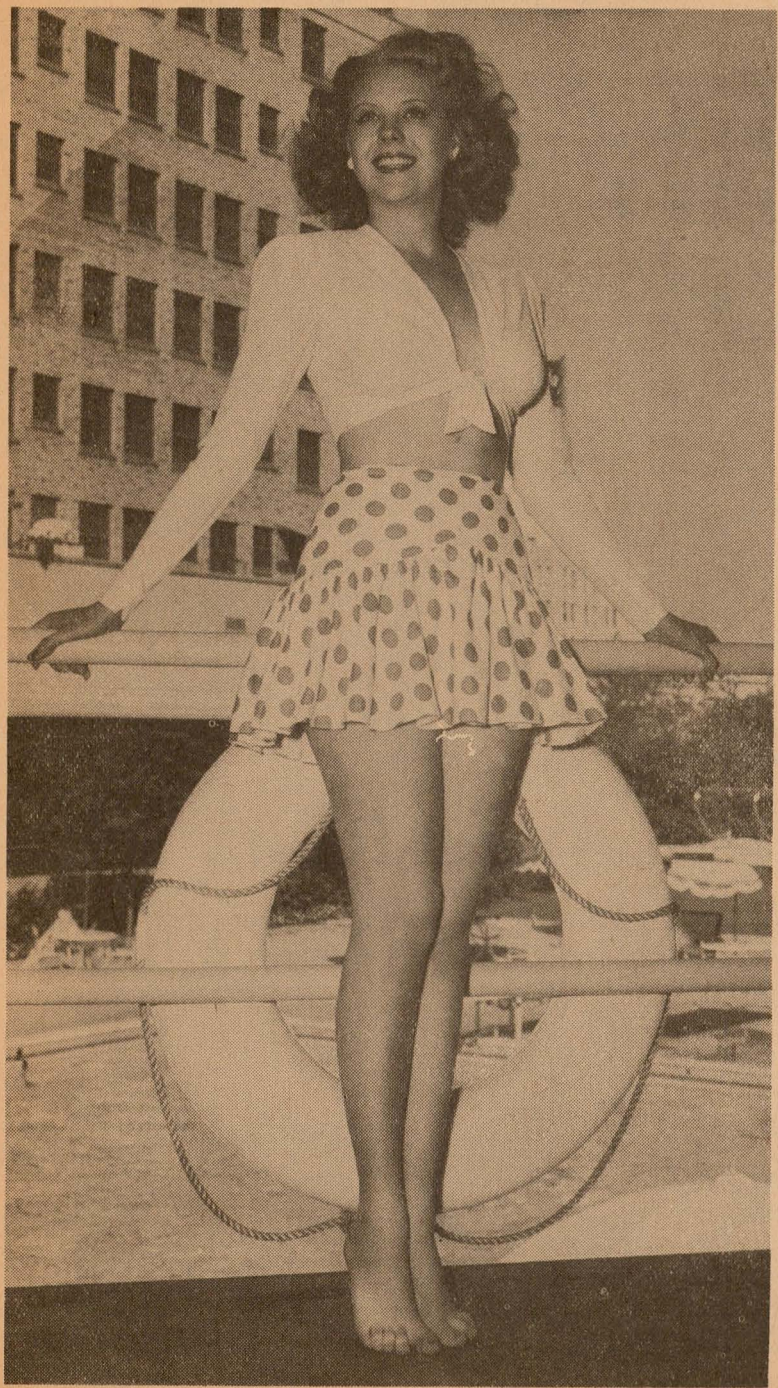


PFC Ed Whitman, Cronkhite, takes life easy while Capt. Tucker, the doc, removes a couple of stitches from his side, a few days after the operation. Doc is ably assisted in his work by Lt. Mary Horvath, often spoken of as the "glamour nurse" of Fort Baker.



IN THE NURSES' QUARTERS, Lts. Mary Baird, Marie Maki, Dorothy Boodleman and Virginia O'Dea relax between hours of duty with a snappy ping pong game. Nurses, like soldiers, have to keep in trim and these Fort Baker Hospital women in white, swim, play basketball, bowl and dance on their off hours. Enlisted personnel, as well as officers, court these attractive young ladies. When the war is won, many Army Nurse looeys will wed yard birds and dog-eared dog faces. Right now there is a job to do and they are doing it.

A WHISP OF GLAMOUR



Never let it be said an HDSF artilleryman errs in his spotting. Decked out for his pleasure is this symmetry of comeliness with features to match. It's Marie McDonald, Paramount favorite.

—Bradlor Collection

Life Savers

Vehicle Concealment

Parked motor vehicles always should be thoroughly concealed as their presence in a locality gives valuable information to the enemy and they are good targets for enemy fire.

A vehicle should always be parked in a place where camouflage may be used to prevent its shape, shadow and tracks from revealing its location to the enemy.

A vehicle should never be parked in the center of an open field. Even when camouflage is used it will appear unnatural and attract attention.

When buildings are selected as a place of concealment for a vehicle, either put the vehicle in one or park it along side under cover so it will appear as a lean-to addition.

Remember that good concealment of a vehicle may be spoiled by carelessly made tracks. If new tracks must be made, make them intelligently.

Never cut across a field when placing a vehicle in concealment. If there are no roads follow a fence, hedge or furrows. Tracks in soft or grass covered ground are very apparent and remain visible for a long time.

Always camouflage a motor vehicle so that its sharp outline and the shadow it casts will be broken up and appear natural to the surrounding terrain.

**BE A NAZI KILL-JOY
BUY PLENTY OF BONDS**

Laff of the Week—

Kansas City, Mo.—A squad of soldiers at Union Station attempted to buy railroad tickets to a Southern Army camp to which they had been ordered to report. However, nobody at the station had ever heard of the place. After postal guides, maps, the postoffice and telegraph companies were checked, the soldiers finally called the Associated Press. An editor offered to send a message to Washington. A short time later this reply came back: "Sorry, War Department says location of camp is a military secret."

G. I. Professions

BLACK JACK



Dear Boss . . . :

Sorry that you got but one lump of sugar instead of the usual three for your coffee. Sorry they put the bright lights out on you the other night, and you walked into a tree instead of a pretty blonde. Sorry they charge an extra Federal tax every time you pick up the check at the Stork Club. Sorry you will pay a fat income tax this year. Sorry the revenue collector wouldn't let you charge up all those drinking parties to business expense, and bawled you out for trying to cheat. Sorry he called you unpatriotic because I know you always hang out the flag on the Fourth and make smart speeches before the Chamber of Commerce on Americanism.

T' bad you can't go riding on the Sound every Sunday; darn the gas shortage. T' bad you couldn't get an X card; I know those government officials are horrid. T' bad you have to run around with an ancient '41 coupe and may even run out of tires this year. T' bad the lights in Times Square are dim because I know you like them to glitter. T' bad you can't go to Miami this year, because the government took over the hotels there. T' bad your favorite resort, Atlantic City, no longer appeals to you; the nasty government men shaded the lights on the boardwalk to protect our ships at sea.

So sorry you can't get a better price on your government contract. So sorry you have to wear pants without cuffs. So sorry the builders couldn't add a wing to your house, because they were unable to get materials. So sorry radio war news makes you nervous. So sorry crazy newspapers don't print more comics and put communiques on the back page. So sorry you are running out of clerks; the government is drafting them. So sorry the railroads delay you now and then because they're busy toting guys in uniform around. So sorry some of the neighbors got mad at you because you didn't take the air-raid warden's job; I know you're very busy. So sorry the Yanks, the Russians and the British are taking their time about marching into Berlin and ending all your troubles.

As for me—I'm fine and dandy! There's very little to do, so I spend most of my time worrying about the hardships you civilians, who are going to win the war, have to put up with.

Your ex-employee, Willie Jones, U. S. Army.

—By T Cpl. Martin Abramson

GRAND SLAM

Orson Welles tells of a bus boy he knew in Ireland who won \$25,000 in the Irish Sweepstakes. "Are you going to quit your job now that you're rich?" the bus boy was asked.

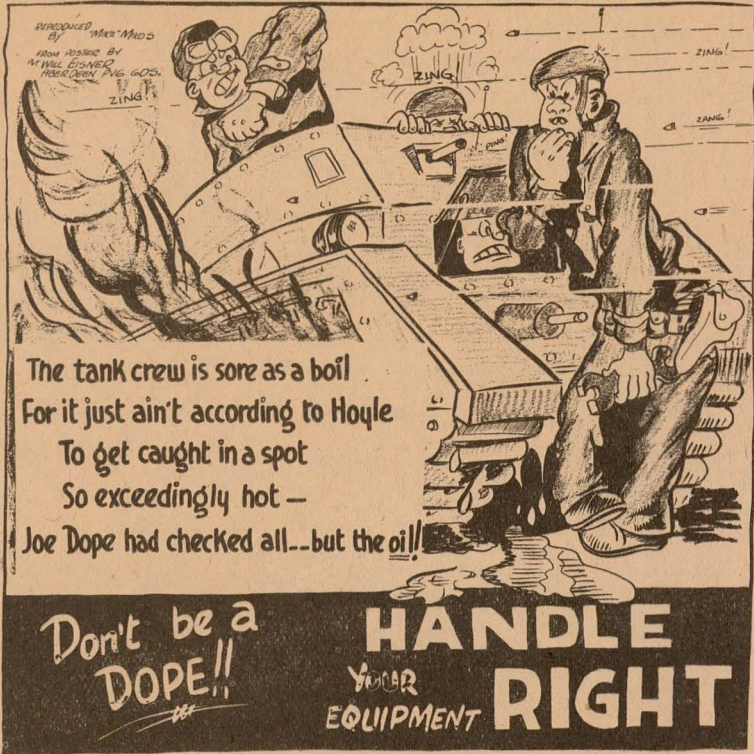
"No," he answered, "but I'm going to be awfully impertinent."

—Reader's Digest

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Helen Lynne, cookie brigade songstress, returns to entertain her many khaki pals throughout the HDSF with the next scheduled "Cookie" tour. Helen just returned to S. F. from a successful engagement with a prominent dance orchestra through the Columbia River country.

Says pretty Helen, "Great to get back. The artillerymen around the Golden Gate are the finest audience; so enthusiastic." Well, who wouldn't be—Helen Lynne is plenty hep and mighty gracious.



Terry And The Pirates



Neat Article Of War



REPORTING REPORTERS

BAYVIEW INN

Bayview Inn's genial maitre d'hotel, 1st Sgt. James S. Proctor, together with his wife, is enjoying a much needed headache powder in the form of a short furlough in the southland, where the San Francisco sun winters.

"The House of Bar," inquires Mrs. Emily Bar, of Quincy, Calif., "would like to know how come Pvt. Lewis A. Bar has become so expert in the art of polishing floors, when it cost \$32 to polish his mother's 9 x 12 floor?" Well, Mrs. Bar, it's like this; when a man enters the army he abandons all dimensional thought and cogitates in terms of "the duration and six months" only.

"Praise the corporal's stripes and pass the cigars" rings in the ears of ex-PFC Ravenscraft.

What has been referred to in earlier columns as "the high standard of the hotel's athletic program" was negatively qualified the other night when the keggers from the GI flatfeet, third-degreed our local alley rats to the funeral melody of 2428 to 2095. And then, to add bankruptcy to injury, they buck-slipped us out of \$3.00 via the winner-take-all rinky dink.

During the furlough of your engagingly erudite correspondent, Cpl. Perry (Indefinite Extension) Morrison, this sad stock of sorrow has been muddled through by—

—PFC George C. Lange

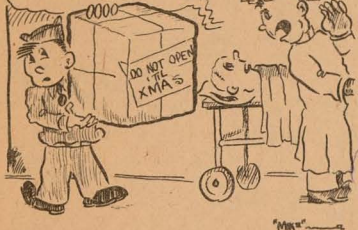
Editor's Note: A swell job George.

MILEY OBSERVERS

"Yes, we have no bananas" but we do have some very delicious "delicious" apples which "Shorty" Rice received from the homefolks. I'm inclined to believe they were from the Washington State Chamber of Commerce trying to convince army men in California that it isn't the only state that raises fruit. Anyhow we all concur Washington grows some very good apples and would like to thank "Shorty" for accommodating us with the elegant evidence. Who asked "No snow?" to the statement, "We are going to find it tough sleddin' next week."

X-RAY ROOM

FOR TH' LAST TIME!!!
I CAN'T X-RAY THAT
FOR YOU—SO SCRAM



Cpl. Schenbeck received a package last week with "Don't open until Christmas" inscribed on it. He is tempted to open before the date but Will Power, not related to Cpl. "Ish" Power of this btry, is seeing that he doesn't.

Word has just been received (former) Sgt. Rosentrater completed an OC course and is now a Lieut. stationed somewhere in Alaska. We are proud to hear of his success.

—S/Sgt. George Shimel

FUNSTON CANNONEERS

MARITAL MIXUP!—The Williams brothers, both Sgts., were married—Willard married the mother, Willis married the daughter. Which makes what?—Willis' wife is step-daughter to brother-in-law, Willard is father-in-law to brother Willis, Willis is son-in-law to brother Willard, Willard is step-father to sister-in-law, Willis is step-son to brother Willard, Willard is step-father to brother Willis, Willard's wife is mother-in-law to daughter, Willard's wife is mother to sister-in-law, Etc.,

Etc., Etc., Note—They're really related.

COMMANDO REWARD!!!—For the best score in the Commando Course Training Grenade Throw, Pvt. Hugh P. Monahan, had his chance at "showing the boys how" today at a command performance before brass hats and would-be-grenade-throwers, at the South Funston Grenade range.

COMMUNICATION! Was received from our former 1st Sgt. now 1st Lt. Arthur E. Rose, who is spending his first three months after appointment, at school among those "Georgia Peaches."

BLOOD DONOR!—What Funston Cannoneer donated a pint of blood on his last day pass. That Cannoneer has my plaudits!!!

BLESSED EVENT!!—Lt. Glen L. Maughan was a proud father last week when "Dennis" joined the family picture album.

WISH YOU WERE HERE!—Our C. O. sends an Alabama scenic postcard saying—"Eatin' pecans and sugarcane, WOW!"

—Cpl. Henry O. Arras

GALLOPING GOPHERS



Ice Hockey the Minnesota and U. S. Army way, was played Thursday, November 12, in Berkeley's "Ice-land." We want to thank Mr. Schroeder a lot for his fine work in forming a league and giving the boys much needed red blooded recreation. The boys are in trim!

All the men playing on the team had experience in Minnesota ice hockey leagues. Cpl. Huttie, and Sgt. Nelson right and left defense respectively, played in the Minnesota Arena League; S/Sgt. Bebeau and Lt. Lazeei were members of St. Thomas College, the Minnesota Arena League, the White Bear and senior out door leagues. Cpl. Larry Potts, goalie, was member of the St. Paul and White Bear leagues.

Btry "B" exhibited winning ways in baseball. So far they played two of the six games in the Winter Service League, sponsored by the San Francisco Recreation Dept. Our opponents were the 606th Signal Corp. and the Laundry Workers Union. Both opponents were neatly shut out by "B." Brouk hurled both games. First score, 4-0; second, 6-0. Stark, Devine, and Fry were the heavy hitters of the games, and pitcher Brouk held up his end by fanning eleven batters.

The Gopher lineup: Stark, 3b; Rasmusson, rf; Dolan, 2b; Devine, cf; Steinberg, lf; Fry, ss; Carufel, c; Hoffmen, 1b; Brouk, p; Smith, of (sub); Gust, of (sub).

Three more men are going to OCS, Signal Corps: S/Sgt. Appleton, Hq. Btry., Cpl. Van Guilder Hq. Btry 2nd. Bn., and Cpl. R. Wille of the Band. They are former St. Paul men. All the luck in the world, fellas.

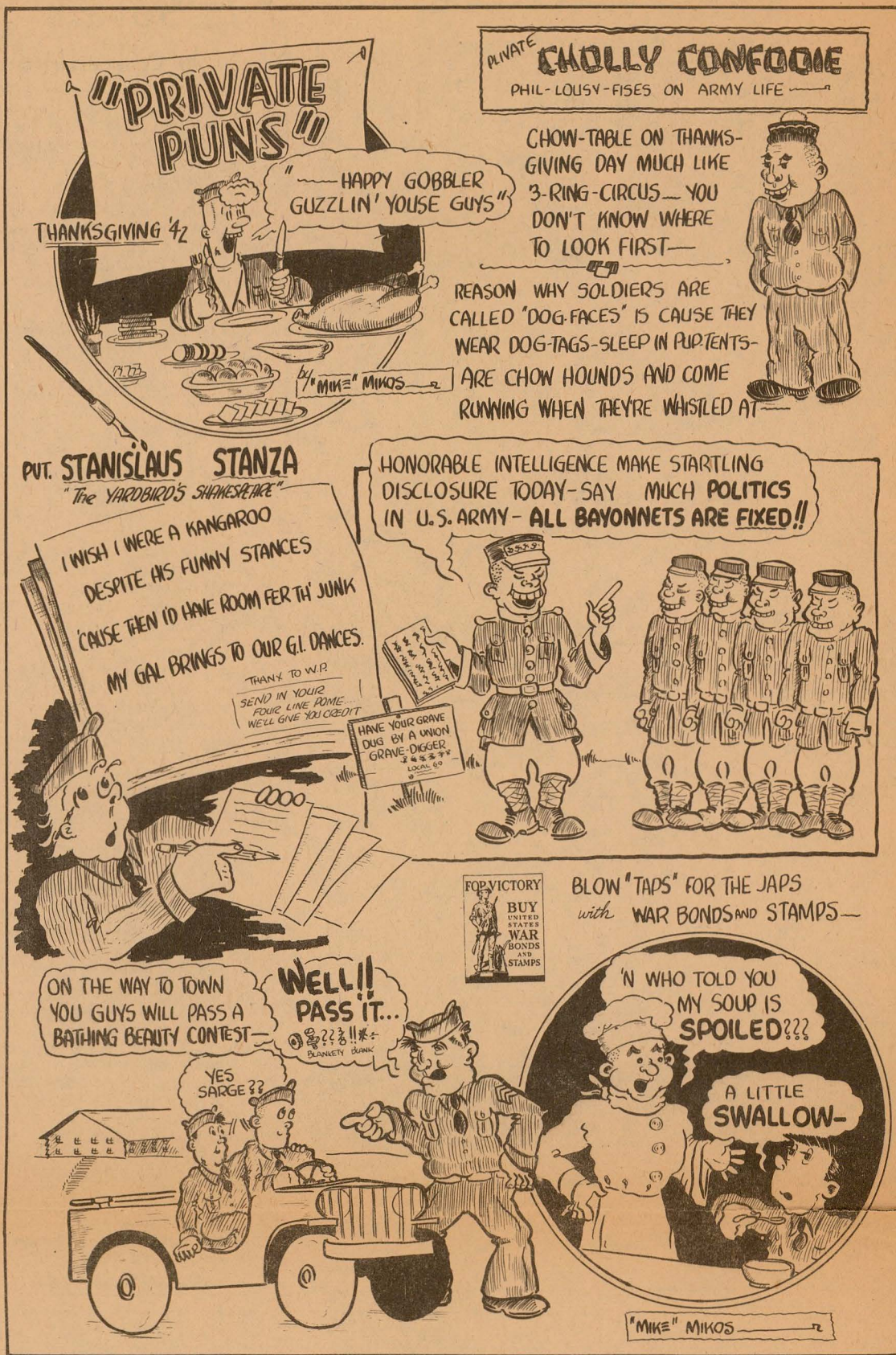
—Cpl. Larry Potts

"B" ON THE RIDGE

A three day pass was granted PFC Boyd for his expert shooting. He made 46 out of 50.

Announcing our new pool shark, Pvt. Mulhean. Known to the boys as "Battery Mulhean," he runs the table often.

Cpl. Rathenow is ping pong champ. His new threat is PFC Misink, who side line experts are

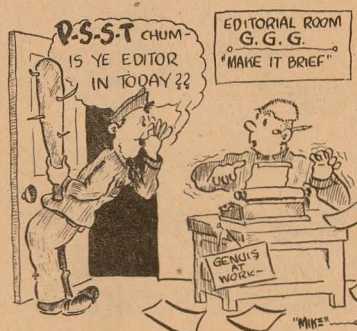


inclined to believe will have the edge in a showdown.

Our outfit with "C" of Rodeo sponsored the last dance—thus its great success. We wish to thank the Cookie Brigade for their delicious tid bits and cigarettes. Btry "C" donated the punch.

—PFC Joseph Yablow

SOUTH GATERS



DEAR EDITOR: After reading the last GGG, I find it difficult to agree with your views on the HDSF boxing bouts. You may have enjoyed that "main bout," as you put it, but for an exhibition of boxing skill, our khakiman, PFC Bergmann, really dished it out and deserved more mention.

Either you haven't seen many boxing matches or you want to see two lads mix it up with leather until they hear cookoos. It's true, Chuck, soldiers are supposed to be rugged, but a clever hard hitter pleases more than a round house fighter.

And we're not kidding when we say we have a terrific championship basketball team. How's about some real competition? Yea, how about it.

T-4 Bob Heatley

Dear Bob: Sure Bergmann is

classy—who said he wasn't? Remember the action in the Ogozoly-D'Andrea championship bout? After all, regardless of class, action is what fighting fans crave—not dancing. Bergmann meets Ogozoly next Thursday. That will be the acid test. You may phone 3827 for snappy basketball competition. c.t.

USO Returns with Spritely Shows

Whipping into the Golden Gate area once more, USO Shows, Inc. return to Scott, Funston, Barry and Cronkhite with "The First Year," starting December 3 at the Scott theatre. They are to follow up this spritely bit of vaudeville capers with "Hollywood Varieties" starting Dec. 23.

It is announced that USO offer-

ings will be presented twice a month to HDSF khakimen.

Reports also emanate from NY that this entertainment group is sponsoring a sluice of first rate legitimate plays, such as "Life With Father," "My Sister Aileen," "Yokel Boy" and "Arsenic and Lace," which are scheduled to play at Army camps with top rate performers.

When they make their western bid, it is believed Presidio and perhaps Scott theatres will play host to G. I. playgoers. As usual, for vaudeville and plays, the price of admission is NIX.

Goebbels is the only man alive who tells the truth, so Goebbels says. As proof that America is starving, he points to the fact that every time one American meets another he says, "What's cooking?"

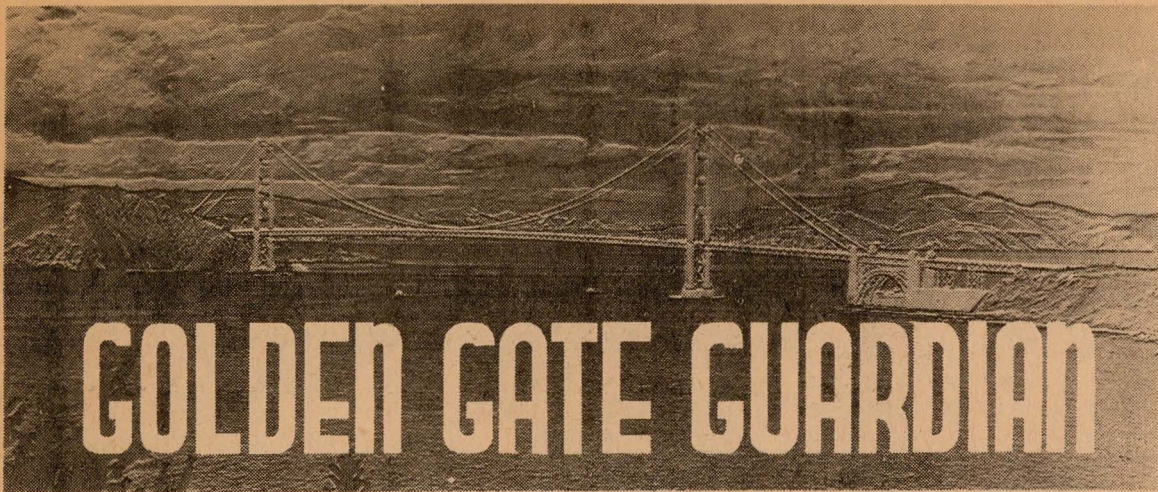
SONG OF THE TANKER

By Grantland Rice

This is the song the tanker sings
As it plows through the waning suns—
"We don't travel on flying wings
Or know the glory a warship brings
To those who handle her guns.
But we ride on the breath of flaming death
As oil pours through our dykes,
Facing our doom in the starless gloom
As the big torpedo strikes."

This is the story the tankers tell
As they tackle the poisoned foam—
"Starting our journey we know too well
We may be facing the Port of Hell
As Charon calls us home.
But we'll still sail through till the end is due
And the final tale is spun.
And we'll ride the waves that may be our graves.
Till the closing fight is won."

—From A. S. Barnes Co.—War Poems



GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

Vol. 11 Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Thursday, December 10, 1942 No. 13

'Sawbones' Finds Rapid Recovery For Broken Bones

Metal splints, now under test by Navy medics, are expected to do away with plaster casts and crutches according to Dr. Stader, the inventor. Men with broken legs may be able to walk the day after the bones are set—without a limp.

This revolutionary discovery is the result of a veterinarian's concern over a dog, who died after chewing at the plaster cast on his broken paw. Dr. Stader's splint consists of a short metal bar with pins on each end. When a bone is broken the pins are driven into it on both sides of the fracture, then the two ends of the bones are pulled up tight so that they fit together normally. The splint then takes the place of the bone and provides the necessary support.

In battle zones, where broken bones are a constant hazard, the Stader splint should prove invaluable. A soldier suffering from a broken leg or broken arm would not be helpless in case of air attack, fire or sudden withdrawal. Within a few days after the injury, it is said, a man would probably be able to return to duty.

Coffee Rationing Old Stuff for G.I.



If a civilian sobs fitfully because coffee is rationed, refer him to a recent QM report which reveals that coffee conservation was inaugurated in the Army over a year ago.

Army master menus in 1941 called for java twice a day on the basis of servings requiring 14 pounds of coffee for each 100 men per day. By rigid control of brewing and other steps calculated to get the maximum benefit from each pound of coffee it was possible by January 1, 1942, to reduce the requirements to 8 pounds for each 100 men per day.

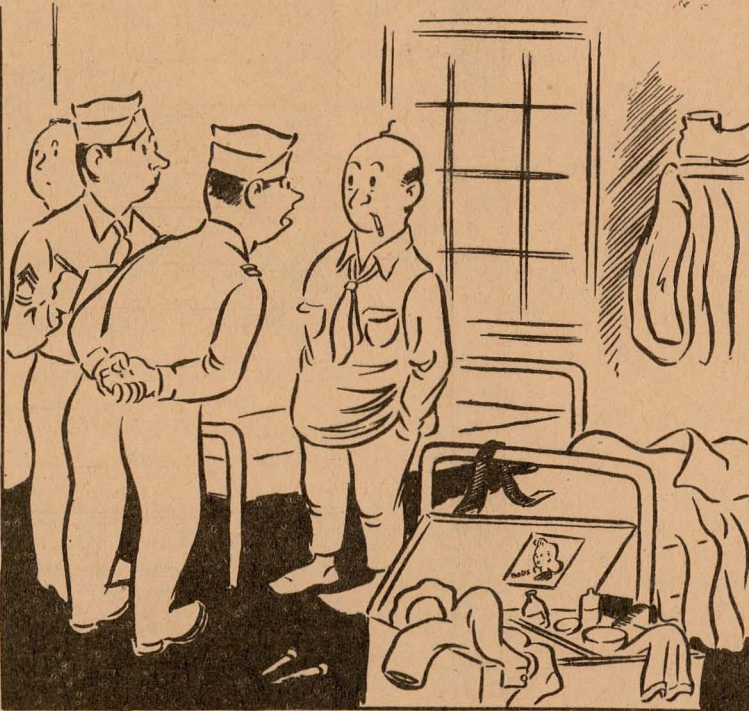
In 1941 coffee was served 60 times each 30 days. At present coffee is served 40 times each 30 days, and soon will be served but once a day. Substitute beverages such as tea, milk, cocoa, and fruit juices will be offered the other two meals.

This program increases supplies for civilian consumers and, what is more important, releases precious shipping space.

PASSING THE BUCK

In Miami, Mitchell Banks, charged with failing to notify his draft board that he had moved, protested: "The draft board moved and they ain't notified me," won his freedom.

MORE BONDS FOR MORE BOMBS TO BUST THE BUMS



Soldiers' Kin Problems Aired

The WD published a 46 page booklet, "Personal Affairs of Military Personnel and Their Dependents," to acquaint enlisted men and officers with laws and Army regulations affecting the protection and security of their dependents. This booklet is on hand in every HDSF battery.

Among the subjects covered in the booklet are transportation of dependents and shipment of household goods; allotments of pay and deductions; pay and allowances of men captured or missing; automobiles; wills; estates; medical facilities for dependents; collection of accrued military pay if death occurs in service.

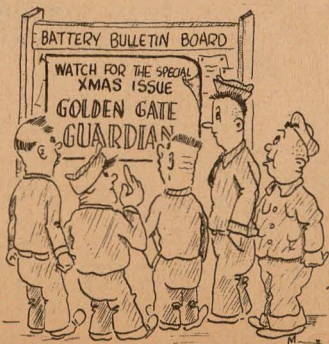
Dependents may obtain the booklet by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., enclosing 10c to cover the cost of mailing.

Wedding Bells No ANC Handicap

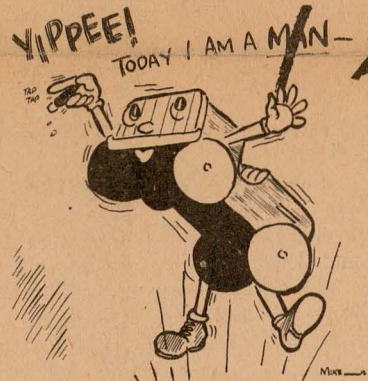
Marriage is no longer an obstacle—at least to entrance into the Army Nurse Corps, according to a WD announcement.

Hitherto, only single women were eligible for appointment, and members of the Corps who succumbed to Cupid (sometimes disguised in khaki) were automatically discharged.

Nurses, with husbands in the Army, will not be permitted to serve at the post where their husband is assigned. Applicants with minor children will be accepted only if adequate care for the children can be provided elsewhere than on a military reservation.



Blitz Buggy Grows Up; More Stuff



The Jeep is out of the kiddy car stage.

This shrimpy, rough get-about vehicle, which once amused generals and earned everlasting fame in the Solomon jungles, has been renovated, according to a report from Army engineers.

More tonnage, more passenger room (7 Jap-killers and a driver) low silhouette, greater traction, sturdier frame, increased road clearance and combat tires are a few of the advantages of the new blitz buggy. There are also hefty bumpers capable of tearing down young saplings like match sticks. A 60 degree grade is considered easy going for the 3/4 ton buggy.

Many parts of Jr. and Sr. Jeep are interchangeable, making it an economical as well as effective offensive war unit.

Allied Radio Boss, Corwin Prediction

It's no secret now that a kilocycle sometimes makes a louder noise and creates a more devastating effect on the enemy than a 16 inch shell. Radio has proved such a vital weapon in World War II that Norman Corwin, noted CBS big-wig who just returned from England, believes the United Nations may appoint a joint radio High Command. To quote Corwin: "Radio was important enough for the Nazis to spend millions, and effective enough to wilt France even before the Panzers got there. Perhaps soon the United Nations will appoint a radio High Command to use this potent weapon to the fullest."

Message Brings Yuletide Joy To 'B'-Ridge Gun Commander

O. D. DEAL

Bound for O.C.S.? Then by all means hang on to your clothing. The War Department announces that enlisted men who complete Officer courses and are discharged to accept commissions may retain all serviceable clothing and turn in items not desired for immediate use to the Quartermaster for re-conditioning.

Scott Quintet Swamps Presidio

Fort Scott basketballers emerged the victors in the season's curtain raising tilt against the Presidio five, last Tuesday, November 24. The 42-28 battle was played at Roosevelt High School Gym.

The contest proved to be a close score affair until the latter part of the third quarter. It was then that the Scott hoopmen busied themselves to the tune of six baskets to a lone sinker by their adversaries. High men for Scott were Cpl. Clair with 14 points and S/Sgt. Edwards with 10 markers. Presidio's center Bradford starred with 6 baskets.

FT SCOTT	FG FT TP
Cpl. Clair (Hq. SCU) f. . .	7 0 14
Pfc. Cochran (Hq. SCU) f. . .	0 0 0
Pfc. Barrett (Hq. SCU) f. . .	1 0 0
Pfc. MacMillan (AA Scott) f. . .	4 0 8
S/Sgt. Edwards (B-Scott) f. . .	5 0 10
Pfc. Philopolus (Hq. Scott) f. . .	0 0 0
S/Sgt. Bagby (Hq. SCU) f. . .	4 0 8

Totals 21 0 42

Two London charwomen were discussing the inconveniences of the blackout. "But it's a necessary evil," said the proverbial Mrs. Malaprop. "Else we're likely to be blasted into maternity."

"Tis so," said her companion. "But the worst of it is we'd never know who done it."

—Readers Digest

There isn't much festivity in the shadow of guns on a fog studded hill. But Sgt. Bill Armstrong, 'B' On the Ridge, is right in the holiday spirit. His brother, Leo, Royal Canadian Airforce pilot, is alive.

When things were getting hot in the world and countries were being blitzed out of existence from the sky, Leo Armstrong, with 20 hours flying experience, attempted to join the U. S. Army Air Force. Because he did not have requirements necessary at the time, Leo did the next best thing and joined the R.C.A.F. After a few months of training, he was sent to Great Britain to await flying orders.

Shortly after his arrival, the Jerries were popping off around the coastal areas and Leo, piloting a Spitfire, was one of those sent out to intercept the Luftwaffe. In this encounter as in subsequent encounters, Leo emerged unscathed.

Suddenly, all mail from Sgt. Leo Armstrong stopped. After two months of silence an official statement was received by his mother in Plainview, Neb. from the Canadian government, part of which said, " . . . missing in action on the raid over Dieppe."

More weeks passed and hope for Sgt. Leo Armstrong's safety was waning. On the Ridge, where gun commander Sgt. Bill Armstrong barked out commands, it was an empty world.

Last week a small envelope addressed to Sgt. Wm. L. Armstrong, Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, from Sgt. Leo J. Armstrong, somewhere in Germany, was delivered to Wolf Ridge. Leo, writing from a German prison camp, states that he was shot down over the English Channel during the raid on Dieppe and captured. According to his letter, he was unhurt and glad to be alive.

UNCORRECTED PARALAX

In the Egyptian desert, one of two Italian officers captured by the British made violent protest: "This is an outrage. We were not fighting we were just looking."



COMING OUT of his 'gopher tunnel' to take charge of his gun crew is Sgt. Bill Armstrong. There is reason to smile—brother Leo is alive.

THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

VOL. II DECEMBER 10, 1942 ISSUE NO. 13

The Golden Gate Guardian is published by and for the personnel of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco and associated camps.

News matter published in the Golden Gate Guardian is available for general release.

All photographs appearing in this issue are by the Signal Corps, unless otherwise designated.

UNRATIONED

But who wants sugar? Lorraine Gettman, shapely Warner Bros. favorite, is bidding for top honors in the land of celluloid and cellophane. She has been referred to as a G.I. eyefiller.

SHORT SNORTS...

... In a World at War

THE YANKS in Ireland developed social consciousness. They've started reading—of all things—Emily Post's books on etiquette. Get the picture: Tough, ripsnorting warriors brushing up on "You pawss me the finger bowl and I'll proffer yoo the napkin" for after hour tactics. Did you say this was a screwy world?

THE YANKS in Australia are (God bless 'em) following a more natural pattern. They've asked the Red Cross to supplement their training by shipping them all the comic magazines they can find. They're especially keen on Superman, Captain Marvel, Flash Gordon. I'll bet they can teach those military miracle-men a thing or two.

THE YANKS in California took time out (some of them anyway) from duties military to swing and sway at the Thanksgiving Day Servicemen's Ball, S. F. Civic Center. Six thousand evening gowned femmes helped the khaki hep-catters along. Much fun after good eats.

IN NEW YORK a movement is afoot this day to yank all bronze generals, four star included, loose from their pedestals in the public parks and use them as scrap metal in war industries. Future headline: General Becomes Jeep.

THE QUARTERMASTER Corps is not idle, we'll have you know. They designed a new type field insect bar to protect soldiers in mosquito areas. Approximately 50 million pounds of quick frozen vegetables for military consumption is the QM goal for '43.

"PRAISE THE Lord and thank him for Sgt. Seymour Shapiro of Fort McPherson, Ga.," is the hit tune for poison ivy stricken soldiers in the Southeast. Shapiro concocted an

Danger Lurks for Careless Soldier On Dimout Roads

Blackouts and dimout zones have greatly increased the danger to the evening pedestrian. It was recently discovered that many soldiers and civilians walking on HDSF darkened roads, were jeopardizing their lives and those of vehicle drivers by not abiding by simple 'rules of the road.'

1. WALK on the left side of the road only. You can see the vehicle coming toward you.

2. WHEN the vehicle approaches, move over as far to the left as possible. A move in that direction spots you to the driver and also places you in comparative safety.

3. AT NO TIME walk in the middle of the road. Caught between vehicles going in opposite directions, your chances of emerging without injury are slight.

4. DO NOT TRY to stop vehicles for a lift by standing in the path of the approaching car. Dimout lighting does not throw enough illumination to distinguish dark objects too far in advance.

5. WHEN WALKING with a companion, be sure and get in single file as the vehicle approaches.

6. BEFORE crossing an intersection MAKE SURE the roads are clear in all directions.

7. DO NOT RUN while a vehicle approaches. One slip may mean your life.

8. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES turn your back on oncoming vehicles. Your face reflects more light than your clothing.

Army Medics To Carry Red Cross Brassards

Breathes there a medic with soul so dead who never to himself has said: "Why don't they give me a gun?" Unfortunately the War Department can't help him because under international law a member of the Medical Corps is considered a non-combatant. Energetic pillrollers, on duty in theaters of operation, will soon be issued Red Cross brassards and identification cards which will entitle them to protection under the Geneva Red Cross Convention.

WHAT, NO G-2!

"Confound you," roared the general, "why don't you be more careful?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, instead of addressing this letter to the Intelligence Office, you addressed it to the Intelligent Officer. You ought to know there's no such person in the army."

LT. ALDRICH WEDS MISS JOHNSON IN 377th CEREMONY—Headline in Camp Swift Baron.

Nothing can daunt our lieutenants.

extract from the poison plant which is a sure cure for ivy casualties.

THIS IS not advertising, paid or otherwise, but you fellows who are anxious to send a unique Christmas gift home might think about General Foods' Christmas Party Boxes. G.F.'s package contains all the makings for a Christmas party feed for at least 8 persons, with designed napkins, candles, table Christmas tree, paper hats and crystal tumblers decorated with the army seal thrown in as trimmings.

AND INCIDENTALLY, bonds today mean bonds tomorrow—for Adolf and Togo.

T Cpl. Marty Abramson

GGG Xmas Issue Real Big Stuff

The XMAS ISSUE of the GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN is to be eight pages.

Eight pages of snap, glamour, humor and color.

Two center pages of snapshots and other photos contributed by dog-faces, jeeps, gunners, plotters and observers from every gun emplacement and battery in the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco.

Front and back pages in color.

Unusual photos by the Signal Corps.

Pictures on the front page suitable for framing.

From cover to cover the most peppy G. I. Xmas newsie ever to enter a machine gun nest or observing station—a good deal.

Money Can't Buy the Xmas Issue of the Golden Gate Guardian.

You can't pay for it at the newsstands; you can't have it delivered to your dugout or bunk for a jitney; a thousand dollars won't buy a single copy. BUT if you are an HD SF khakiman, the holiday paper will reach you before Xmas morn—GRATIS. Send a copy home.

Midnite of December 10 is the deadline for all snapshots to be used in the XMAS ISSUE. Send prints ONLY (negatives cannot be used) with your name, organization and subject printed on the back to the Editor, Golden Gate Guardian, Fort Scott.

GREAT AMERICAN TRAGEDY

He grabbed me 'round my slender neck; I could not call or scream.

He dragged me to his dingy room where we could not be seen.

He tore my flimsy wrap away and looked upon my form;

I was so cold and damp and scared while he was very warm—

He pressed his lips to mine and finished with a smack

His eyes took on an awful gleam; he was off the track.

He made me what I am today—that's why you find me here—

A broken bottle thrown away that once was full of beer.

Former Army and Navy officers who served in World War I and who have now been recommissioned for World War II are referred to in Washington as 'retreads.'

ABOUT 140 LBS. and no taller than 5'-5", Pvt. George Philopolus, telephone operator, gives tall, 165 lb. Pvt. Hal Stull the business in a JUDO get-together. George is one of the talented exponents of this form of getting the other guy down. The way 'Phil' explains it, the deal is simple. Grab a guy by the hand'quick; press your finger on a nerve, turn and throw the guy over your hip for a tumble. If he wears the swastika, Phil suggests following through with a G.I. shoe in 'Der Fuehrer's Face' (or an exact simile thereof). All Hal could say was that he was glad it was all in fun and that there was a mat for his noggin' to land on.

THE COL. GETS A MOUTHFUL

Two K. P.'s in a battery famed for obedience to officers and general military snap were carrying a steaming kettle from the kitchen when they were stopped by a Col.

"Get me a ladle," he commanded.

The privates complied, and the Col. dipped into the steaming kettle—then quickly spat out what he had tasted.

"Do you call that soup?" he roared.

"No, sir," replied one of the K. P.'s.

"We call that dish water."

DISSIPATION

When the other fellow looks that way, it's because he is dissipated. But when you look that way, it's because you are run-down.

—Sat. Eve. Post

Mail Gets Through To Combat Zones

Mail Call follows every U. S. fighting man in all battle zones, according to a report received from the War Department recently. It has been disclosed that months before the North African campaign got under way, a mobile postal service was planned by the Army Postal Service. First class mail, registered mail, air mail, parcel post and money orders are received and dispatched and a V-Mail apparatus will be installed soon in the North African theatre of operations.

Mail is being handled with class 1 supplies such as food, medicine and other combat items. Every American soldier can expect to receive letters from home in the midst of a combat zone, it was pointed out.

PRIVATE PUNS

THEY SAY HE'S INVENTIN' FLUORESCENT STRIPES—SO HE COULD PULL HIS RANK IN A BLACKOUT!

"MIKE" MIKOS

PRIVATE EMILY CONFOOIE: PHIL LOUSY-FIZES ON ARMY LIFE AND GUYS

OH.. OH..!! —JOE'S WIFE DECORATED HIM AGAIN—

"SOLDIERS WHO FOLLOW A CHECKERED CAREER—FIND THEY HAVE TO MAKE A LOT OF MOVES."

EVER SINCE THAT MOMENTOUS FLIGHT I MADE OVER HITLER—I'VE JUST BEEN SHOWERED WITH MEDALS—

U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"WATCH FOR THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE of the GUARDIAN"

"MIKE" MIKOS



No White Christmas

On the Pacific sands of a San Francisco beach, a sentry walks his post. One of thousands, he foregoes a White Christ-

mas, determined that **NO ENEMY SHIPS SHALL PASS THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE.**



GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

Vol. 11 Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Friday, December 25, 1942 No. 14

Ace Cue Artist Shoots Colonel Game; No Upset

When Willie Hoppe, demon of the green felt and chalked cue, made his appearance at the Fort Scott Gym Dec. 7 for a demonstration of billiard skill, there was one officer in these defenses brave enough to challenge the champ in a three cushion exhibition game—Lt. Col. Ben Hawkins.

While spectators cheered, Major Fred Insinger read off vital (and fatal) statistics on both cue artists. According to the Major's figures Mr. Hoppe had the slight edge.

The contest started off quite smoothly with Hoppe making two billiards and Hawkins one. Both players received full measured gasps when the cue ball would come a yardbird's hair from making a point. This is a game of extreme skill in which the cue ball has to touch at least three cushion (Continued on page three)

SHOOTS HIGH SERIES

Sarge Chuck Johnson, Scott MP's, scored the highest bowling series of the season at the Golden Gate bowling lanes, downtown, S. F., in tournament play with the Fort Scott Gunners against the Sportland Smoke Shop. Chuck rolled a 216, 257 and 232 for a total of 705. The Gunners have been right up there in league play and will possibly celebrate as top keggers before the season ends. Other hep Gunners are Cpl. Pete Wojchowski, Cpl. Mose Lyford, Sgt. Lloyd Metcalf and Pfc. Joe Picette. They have been challenged by the Baker Medics, which should create smoke in HDSF circles.



Older Soldiers May Apply for Army Discharge

Khakimen 38 years or older may apply for a discharge if their age prevents them from satisfactorily performing military service and providing they obtain work in an essential industry when returned to civilian life. This War Dept. announcement was issued simultaneously with the order suspending the induction of men 38 or over.

A soldier may be honorably discharged from the Army in accordance with the following provisions:

- a. The soldier has voluntarily requested discharge in writing to his immediate commanding officer.
- a. The soldier has voluntarily by advanced age, 38 years and over, to such an extent that his usefulness to the Army is secondary to that of industry.
- c. The soldier has presented (Continued on page two)



As the Christmas season approaches we look back on a year's active participation in this greatest of all wars.

As a nation we have accomplished much, but our accomplishments are largely in the way of preparation, and we realize that the heaviest fighting is still to come. We have learned that we are confronted by formidable and resolute enemies who must be decisively defeated on all fronts before we can return to our normal and peaceful way of life.

This command has carried out its many arduous duties very commendably. Its task is not an easy one. The necessity for maintaining a continuous alert and state of readiness at all installations, including the many remote outlying stations, call for a devotion to duty of the highest order. Leave and pass privileges are of necessity limited, and in this there can, of course, be no relaxation during this Christmas season.

Mindful of the cost, and of the sacrifices of our comrades fighting on foreign battlefields, may we remain steadfast in the performance of our mission. We will thereby do our part toward establishing peace on earth, which is the true spirit of Christmas.

BRIG. GENERAL R. E. HAINES, COMMANDING.



Today, Xmas Day, we have known over a year of war. As I look back on December 7, 1941, I remember when the first Japanese bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, the Harbor Defenses were prepared and ready.

On that date we of the Harbor Defenses resolved that San Francisco would not become another "Pearl Harbor." Today we are thankful and proud that we have upheld our resolution, and that this command is very vigilant, alert and on the job to surprise the Japanazis, who may some day try to catch us unprepared. I personally am thankful that I belong to this fine command which rightfully calls itself "Guardians of the Golden Gate." I further hope that next year I may rightly wish you all a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

COL. WM. F. LAFRENZ

Of course universities are full of knowledge. The freshmen bring a little in and the seniors take none away, and knowledge accumulates.

—A. Lawrence Lowell

A politician is a man who thinks of the next election; a statesman is one who thinks of the next generation.

The secret of being miserable is to have the leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not.

Conscience: the inner voice which warns us that someone may be looking.

Victory Depends On Me

I am a **Soldier**, tried and true.
Who fights, in order to subdue
The Axis foe across the sea—
For Victory depends on **Me**.

I am a fighting **Sailor** lad
Who sails in weather, good and bad,
To sink our foe upon the sea—
For Victory depends on **Me**.

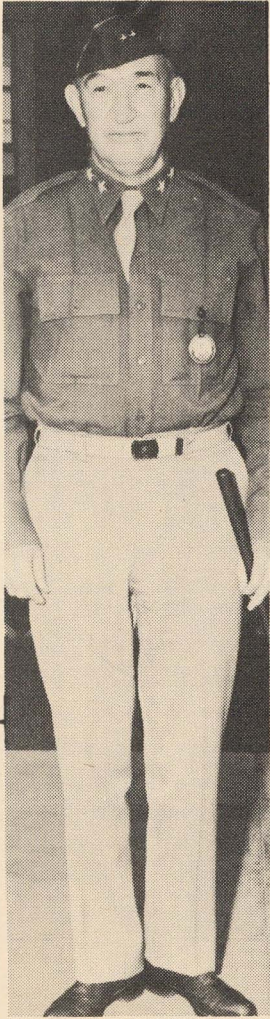
I am a bold and brave **Marine**
Who lands on shores I've never seen
To fight and smash the enemy—
For Victory depends on **Me**.

An **Aviator**, bold am I
Who knocks the Axis from the sky
And sinks their ships upon the sea—
For Victory depends on **Me**.

I am a steady **Working Man**
Who works to build the best I can
The ships, the planes, the guns, you see—
For Victory depends on **Me**.

Americans, let's do our part
And work and work with all our heart.
Let each one say with certainty—
That Victory depends on **Me**.

God, our Father, to Thee we pray
To guide us on our stormy way.
Inspire, and make each one to see—
That Victory depends on **Me**.



GEN. W. K. WILSON

This poem was written December 7, 1942, by Major Gen. Walter K. Wilson, Commanding General, Northern California Sector, Western Defense Command.



CHRISTMAS IN A WARRING WORLD
By Chaplain Homer H. Elliott

Christmas! Christmas in a warring world! What can it mean? Christmas. A season of prophetic idealism and rebuke to a selfish world. At the approach of the anniversary of our Lord's birth, men and women whose thoughts have been mostly of self are moved to think of others. The idea of serving others and making others happy affects even the blasé and the indifferent. The idea that it is more blessed to give than to bargain finds lodgement in minds unused to tender and benevolent thoughts. For a brief period, cruel competitions that so sorely grind human society are lessened, if not forgotten. For the time being much of humanity seems to be one family. There is a delight in seeing everyone joyous. The foreigner is made to feel at home, artificial barriers are broken, and there come soft lines into hard faces. The Spirit of Christmas penetrates behind stone walls, and prisoners are made to know that they are still remembered and that society has not abandoned hope in them.

The Sermon on the Mount seems practicable—the Beatitudes possible in daily life. Even the great words, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," actually appear workable at Christmastide.

Christmas away from home is not much Christmas, but the sacrifices our people are making for the ideals of a Christian Civilization are truly symbolic of the Christmas Season. We must have the courage to bear up like men who have the light of Christmas in our hearts.

The real Christmas spirit, after all, is the taking of Jesus' teachings seriously, the protest against selfishness, the willingness to give our best for the best. If we have that spirit in our hearts the future is certain to belong to us. For the ugly selfishness of the world will die a death of starvation.

Avarice will choke in its own blood.
Foolish pride will go down in crushing defeat.
Senseless strife and silly bickerings will shame each other to death.
The prayer of the Prince of Peace will be answered.
Racial animosities would be drowned in a sea of friendliness.
War, with all its horrors, its brutality, its hellishness, will be abolished from the face of the earth.
"Peace on earth," will become a glorious reality.

PEACE ON EARTH
By Chaplain T. J. Hatton

The heavens were filled with song that first Christmas night 1942 years ago. It was a song of angels and its message was peace. "Peace on earth to men of good will."

This Christmas a much different song, if such it may be called, fills our skies. One not by angels, but by men—men at war. Not the sweet music born in heaven, but the roar of guns and the bursting of bombs. Quite a contrast indeed.

Yet sincerely and honestly are Christian men carrying on the fight in order too, that they might bring "Peace on earth to men of good will." It would be well for all of us to ask Christ this Christmas morning for help to consummate our cause quickly in order that peace might be with us once again. If possible go to Church Christmas Day and have that important prayer in your heart.

May Christmas be for you merry, and the New Year filled with all that is best.



Christmas 1942. Superman is on his way to rescue Santa Claus from Hitler's grip so that there may be a Christmas this year. Although but a comic strip, it does point a most tragic fact: that the Japs and Germans have indeed robbed many millions of us, the world over, of the chance to have a normal Christmas with our families. Let us hope that by another year we may be "out of the trenches by Christmas."

COL. A. E. ROWLAND

DISCHARGE DOPE

(Continued from page one)

satisfactory evidence that he will be employed in an essential war industry, including agriculture, if he is discharged from the Army.

It is emphasized discharges will be granted in furtherance of the war effort and not for the convenience of the soldier. Each application will be considered on its individual merits, and no soldier will be discharged unless a suitable trained replacement is available.

Hollywoodettes Bring Yanks Comedy, Song

Four packages of hoopla—blonde, curvaceous (but very) Carole Landis; slim, gracious Mitzie Mayfair; popular, snappy Martha Raye, and ever attractive Kay Francis, arrived in England to entertain our buddies.

The acting gals form a troupe of the volunteer Theatrical Task Force which 'invaded' the Isles under the auspices of USO-Camp Shows. They will entertain khaki kids with variety programs of songs, dances, comedy and surely, flirtatious winks. The girls expect to spend two months with the AEF in Great Britain and cancelled all radio and screen engagements for the duration of their visit.

BUY BONDS—BYE BYE JAPS

THE GOLDEN GATE GUARDIAN

VOL. II DECEMBER 25, 1942 ISSUE NO. 14

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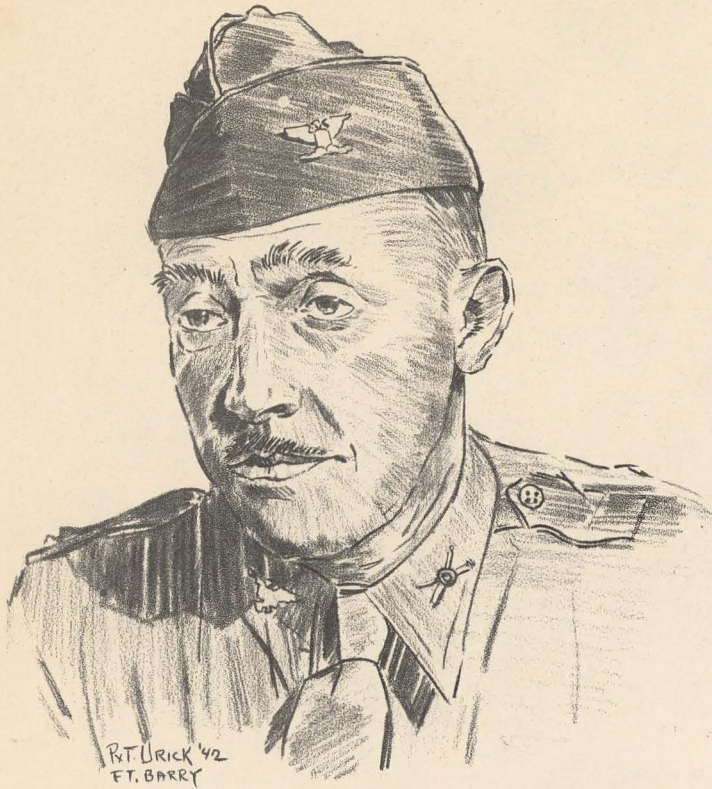
MILLER RYAN, Capt., CAC, Officer In Charge



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and guest contributors

All photographs appearing in this issue are by the Signal Corps, unless otherwise designated.



THEN it was "Trust in the Lord, but Keep Your Powder Dry." NOW it is "Praise the Lord, and Pass the Ammunition." So, you see, the war at Christmas time, as at any other, is much the same as it has always been excepting that the tempo has been geared up considerably and the 'front' today is the complete spherical magnitude about any position.

The German 'Blitz' and the Jap 'Teishuitai Kakeashi,' or whatever it might be, are being folded back into "Der Fuhrer's face" and the laps of the Jap ancestors.

The American spirit accelerating in striking power has already directed the German lightning to strike bogs, and the Jap flying son's 'fundoshi' to getting water-logged with salt. It is only a matter of time when our soldiers will try 'apfelstrudels' in Berlin and 'Sukiyaki' in Tokyo (American style).

COL. FELIX M. USIS



UNOFFICIALLY, Lt. Col. 'Mihailovich' Ben Hawkins had a chance to show up and trounce Willie Hoppe, the cue champ, in a recent HDSF contest. Officially, he didn't. "No excuses," confessed the good loser, "Willie wields a mean cue. But I can still trim him on the bowling alleys." Major Fred Insinger suggests the Colonel (Mihailovich) insist Hoppe wear stilts in their next session, which can be obtained from the Colonel's scrap pile.

NO UPSET

(Continued from page one)
ions and the other two balls to make a billiard. The official tour-



nament record is 17 billiards in succession; unofficially, Willie Hoppe made 25 in a row. Col. Hawkins' record is 6.

The final score was Hoppe 50; Hawkins, 16. Mr. Hoppe finished off with some colorful demonstration shots.

This was not the first meeting of Willie Hoppe and Ben Hawkins. For 21 years Col. Hawkins owned a first class billiard and bowling establishment in Red Wing, Minn. where Hoppe used to stop for a few tournament and warm up games on his way south. They engaged in several games, but the results have always been the same, the Colonel regrets to report.

Billiards, claims Col. Hawkins, whether pocket or cushion, is a sensible sport for the soldier. If played properly, it teaches coordination, patience, quick thinking and develops a good eye. Sighting through a rifle when the pressure is on, these factors are great aids.

SSO Calling . . .

THROUGH THIS OFFICE, suitable arrangements can be made to employ wives of enlisted men in light household duties and the care of children on the post for room, board and salary. Men interested, phone Scott 3827 (Capt. Harband.)

LIBRARIES were voted second only to theatres, as a type of recreation for the Armed Forces. Locally, we have been operating on two cylinders, but watch for a vast pick-up with the coming of an official Army librarian-hostess, after the first of the year. Look for sub-post libraries to be restocked, Scott library to be brought closer uphill, and the class of books to be generally improved.

ARMY INSTITUTE headquarters for Army Correspondence Courses at Madison, Wisconsin, writes that Army Correspondence courses are open to all enlisted men who have spent at least four months in the Army. It is generally understood that OCS boards give recognition to Army Institute course completion, in selecting candidates. Phone 3827; application and information will be mailed you.

BASKETBALL gets official HDSF sanction as a team sport! Last year, well laid plans went awry December 7th . . . Local basketball competition is terrific with Alameda and St. Mary's Pre-flight sporting almost complete college teams. HDSF has fine prospects and will be coached by two S. F. scholastic coaches who recently coached a Post Office team to the Industrial League championship. (McGraw & Concannon of Roosevelt High.)

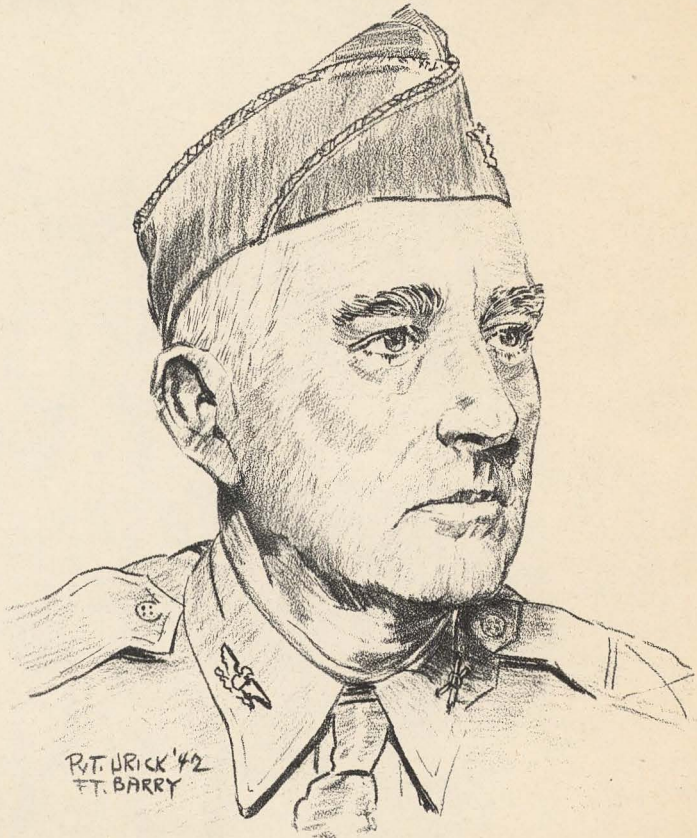
BOWLING gets another boost with an expenditure of \$400 at Ft. Baker for reconditioning the two alleys and installation of two pinsetting machines. A full time attendant is assigned and teams from the hospital staff and the batteries can stay home and bowl at 10 cents a line. The Fort Scott team is tied for first in a downtown league, and Baker Hospital takes the lead in another league. The Scott alleys pay off pinsetters nightly now at four cents a line. Teams are getting smart and are bringing their own pinsetters.

RADIO SHOW TICKETS are now available almost daily at the SSO. The Blue-network offers at Radio City in down town S. F., 9:30 p. m. shows on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings; each night presenting a different program—musical, dramatic, quiz, etc. More Curran Theatre tickets are promised in the near future, and arrangements of some sort will be made with the EAST-WEST SHRINE committee for the NEW YEAR'S DAY GAME. Soldier radio shows are being planned. The orchestra has some new enlisted pros and are rapidly getting into shape. Watch them take the lead in the radio deal, and form the nucleus for soldier entertainment.

BASKETBALL, BASEBALL, BOWLING: Recently inaugurated is a BOX tournament in which all organizations will play each other. Games are arranged at a time convenient to the two organizations involved and no set sequence must be followed. Prizes of show books and coupon books will be awarded in-

Christmas Menu

For Khakimen of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco:
Roast Turkey an' all the Trimmin's



Whether or not this is a 'good Christmas' must be judged mainly by our progress with the war. Certainly it is better than last year's. In the U. S., our defenses are stronger; our personnel is better trained and more comfortable; our officers are more experienced. Beyond the U. S., our troops have proved themselves worthy of their traditions, and are living up to the Army's and the Nation's expectations of them. While our goal is still far from achievement, in the words of Mr. Churchill it appears that we have made an end of the beginning; for we are now definitely "going places." And so, for all of us, there is cause this Christmas—not for contentment—but for a degree of satisfaction; and for hope that the New Year of 1943 will see the end for which the present year has been the means.

COL. J. H. FONVIELLE

SERVICING THE SERVICEMAN

Thursday last the circulation crew of the Golden Gate Guardian bumped into Albert A. Rhine, S. F. real estate dealer, who was shuffling a deck of cards with one hand and producing a straight flush from every jeep's pocket on Wolf Ridge. With scores of khakimen around including three captains, two majors and a Lt. colonel, Mr. Rhine, the prestidigitator, did most every trick in the book except climb a hypnotized rope and saw one of the pretty Red Cross ladie's in half.

dividual high score men, and cups or plaques to winning teams.

XMAS TREES in many of the organizations have once more been decorated by the Camp and Hospitality Council of the American Red Cross. It is fitting in this issue to give thanks and recognition to the many and fine services rendered this command by Mrs. William P. Roth, (recently warranted a Staff Sergeant by HQ at Funston) and the entire Volunteer Service Staff of the Red Cross. No request has been too small for them to bother with; few requests, too large for them.

COOKIE BRIGADE climaxes their successful year with individual XMAS packages for all the boys. They have done a great job coming out each week with cakes, cigarettes, entertainment, smiles and happiness for alerted men. After the first of the year, the cookie brigade will be around every other week; on the alternate week, we'll have the BOOKMOBILE.

This was an added feature to the usual cookies, glamour and song that accompany the Red Cross entertainment truck on its regular visit to the alerted artillerymen. Nothing short of Sally Rand in one of her torrid moods could have pleased so well. Being but five days till pay day, black jack snorters and poker scions watched those five of a kind come up in Mr. Rhine's hand like a kid watches chocolate cookies on the pantry shelf—good stuff if you can get it.

STRIPES IN THE DARK
A cartoon by "Mike Milos," creator of Private Puns, in the last issue of the Golden Gate Guardian, showed a cpl. experimenting with fluorescent stripes so he could pull his rank in a blackout.

A Sgt. at McClellan Field recently painted luminous stripes on his coveralls. The G. G. G. assumes no responsibility for this action.

Weapons
Treat all weapons as though they were loaded until you have inspected them yourself to see whether or not they are empty.

WANTED
Any young lady desiring employment in the Fort Baker Hospital mess may contact Miss Mary Bostwick, Fort Baker 64, civilian personnel office. Clean work under pleasant conditions is assured.





'BARBER OF SEVILLE' STARTS
SCOTT BARBER'S DAUGHTER TO FAME

Josephine Tuminia, young soprano coloratura, gained instant fame when she substituted for Lily Pons in the title role of 'Lucia de Lammermoor' at the Chicago Civic Opera House early last month. According to music critics, from the opening note, Miss Tuminia held the audience spell-bound and long before the first aria, 'In This Grove' came to a close, she was no longer a substitute—she was an "artist on her own, thrilling to the very soul her amazed and delighted audience."

A barber at Fort Scott for several years, Salvatore Tuminia dismissed the rave notices with, "That's nothing new to me. My daughter Josephine has a magnificent voice and will achieve greatness." Between the shears, the clippers and the lather, papa Tuminia invariably brought up his favorite topic—Josephine and the opera. Both he and Mrs. Tuminia sang professionally and always dreamed of the Metropolitan while their tour took them through Octavia, Springfield, Peoria, Kalamazoo and other one night stands.

Today, Josephine Tuminia is a member of the great Metropolitan Opera Association and has a contract with the Columbia Broadcasting Co. Beside appearances in every large American city with such well known operatic luminaries as Tito Schipa, Lawrence Tibbett and Jan Kiepura, Miss Tuminia also performed in Venezuela, Puerto Rico, Italy, Switzerland, Brazil and England. She took lessons from the famous S. F. teacher, Nino Comel, and in 1935 made her debut in San Francisco with the "Barber of Seville."

Salvatore Tuminia, who believes his days of barbering are ending, intimated that "Josephine is in love with opera, engaged to the applause of the world, and is mother to a host of cadenzas."

Have prices gone up! I went to the market and asked the butcher for a ten-pound turkey. He said, "O. K. How do you want it financed?"

—Bob Hope (NBC)

BUY BONDS—BYE BYE JAPS



JOSEPHINE

GRIPES AND GROANS

We all got 'em—gripes and groans. What's a jeep, dogface or even 'pinkie' wearer without something to write home about that would burn the ears of any noncom or brass hat. Recipient of the GRIPE is usually the guy shaving next to you, and its significance is lost in his groans on the shortage of raspberry jam at breakfast.

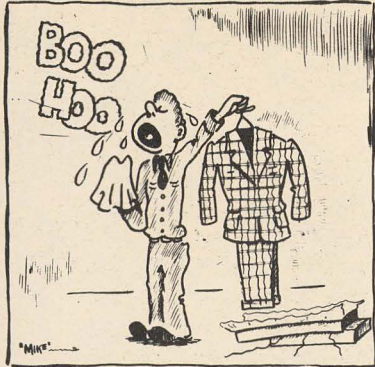
Send your gripes and groans to the GRIPE EDITOR, Golden Gate Guardian, Fort Scott, so they can get a good airing.

If you're dissatisfied with the mess sgt., with the mail situation, with the way your top kick parts his hair, with the way the grass is cut, with the way the 90 day wonders order you around, with the service at the PX, with the coffee or gas rationing, with your pay and allotments, or with any number of other grievances, write it down in your own unadulterated way and send to the GGG.

Outside of deleting cuss words, we promise to print GRIPES AND GROANS regularly on page 2 of the Guardian.

MORE BONDS FOR MORE BOMBS
TO BUST THE BUMS

Tire Change Gets
Jeep Classy Deal



From the Ft. Scott QM, one Pvt. Tom March, while out on pass two weeks ago noted a 16 cylinder Cadillac in distress. True to the code of automobile mechanics, Tom stopped to offer aid. The trouble was, of course, a flat.

While subjecting his polished buttons and freshly pressed OD slacks to the greasy business, he noted with admiration the smartly tailored two-tone suit of the car owner.

"Like it?" asked the class 'A' sticker owner, referring to his wardrobe.

"Uh, huh," said Tom.

"Would you like one?" Tom was asked.

There was a fast "Sure," as Tom turned the last bolt in place.

Several days passed and Tom had all but forgotten his experience with a Cadillac 650.50 branded tire. Three days ago a smartly wrapped package arrived at Pvt. March's quarters addressed to "Pvt. Tom March." There was no 'DO NOT OPEN TILL XMAS' tag on the package and Tom ripped it open with itchy fingers.

There it was in all its color and snap—a two-tone suit with a Hollywood drape and steam roller crease. "If it were only OD!" sighed Tom as he put the glad rags in moth balls for the duration.

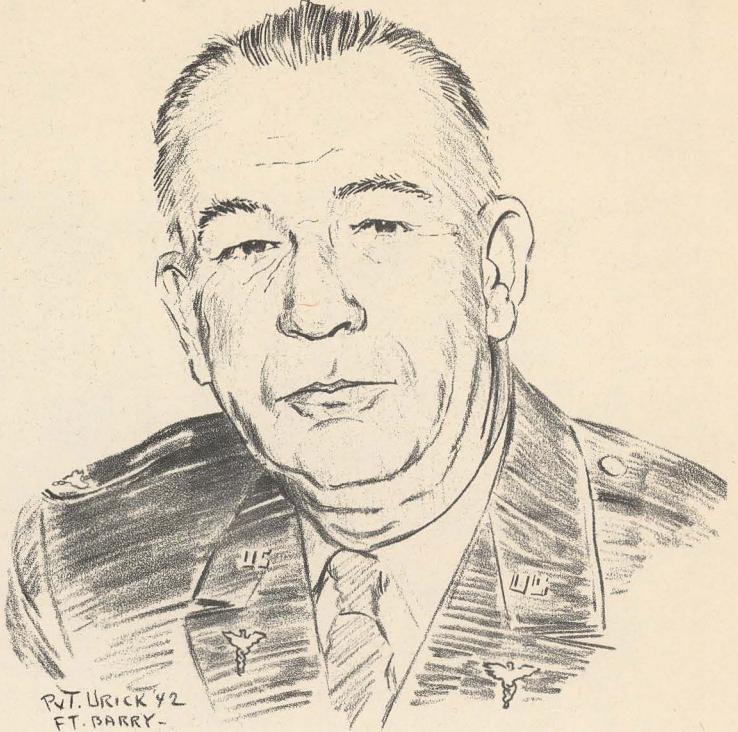
Colored Goggles
Aid Vital Seeing

Fog, sun, dust, or glare will not interfere with the clear visibility of tank drivers, aviators or anti-aircraft gunners when they don the new multiple lense goggles designed by the QM.

Five sets of lenses, interchangeable in a few seconds, permit the wearer to adapt his goggles to any atmospheric condition. The clear lense is for protection only and does not affect the vision or the mechanism of the eye. The amber light, designed to pierce haze, is especially useful to fliers searching out military objectives. The green lense is polarized and is valuable to aerial observers when going into bright sunlight or the beam of a searchlight.

The light red lens is used as a "dark adapter." With these a soldier's eyes become immediately adjusted when he goes from a light to a dark area. Normally it takes 20 minutes for complete adjustment. The dark red lens is of particular benefit to gunners firing tracer bullets. It aids the eye in following the bullets.

BE A BLOOD DONOR TODAY
SAVE A LIFE TOMORROW



Christmas greetings, best wishes and continued good health to the troops of the Harbor Defenses of San Francisco. The year, now dawning, is the one that will mean much in the struggle for our nation, our homes and our lives. We trust it is the year that our savage enemies will be hit with the greatest and mightiest of all armies and navies; the year our enemies will be vanquished. And be it that by next Christmas we shall warm our tired feet around home fire-sides.

COL. C. ZENO HOLT

MOONLIGHT CAVALIERS

By Cpl. Ernest Marecki

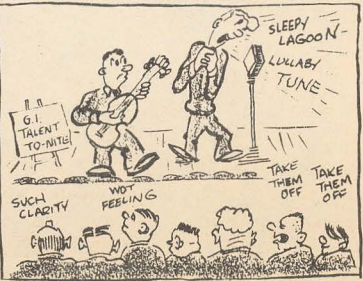
(Any reflections cast upon moonlight passes is purely accidental.)

'N' Btry lights up again in the public eye, according to dim-out regulations of course, after hiding for several months. A change in personnel prompted this trial run in the GGG. Well, anything can happen, and it usually does.

We welcome 1st Sgt. Schmidt back to duty after his 'rest' in the hospital.

Btry 'N' is a dandy Cupid target with (censored) men on the married side and several others 'looking around.' The latest nuptial victim is S/Sgt. Dumas.

Salute to warbler Cpl. Rochambeau for exercising his vocal cords at the Scott theatre. Hope to see him go a long way. (Don't get me wrong Cpl.) Stringing along with Cpl. Rochambeau is our 'little man,'



Walter Brown, who strums a guitar and stuff.

Christmas mail is coming in like a storm—ask Pvt. Covey.

Who is the charming red head T-5 Tunnissen brought as Thanksgiving guest? She did right well by the roast fowl and trimmings.

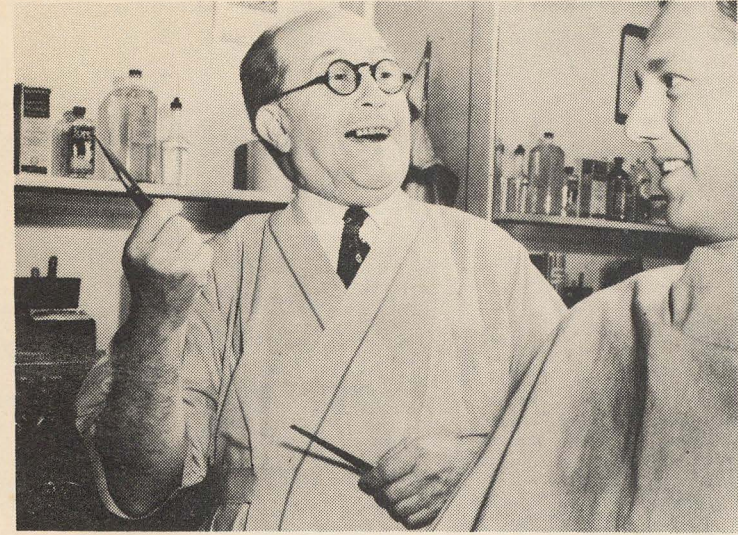
Two actors were boasting of their dramatic exploits. One said, "When I played Hamlet, it took the audience fifteen minutes to leave the theater."

The other asked, "Was he lame?"

—Sat. Eve. Post

SHARP SHOOTER

Sgt. Ken McVey, Signal Corps, is the lad responsible for the picture, "No White Christmas" on the front page of this issue. Ken 'shot' this photo for the GGG somewhere along the route of an HDSF beach patrol. Toward dusk with a guard silhouetted against the sun, barbed wire, the ghost of a tree in the sand; a Speed Graphic, tripod and film plates Ken could not resist the prize photo. Other photos in this issue are also by Ken.



"SHE IS A GREAT COLORATURA, my Josephine," papa Tuminia tells all his customers. Sometimes he gives out with an aria from "Rigoletto" just to show the G. I. music lover where his daughter inherits her talent. Pvt. Charles Rommel (no relation) does not seem to mind.

Terry And The Pirates



Praise The Lord—Look Who's In The Kitchen



ONE YEAR AGO TODAY



FORT SCOTT VODVIL SHOW

Variety with the complete meaning of the word was the basic theme of Fort Scott Theatre's first free Vodvil show to the enlisted men. The evening performance of July 11 included on its program Spanish and Hawaiian dances, Western Ballads, tap dancers, blues singers, and monologues etc.

Senor Joyez Valenzuela of Radio Station KSNB brought down the house with his versions of the latest hit tunes as sung in his native Spanish tongue.

Dorothy DeVere Dancers, a company of ten young dancing ladies, entertained the men with costume dances ranging from Spanish Tangos to the Hawaiian Hula.



An appearance by feature writer, Cynthia Gray of the San Francisco News was also very well received.

Plans for another similar show in the very near future are in the making according to Chaplain Elliot, Captain McLeod and Mr. Cowen, the founders of this first show. Mr. Cowen incidently is of the Navy Morale Department and has been putting on shows at Presidio YMCA and various other stations.



"JOE DIMAGGIO'S RECORD BAT"

Being an escort for Joe Di Maggio's famed Record Bat was quite an innovation for ten men and a non-com from Ft. Scott's Battery "A", Sunday afternoon July 6 at Seals Stadium.

The occasion was a raffle for this memorable bat for the benefit of the current U.S.O. drive. The escort was composed of the United Airlines Stewardess who brought the bat from New York. The U.S.O. Committee for the occasion, the Army men from Ft. Scott and a detail of Sailors representative of the other branch of Service.

Incidently the bat brought about \$1,675 towards the goal of the U.S.O. drive in San Francisco.



DEATH TO THE DOGS! is PFC Albert E. Frye's cry as he adjusts the ack-ack that will some day pour its pellets into the belly of a Zero or Focke-Fulf. From Richland Center, Wis., this 'typical' Funston warrior, was born and raised on a farm. No 'plough jockey,' Al is quite the boy with the basketball and is the mainstay of the 'E'-North Gaters. He also does well on the baseball diamond and is a hellion on the field track, according to reports received from his buddies.

About women in war, Al believes they have an important place, especially if they can take care of the minor details while he goes over and shows those Japo-nazis a khaki trick or two. Twenty-four and a hefty specimen of fighting man, PFC Frye expects to retire to his farm of 40 milk cows and 200 acres of alfalfa and grain when the word "Heil!" is replaced with "Hy'a!"



your swell present. My many creditor buddies all agree with me that Scott's paper is tops in every way."

IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH

Three weeks ago, truckdriver Pvt. Neil Dunn was sent to Fort Baker hospital to undergo an operation. Cpl. Leo Gagosian went up to see him and asked how he was getting along. "I live only for the day when I can get away from doctors, hospital smells, medicines and all that stuff," said Dunn. Yesterday a special order came out. It read: "Pvt. Neil Dunn is transferred from Hq. Btry, to the Medical Detachment of the regiment."

These Baker medics are practicing up for a championship session with the Fort Scott keggers at the Downtown Alleys, Eddy and Jones Sts. Sgt. R. Schultz with a 170 average is about to throw the ebonite sphere between the 5-7 pins for the dispersion of wood. Cpl. F. Carlstrom (158 av.) is picking up his ball for his throw on the opposite alley as Captain of the team, PFC. Sam Arsenian chalks up for his turn at the 'plate.' Other members of the team are Lt. M. Miller, Cpl. Ray Weide (236 high scorer) and Sgt. M. A. Cole. They're plenty hot and crave competition.

orders," he said. "Don't worry," said Appleby, "general orders are a cinch. They all begin with 'TO,' don't they?"

THANKSGIVING TIDBITS—The table cloths used in the enlisted men's mess were very neat but a number of soldiers discovered afterward that their bed-sheets were missing . . . What with the officers and their wives eating under the same roof, mess hall atmospheres were suddenly hushed, table manners were amazingly super-duper. . . . Chefs in all batteries report proudly that the visitors ate their turkeys heartily . . . PFC Ed Adams sends in this uncensored report on the Thanksgiving Night Ball for Servicemen at the Civic Center: "Entertainment delightful; orchestra tuneful; evening gowns entrancing; but only 2000 girls instead of the announced 6000." In case you think 2000 is plenty, Adams adds this p.s.: "At least 10,000 sailors present."

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS—The Scott Tissue Co., the nation's foremost toilet paper manufacturing company, remembered former employee Pvt. Peter Kierbiedz of



Chester, Pa., early this year. They sent him a little note wishing him a Merry Christmas. And another little note which read, "Pay to the Order of . . . etc and etc., Thirty Dollars and oh cents . . ." Wrote back Kierbiedz: "Many thanks for

CRONKHITE TALKS

By T/Cpl. Martin Abramson

THIS MECHANIZED AGE—Even those soldiers whose brains are revolving doors at 6:15 on a gloomy California morn, noticed the difference. Pvt. Herman Mazzoni, dragging a sleep-shriveled body out of bed, muttered, "It's the best reveille I've heard since I joined the army." "That's Weiser blowing today," opined Cpl. Dack Carlin between yawns. "No, sounds more like Palermo," said Pvt. Andy Prutsalis, who was yanking his fatigues on from under the warmth of his blankets.

Weiser? Palermo? Ha. Some yardbirds are out of step in the march of time. Cronkhite has a



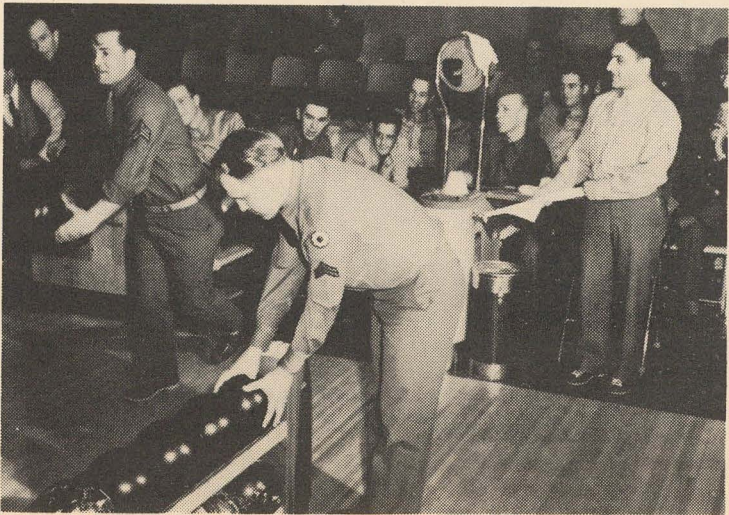
new bugler whose tones are always sweet, whose bugling never varies an iota in cadence, who is never affected by disposition, one drink too many, or an argument with his firl friend. His name is 'Joe Blow,' technically a recording machine which blaes into a P. A. system.

Here's a live bugler's (Pvt. Pete Palmero) reaction to Joe Blow: "Bah, next they'll have robots loading shells and pulling the lanyards."

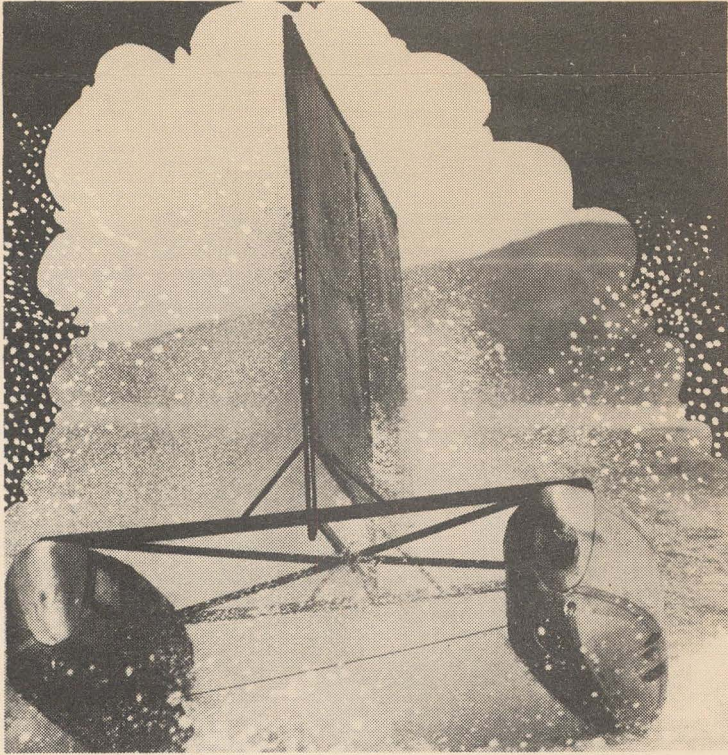
WELL, FOOD'S FREE, ISN'T IT—

The new No. 1 chowhound in Cronkhite is, by unofficial consensus, Pvt. Milford Gibbard, out of little Ticonderoga, N. Y. Gibbard is 23, stands 5 feet 11, weighs 215 pounds. His buddies estimate that he has gained 50 pounds since joining the army, making him 45 pounds overweight. He is known variously as Hippo, Overweight and Unrationed. His runners-up are Pvt. Blackie Suprie, Pvt. Cliff Crogan, and Sgt. Chas. Schor, the new battery clerk, and erstwhile Bronx Bomber.

ADVANCE, FRIEND—It was Pvt. Ernie Appleby's first shot at guard duty. Just before he went out on post, a Cpl. gave him a last bit of advice. "Whatever you do, rookie, don't forget your general



REPORT WHEN ON TARGET!



Is the cry as this snappily fashioned blitz target is towed by a speed craft about 40 knots (50 miles) per hour. A few deflection readings and shots and it will be a bashful sieve on the return trip. Col. F. M. Usis, who believes the big time gunners in these fortifications need something a bit tougher to shoot at than a slow moving paramidal target, formulated the idea. Capt. M. L. Berry, boat operations expert, built the speed target. The pontoons once adorned a U. S. Naval airship damaged in the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. (Note the patches.)

V-Mail for Speed Is Army Way

V-Mail gets there faster than air mail the Army Postal Service reveals.

Because air lines change to slower winter schedules, and the volume of mail increases, slower air mail service to overseas troops must be expected. V-mail, lighter and easier to transport by plane or vessel, has a better chance of reaching khaki-men before letter mail. Here are a few statistics:

V-mail microfilmed, 3500 messages per pound; V-mail stationery, 98 letters per pound; air mail stationery,

60 letters per pound; ordinary stationery, 38 letters per pound.

V-mail, whether microfilmed or transported in original form, receives priority over other classes of personal mail, which makes it the fastest service available.

Size 36, After All

The Army has decided to make well dressed men out of its brand new soldiers right at the start of their jaunt into things military. From now on, all uniform alterations will be made in the clothing warehouses at the time of issue or soon thereafter. Of course the only recourse for ill-fitted veterans is the Post tailor—but at least it's a sign of the times.



Christmas Vigil

REPORTING REPORTERS

BATTERY 'D' SERVES
By PFC HUBERT RENNIE

Scarcely more than a year ago
To an outpost by the sea,
Came a group of snappy soldiers
By the name of Battery 'D.'

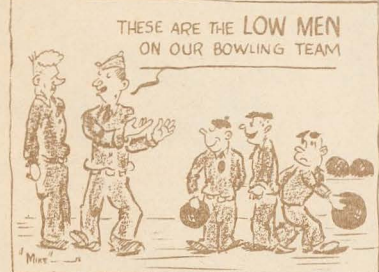
They came here on maneuvers
To learn just how and why—
Then came Pearl Harbor
And those rats with narrow eyes.

'D' knew the job before them.
And they worked both night
and day
To build a great defense
To guard the Frisco Bay.

Through twelve long months of
waiting
And being always on their guard
They knew one thing for certain,
They hold the trumping card.

CHRISTMAS AT BAYVIEW
By Cpl. P. D. Morrison

For those that spend the holidays
at Scott Resort, the Bayview Inn
plans to sponsor events which will
offer the GI guest a joyfull Christ-
mas season. If Christmas dinner is
anything approaching the one held
on Thanksgiving, Bayview's Chefs
will have done their part in making
this a merry GI Christmas.



Turning from the pleasures of
the table to other amusements en-
joyed by boarders at the Inn, we
find the Bayview Bowling Team
giving out with bits of philosophy
of which the following are ex-
amples: "The bottom rung of the
ladder is important after all;" "the
pyramid cannot exist without a
base;" "the game's the thing, not
the score." Though low men of the
totem pole, pin knockers Sgts.
Lalk, Johnson, Ehrmantrout and
Wink under the leadership of Lt.
Martin declare that the tilts with
the MP's and Baker medics were
great stuff and warn that nothing
is decided until the last line is
bowled. P. S. The hickory pound-
ers have almost forgiven this col-
umn for starting this.

The Bayview basketball program
from all reports is doing alright. Five
members of the squad defending the
honor and glory of Ft. Scott against
all comers are residents of the Inn.
They are Cpl. Clair, Pvt. Cochrane,
Pfc. Barrett, S/Sgt. Bagby.

Is your misplaced buddy a
casual, a financier, an ordnance-
man, or one of the miscellaneous

SURE THING
By Enrique DeLuna

Just as sure as the Volga flows into
the Caspian Sea,
Just as sure as the night yields to
to the day,
So will war mongers come to their
blasted knees
Because the Yanks are in the foray.

species known as recruit? If so
try the Bayview Annex where
you'll probably find him. But step
carefully or you'll find yourself
doing right and left faces to the
cadence of recruit instructors Sgt.
Ehrmantrout, Sgt. Barnes, Cpl.
Eisan, Sgt. Denning, or Cpl. Polo-
jac, or on the Kaype list of Casual
1st Sgt. Hunsaker.

The Christmas rush has hit the
Post Exchange with a vengeance de-
clares Bayview's Pfc. Kidman. He
with Pvt. Ellis, Pfc. Ogozaly and
Pfc. E. E. Johnson (the latter two
operate from the mobile PX serving
the tactical installations) account for
a great deal of the thousands per
day business done by the PX in sup-
plying Xmas gifts for dogfaces to
send to Dad, Mom and the Sweet
Thing at home. The PX is on Santa's
list: new quarters in the same build-
ing.

Notes from Bayview's roster of
honor: Recent orders put sgt. chev-
rons (and required stogies from)
Les Johnston and Bob Salles; put
cpls. stripes on Roman Horak and
James Ravenscraft . . . Xmas greet-
ings go with Sgt. Ainsworth and
S/Sgt. Barger recently departed for
OCS . . . Minnesota sources have it
that while Cpl. Horak was on fur-
lough to the land of lakes, they
struck up the band and held a par-
ade in his honor . . . Honors for
verbal virtuosity go to Pfc. Lange,
creator of the phrase "Sad Stock of
Sorrow" and other gems of Lange-
wedge.

With this Christmas edition of
The Guardian, all the guests and
staff members of the Bayview
wish everybody everywhere the
heartiest of old fashioned Greet-
ings of the Season.

GALLOPING GOPHERS
By 'T' Cpl. Larry Potts

Last time the Gunners came out,
Btry 'B' chalked up three more base-
ball victories. They defeated the
Coast Guard by the score of 5-4,
both teams playing a good game.
Trailing throughout the 8th inning
by the score of 4-3, the Army put
two counters across in the ninth to
win the game by one point. On the
15th we played the Fourth Air Force
and ran wild to the tune of 23-2;
the whole game our pitcher, Brouk,
gave up but four hits. By winning
the next game with the same outfit
we will have cinched a place in the
play-off.

Sgt. Casper left for O. C. S. and



will take up Chemical Warfare at
Camp Warren N. J. Here are some
new promotions for the month:

Cpl. Stein to Sgt, PFC Schaeppi to
Cpl 'T,' Pvt. Harmon to PFC, Pvt.
Mockli to PFC, Pvt. Strange to PFC,
Pvt. Hellstrom to PFC, Pvt. Hyche to
PFC, Cpl. Kuhel to Sgt.

To top it off, PFC L. Ganhue was
soldier of the month.

MILEY OBSERVERS
By S/Sgt. Shimel and PFC Whitlock

FAMOUS WORDS: "Now what
this army needs, etc etc." Not men-
tioning names, but one EM at Miley
has several suggestions he thinks
worth considering. Wonder if his
ears are burning? (Ed. Note: Let
him send it to the Gripe Editor of
the G. G. G.)

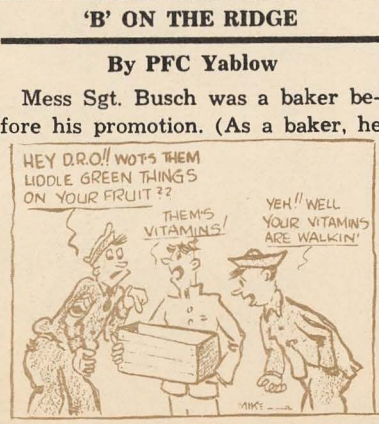
THIS ARMY: Yours truly went
visiting a few nights ago. Stopped
in at tent No. 3 and this is what
was observed: Cpl. Drobny sitting
on his foot locker industriously
doing some mending. Where's
your 'housewife' Drobny? Sgt. Bu-
kovick was placidly picking out a
tune on the old but sacred guitar.
No doubt dreaming of the win-
some brunette that he met at the
dance last week. Pfc. McCabe, as
usual, was mulling over a cross-
word puzzle and asking of no one
in particular, "What is a five-let-

ter word starting with 'T' and end-
ing with 'O' meaning 'also.' And
last, but not least, Pvt. Lopez, who
was shining shoes and buttons and
asking if anyone knew "When do
I get another pass?"



WANTED: A carrier who can be
employed by S/Sgt. Swift to tote
his foot locker around with him so
he can have access to the things
"which are always in my foot lock-
er." A fair salary is offered by the
'boys.'

LOST: A basketball game between
the Observers and 'F' at Miley. The
score was 0 to 0 the 1st minute of
the game. Complete details can be
obtained from either of the follow-
ing men: S/Sgt. Shimel, Cpl. Akers,
PFC's McCabe, Sanchez, Whitlock
and Pvt's Hayter and Sarich.



always got the graveyard shift.) He
still puts out with specials every day
in the line of pastry, cakes and pies.
Figuring out new menus every day
was, and still is, his job. He has been
ably assisted by an ex-D.R.O. who
is also an ex-fruit and veget. mer-
chant.

According to the Mess Sgt. good
chow must contain needed vitamins
and minerals; fruits in season, es-
pecially citrus fruits; fresh vege-
tables, prepared properly; 'salad du
jour,' and milk, butter and eggs.

The final practice firing was com-
pleted Sunday. Twice the plane ran
out of gas around chow time. Per-
haps they wanted to goldbrick a
little.

According to Col. Hawkins, the
result of the firing was excellent.
Col. Moorman, known to the boys
as 'Okey-Dokey' was also present.
When the boys asked for his com-
ment on the firing, he replied, "Ok-
ey-Dokey."

On his arrival to the top of the
hill, one recruit remarked, "What
town is this?" It didn't take him
long to find out he landed in a so
called dead end street.

Pulling guard for the first time
on the ridge is a novelty, especially
when the fog rolls in. Sgt. of the
guard requires each rookie to mem-
orize the general orders, or else—
no pass to town.

PFC Beauchamp has been 'sweat-
ing' out a transfer for some time.
Last week his order came through
and he'll be heading south with a
paratroop outfit. The boys wished
him luck with a good send off.

Cpls. Armstrong and McDonald
were promoted to the rank of sgt.
They are sizzling gun commanders.